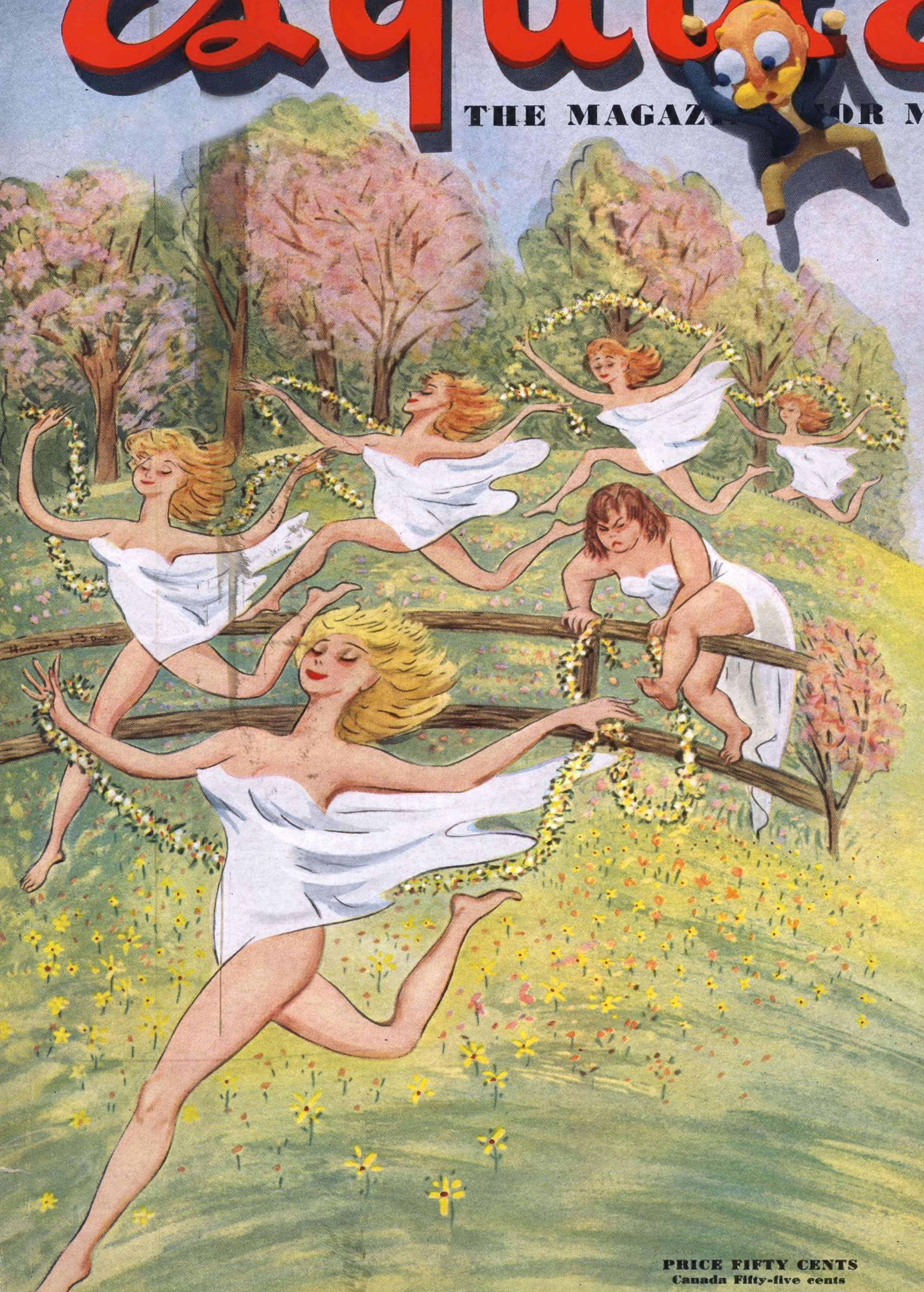
MAY, 1946

Esquire

THE MAGAZ OR MEN



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INDEX ON PAGE 5
ADV. INDEX ON PAGE 224

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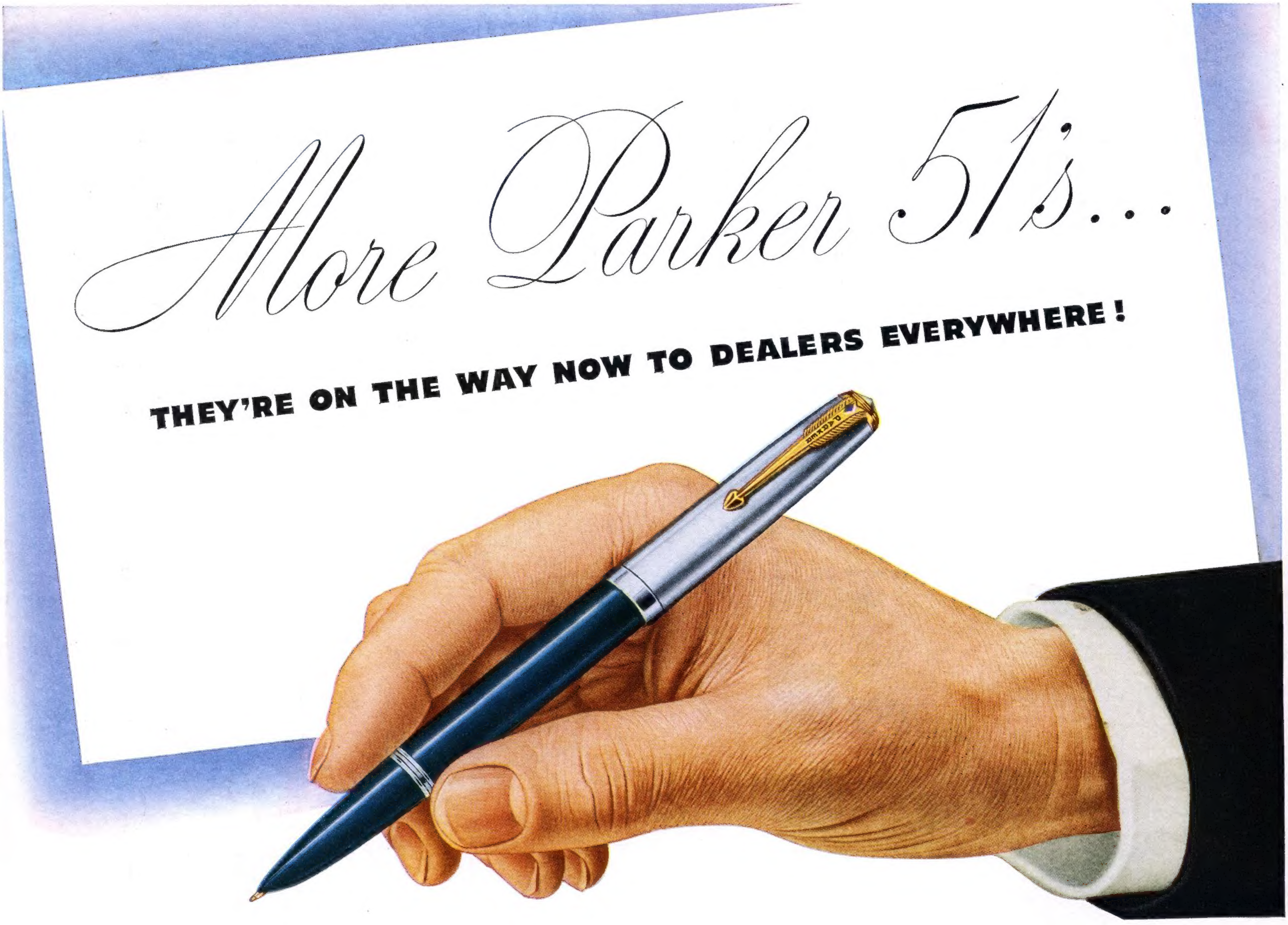
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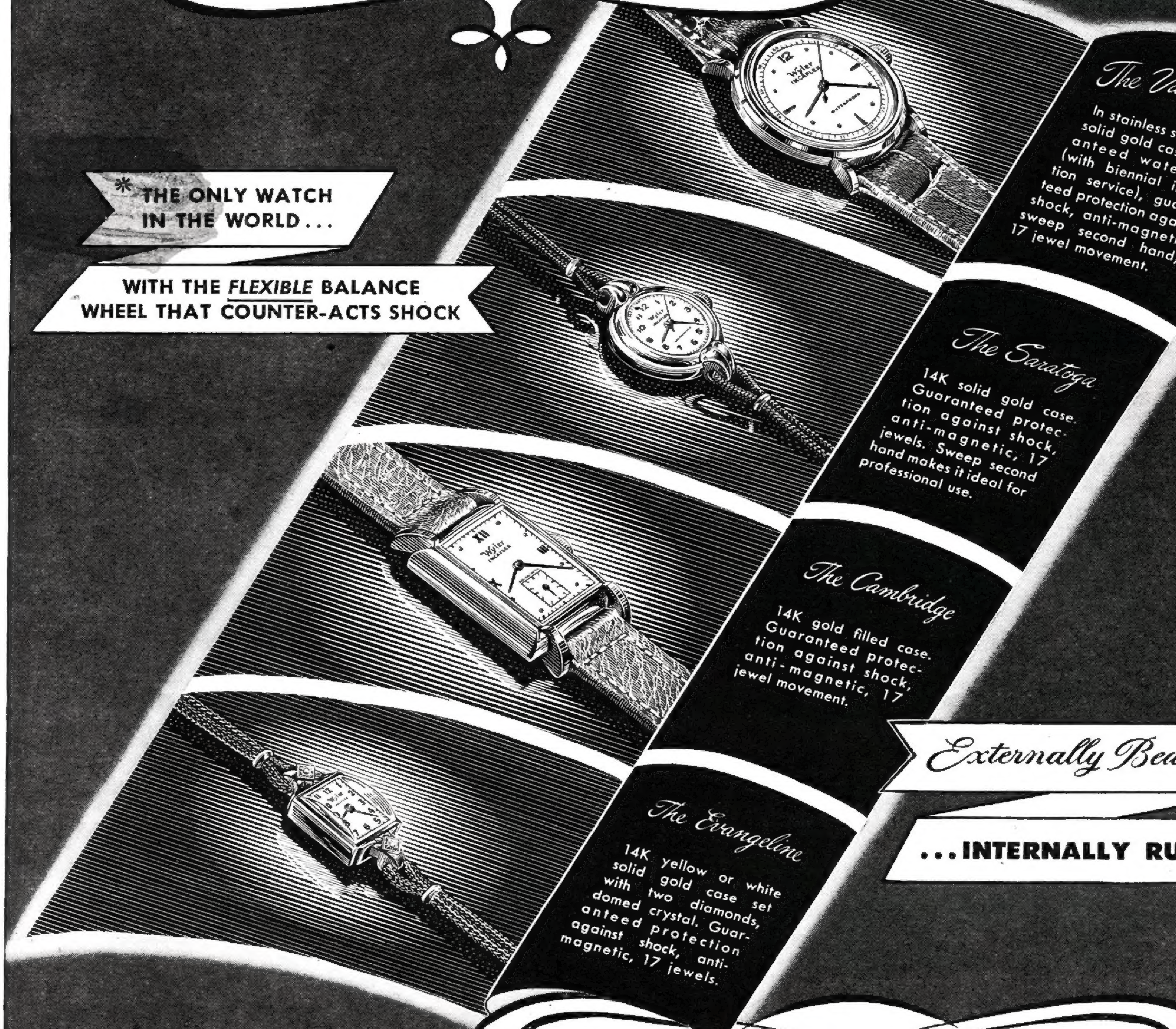

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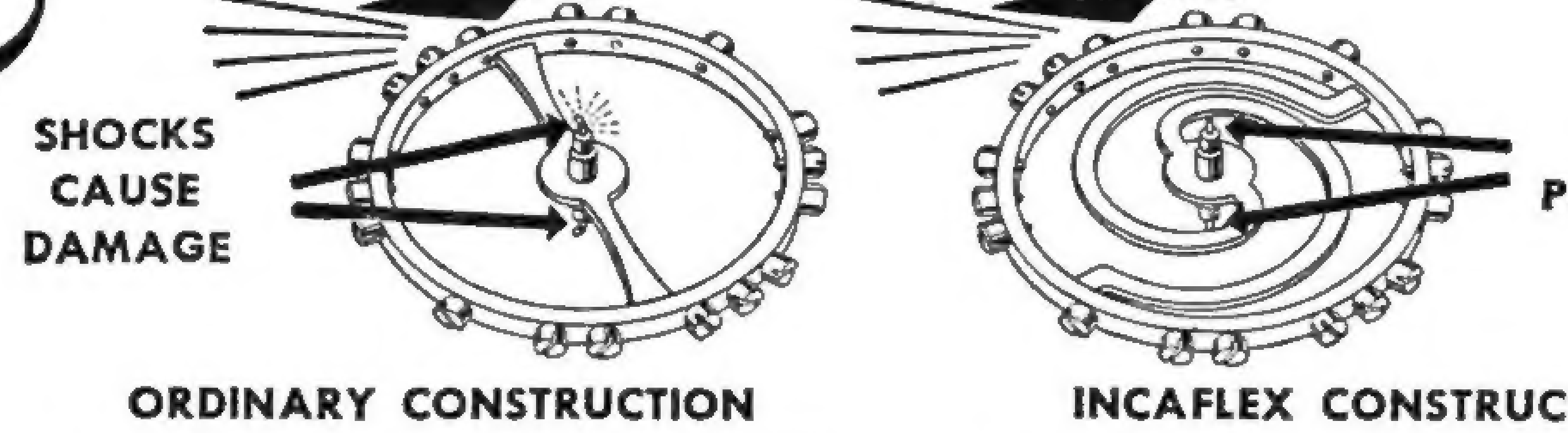

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Presenting Laszlo Dormandi

The publication of *Speech to the Heroes* by Laszlo Dormandi in last month's Esquire marked the introduction of that brilliant author to American readers. The manuscript reached us by air mail from Paris just in time to catch the closing forms of the April issue, but not quite soon enough to enable us to tell you about our latest discovery. *Speech to the Heroes* was taken from his novel, *The Death of a Dictator*, which Dormandi began in Paris during the very week that the Germans entered that city. Below is his autobiography:

"I was born in 1898 at Dorman, a little village on the great Hungarian plain. My father was its largest landholder; hence, the name of the village. This material luck gave my family, and by extension myself, a certain halo which I found pleasant and becoming, though obviously I had done nothing to deserve it. We were four brothers and sisters in the immediate family, but during the summers it was hard to pick us out of the crowd of children playing in our immense garden. To have as many guests as we had places to put them was our constant family pride. Some reflection of this life of happy tumult appears in my latest novel, *Noah's Ark*.

"In school I managed to lose the belief that children come in cabbage leaves without acquiring half as distinct a concept to take its place. About the various social classes my ideas were equally vague and hazy. The first World War made little difference in my world of dream. Adults had supplied me with ready-made answers to all questions of what was good and bad, who was friend and who was enemy. I had only to march in the direction in which I was ordered and try to do my 'duty.' I became a young man of twenty without having once sensed either the necessity or the desirability of examining either my own conscience or the meaning of the orders that I had followed. I was what I had been brought up to be, the perfect imbecile. That was the moment when I began to write.

"My third novel came out in 1926 and I followed it into the publishing house to become an editor. Today I am still nominally the head of that publishing house, although it is still in Budapest and I have lived for the past seven years in Paris. In 1925 I married an artist; it is thanks to her family that I had my eyes opened at last, learned to look around me, to think and no longer fear to feel deeply. Three members of her family were psychoanalysts—I say were because there has been no word of them since the war. When the Germans took Vienna I fled to Paris; later I lived in German-occupied Paris the life of a mouse in a trap. My score with the Nazis wasn't too good because before I had left Budapest for Vienna I had published a violently anti-Nazi magazine. So with the Germans in Paris I literally holed up in my study and wrote seriously. I worked at my writing ten and twelve hours a day; during those four years of the occupation I wrote nine volumes.

"The fact that I began *The Death of the Dictator* during the week that the Germans entered Paris was a sort of testament of my certainty that their stupidity, their cruelty and oppression could not possibly prevail. I typed off several copies of this manuscript that were circulated about by and among Hungarian friends in Paris. Later when I could translate it into French it traveled in wider circles in hand-to-hand distribution among French friends. *Speech to the Heroes*, a portion from the first part of this novel, is the first of my work to reach the American public."

And now you'll want to turn to page 54 in order to read Laszlo Dormandi's second Esquire story. Entitled *The Breath of Fear*, it describes his daily apprehensions during the Nazi occupation of Paris.

DAVID A. SMART
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Esquire
THE MAGAZI MEN

contents for May, 1946

Vol. XXV. No. 5 Whole No. 150

articles

PAGE
LET HIM BE LORD AND MASTER . . . Cynthia Harris 45
COLONEL OLCOTT'S 300 GHOSTS . . . J. Andrew White 46
WHEN THE AEROPLANE FIRST SALUTED LIBERTY . . . Louis Sidran 48
THE VITAMIN GIRLS . . . Hubbell Robinson, Jr. 53
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE HELICOPTER? . . . William Winter 59
LAST OF THE MINSTRELS . . . Herb Graffis 60
THE PLATEAU OF DESPOND . . . Chester Morrison 65
THEY FOUGHT FOR NEWS . . . Lawrence Lader 71
EVERY MAN A MENTAL WIZARD . . . Jerome S. Meyer 101
GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT . . . Bruce McLeod 102
HOW'S YOUR FASHION QUOTIENT? . . . O. E. Schoeffler 104
THE CREATURE FROM THE MIST . . . Norman Caldwell & H. S. Mazet 108
THE LOST PARADISE . . . by B. S. Misheiker 119

departments

Correspondence: THE SOUND AND THE FURY . . . 6
Contributors: BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE . . . 40
Movies: THOUGHTS ON HEAVEN AND HOLLYWOOD . . . Jack Moffitt 56
The Lively Arts: EINSTEIN, KIP, AND STOOP . . . Gilbert Seldes 89
Theatre: FIRST NIGHTS & PASSING JUDGMENTS . . . George Jean Nathan 90
Jazz: BACKDROP FOR JAZZ COMPOSERS . . . Charles Edward Smith 112
Wearables: MAJOR RESORT NOTES . . . O. E. Schoeffler 120
Discs: ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD . . . Gilbert Seldes 122

fiction

THE BREATH OF FEAR . . . Laszlo Dormandi 54
NEVER ANOTHER WORD . . . Henry Seaton 62
WE LIVE IN FAME . . . George W. Thorpe 66
TRAIN TO BLOIS . . . Thomas L. Stix 73
LEON THE WINCHMAN . . . Robert P. Hansen 77
YOUR NAME IN THE PAPERS . . . E. Ralph Rundell 83
A NIGHT AT COUNTY . . . George Wiswell 84
A GREAT TOWN FOR CHARACTERS . . . William March 86
THE WHITE HORSE . . . F. L. Owen 96
THE GAY EVENING . . . Ernest Lehman 111

personalities

GATTO: LITTLE PRIMITIVE . . . Harry Salpeter 98

pictorial features

COVER ILLUSTRATION . . . Painting by Howard Baer
WHEN THE AEROPLANE FIRST SALUTED LIBERTY . . . Painting by Harper Goff 49
THE ESQUIRE GIRL . . . 51
SPRINGSONG—1946 . . . Painting by J. Frederick Smith 57
EDDIE FOY, JR., in *The Red Mill* . . . Color photograph by Sydney Ravitz 60
KATHARINE BOOTH, ONE OF HOLLYWOOD'S NEBULAE . . . Color photograph by Eric Carpenter 61
AMERICAN BEAUTY . . . DOROTHY PARTINGTON . . . Color photograph by Peter Junco 69
ARE YOU WITH IT? . . . Color photograph by Stone-Bauman Greene 70
"WITH MALICE TOWARD NONE; WITH CHARITY FOR ALL . . ." . . . Color photograph by Clarence C. Carter 78
CLARISSA, AS CAST AS A HALF-CASTE . . . Color photograph by Hurrell 79
FIFTEEN COLOR STUDIES OF PAN FISH . . . by Charles Liedl 81
TO GLIDE ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND—AND NO MOTOR . Color photograph by Hans Groenhoff 90
PEOPLE WE CAN'T READ ENOUGH ABOUT . . . NO. 1 . . . INGRID BERGMAN . . . Caricature by Alan Jedla 91
A GROUP OF PAINTINGS . . . by Joseph Victor Gatto 99
ACTOR OF THE MONTH . . . BRIAN AHERNE . . . Color photograph by Sydney Ravitz 100
COOK'S TOUR: MAX KELLER . . . Color photograph by D. Hoffman 102
LADY TWEED AND ANTHONY ADVERSE OF SAYNDALLE . . Color photograph by Lial Hoppen 103
COUNTRY RACE MEET . . . Drawing by Leslie Saalburg 105
DIVIDE BY THREE . . . Drawing by Robert Goodman 106

sports

INTO THE WOODS WITHOUT A GUIDE . . . Henry Tetlow 68
GENERAL PAR'S LAST STAND . . . O. B. Keeler 74
INSIDE BASEBALL . . . Hugh Fullerton, Sr. 78
FROM AMERICAN LAKES AND STREAMS . . . David M. Newell 80
LA FIESTA BRAVA . . . Barnaby Conrad, Jr. 92
THE FAITH OF POJO . . . Phil Koury 95
THE ESQUIRE SPORTS POLL ON BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL . . . 107
FOXES HAVE IT, TOO . . . Al Swanson 114

credits

ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 45, 46, 54, 66, 77 and 96 through courtesy of Associated American Artists

trends in dress

CLOTHING AND ACCESSORIES by Runnette, Murley, Saalburg and Fellows . . beginning on 124

T.M. REG.

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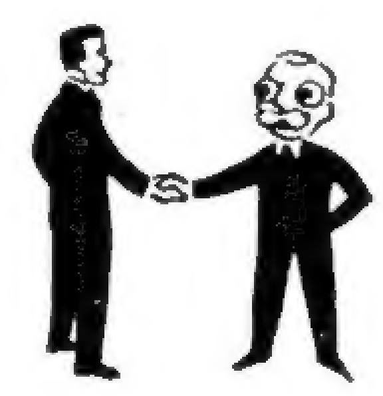
The Sound and the Fury

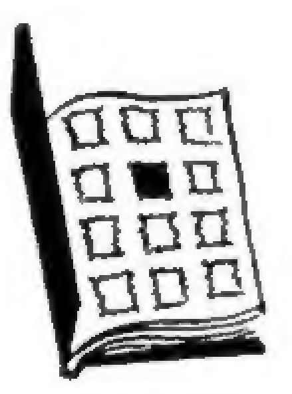
the first freedom



You are to be congratulated on the vindication by the Supreme Court of Esquire. But beyond congratulations, you deserve thanks, from every American who believes in freedom of the press, for had the Postmaster General's attempt succeeded, no editorial opinion nor reader content would have been safe from inquisition and censorship. In my opinion this was no isolated instance of personal prejudice implemented by abuse of power, but an opening wedge for "thought control," to force Americans to read only what some ephemeral Pooh-Bah decreed. John E. Kelly

Pittsfield, Mass.

stamp collectors' corner



The purpose of this letter is to advise stamp collectors of the United States of America that the Parliament of the tiny Kingdom of Tonga, located in the South Pacific, has authorized the issue of a new Tongan stamp, to be known as the "Century Stamp," in commemoration of the 100th anniversary of the coronation of King Siaosi Tupou I. Siaosi Tupou became king on December 4, 1845, and it was under his rule that the present constitution was written, and the present system was established providing free hospitals and free education for the natives of Tonga.

It is hoped that you will see fit to publish this letter so that those interested in adding this new stamp to their collection may get them by writing to J. V. Lino, MP.

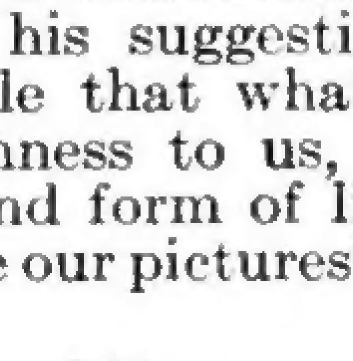
During the occupation of this island by the United States Armed Forces, I was employed by the U.S. Army as Native Paymaster for the hundreds of Tongans employed in constructing the Advance Base established here.

J. V. Lino
Member of Parliament
Nuku' alofa, Tongatabu

innocence abroad

Concerning Gilbert Seldes' squib subheaded "Disappointment" in "Notes and Queries" of Esquire's March issue:

I wish to reinforce his suggestive question, "Is it possible that what's pure escape and foolishness to us, is considered the shape and form of life itself when foreigners see our pictures?"



Naturally, I don't know the extent of Mr. Seldes' travels. But, entertainment being what it is in most of the world, American movies are a more important feature abroad than they are at home. And, in the relative absence of other information, the viewers are left to assume what they see is the truth.

Go into the Casbah at Casablanca—which is as low as the "civilized" world goes—and what do you see on the cinema marquee? *The Hunchback of Notre Dame.* Newspapers and radio programs don't get around much there.

Or go into the native section across the Hooghli in Calcutta. You'll see lines forming to see a "boy meets girl." They're not up on newsmagazines there.

And when the day's work is through at an American base overseas, do the natives rush home to the wife/wives and kiddies? Nay, sahib. They squat in the dust for the soldiers' movie, *Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.*

Or ask the Australian or even the colonial Britisher which pictures he'd rather see, American or British. And he'll choose any Hollywood product against even the best of England's.

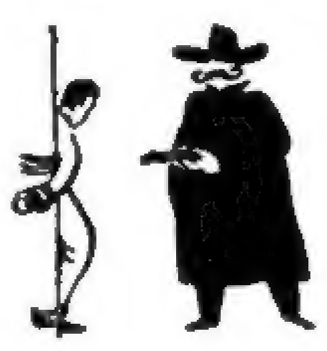
American pictures having a practical monopoly, is it unusual that the foreign viewer should succumb to Goebbels' precept of repeated lies?

The movies are the most powerful factor in determining the foreigner's opinion of us. And they are swallowed whole around the world.

Clark W. Fishel
Downer's Grove, Illinois

solution to Gallico's literary problem

I always read and immensely enjoy Mr. Gallico's stories but in his article *This Man's World,* March issue, didn't he forget to give credit where credit is due?



He stated that someday he hoped to read or write a mystery story in which villain bumps off hero as well as others in the plot—and then succeeds in getting away with it.

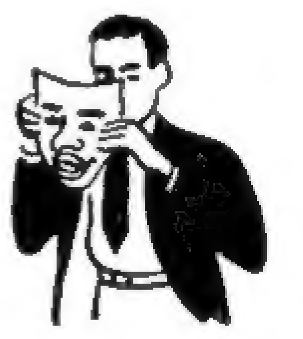
Ah, Mr. Gallico, apparently you haven't read Agatha Christie's *And Then There Were None,* as that mystery chiller does just what the title suggests and should give you the personal satisfaction which you stated you were in search of.

Char-Elaine Shelley
Long Beach, Calif.

Editor's Note: *In fairness to Paul Gallico we might add that Miss Christie's villain eluded his own insoluble problem by suicide—so, in a sense, you could hardly say that he got away with it.*

Jannings' masquerade

Klaus Mann's article *Three German Masters* in the January issue of Esquire compels me to submit evidence disproving Jannings' self-vindication.



Jannings' claim that he acted against his will in the anti-British picture *Ohm Kruger* is disproved by his broadcast about the picture, an excerpt of which was published in Alfred Rosenberg's "Central Political and Cultural Journal of the NSDAP," (June, 1942). This piece is written in the vein of Rosenberg's pseudo-mythical phraseology. Accordingly, Jannings is a believer in the "TAT" and his own "fanatic will." The metaphysical ideal of the WHOLE (*das Ganze*) is his special pet idea permeating all his concepts. Thus he takes "the folk not as a selection of cultivated men, etc., but in its *whole* living, comprehensive, unsurveyable complexity." The actor is turned into something like a little leader: "Every actor ought to know that he is confronted with the *whole* world, that he is responsible to his folk." Working on a picture, he endeavors to focus his interest "on the *Whole.*" Any deeper artistic influence is naturally depending on the presumption, he continues, "that there is one idea behind the *Whole.*" Concluding, Jannings states his life-task: "to bring men of special stature on the screen, (men) who are humanly and deservedly standing in great destinies."

Now we heard this brand of language before; tainted as it is with metaphysical romanticisms still all too familiar, there cannot be any doubt as to Jannings' leanings. He went with others the entire WAY OF ALL FLESH, and he played another PATRIOT, not on the screen but in life. It is irrelevant whether he did it as a matter of compromise or not. To his new masters it was one more public endorsement. Jannings' sin of commission can never be condoned or denied.

Luitpold Wallach
Knoxville, Tennessee

stumping for social significance

I have just read George Jean Nathan's article in the March issue. Quite frankly, I was very surprised to find the *supposed* Dean of New York critics, Burns Mantle notwithstanding, implying that the New York stage, among other things, could use more musicals and dramas dominated by sex.

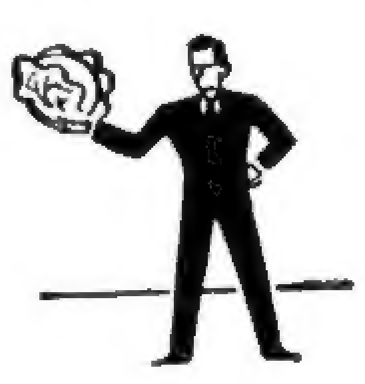
Mr. Nathan is annoyed with plays which have any "social significance." Instead of lamenting the fact that a play such as *Common Ground* was not a box office success, he gleefully, if not a bit sadistically, points out how quickly it closed. He states that *Deep Are the Roots* owes its success to one scene in which a "white girl tells a Negro that she loves him, and wants to marry him." Mr. Nathan apparently does not see, or does not care to see, the regrettable implications of such facts.

The theatre is in need of plays which instruct in "*hypothetical* social, political, economic, and other malaises." The theatre, and the world, is in need of people who recognize the necessity for such instruction. The theatre is not in need of critics opposed to playwrights who are "doctors of the world's ills." So long as the issues which compose the themes of *Common Ground, The Rugged Path,* et al. exist, the theatre must mirror them.

Martin Miller
New York, N. Y.

of cabbages etc.

It is not quite clear whether your contributor, Chester Morrison, in his article *Unsentimental Journey,* was sympathizing with British sufferings as a result of the war or whether he was merely ridiculing British country life.



The former might have been true from his reference to British meals of offal instead of steak and chops. The meat ration in England usually permits only one hot meal with meat per week and the housewife has a desperate job in trying to get a little extra protein for her family. Of course there are no turkeys, chickens, or oysters such as Morrison can now obtain as often as he likes, if he has returned to this country.

As for all the other points Morrison mentions, it is difficult to avoid making this letter a mere list of every one of them—and explaining how the war produced them.

He even blames England, apparently, because one fellow guest at Foxton Hall was deaf!

Of the cabbages at the Hall the natives are no doubt proud, as an example of their war effect in producing food. It is of course not surprising that cabbages and their like grow in the neighborhood as Foxton is in a market gardening district.

As for the English pillar-boxes, they are at least distinctive—and not likely to be compared with trash bins as are their American counterparts. The one Morrison describes is in any case not a pillar box at all; and why he objects to the use of a posting box erected in Victoria's reign is beyond me.

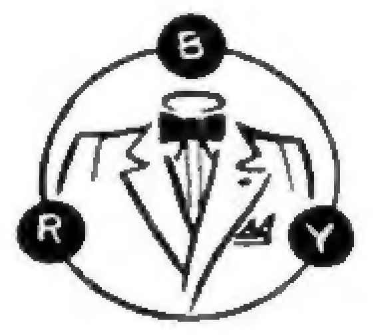
From Morrison's insularity, one is tempted to suspect that he himself has English blood in his veins. He describes the architecture as a monstrosity, English vegetables as unpleasant and English beer as likely to choke him.

Evidently he is one of those Americans that the natives of Foxton would regard as "a good miss."

Is it too much to ask of Morrison that he apoligize to a nation that enjoys its sufferings no more than he did during the short time he was compelled to endure them?

C. J. Carter
(An Englishman, of course)
Washington, D. C.

blue note

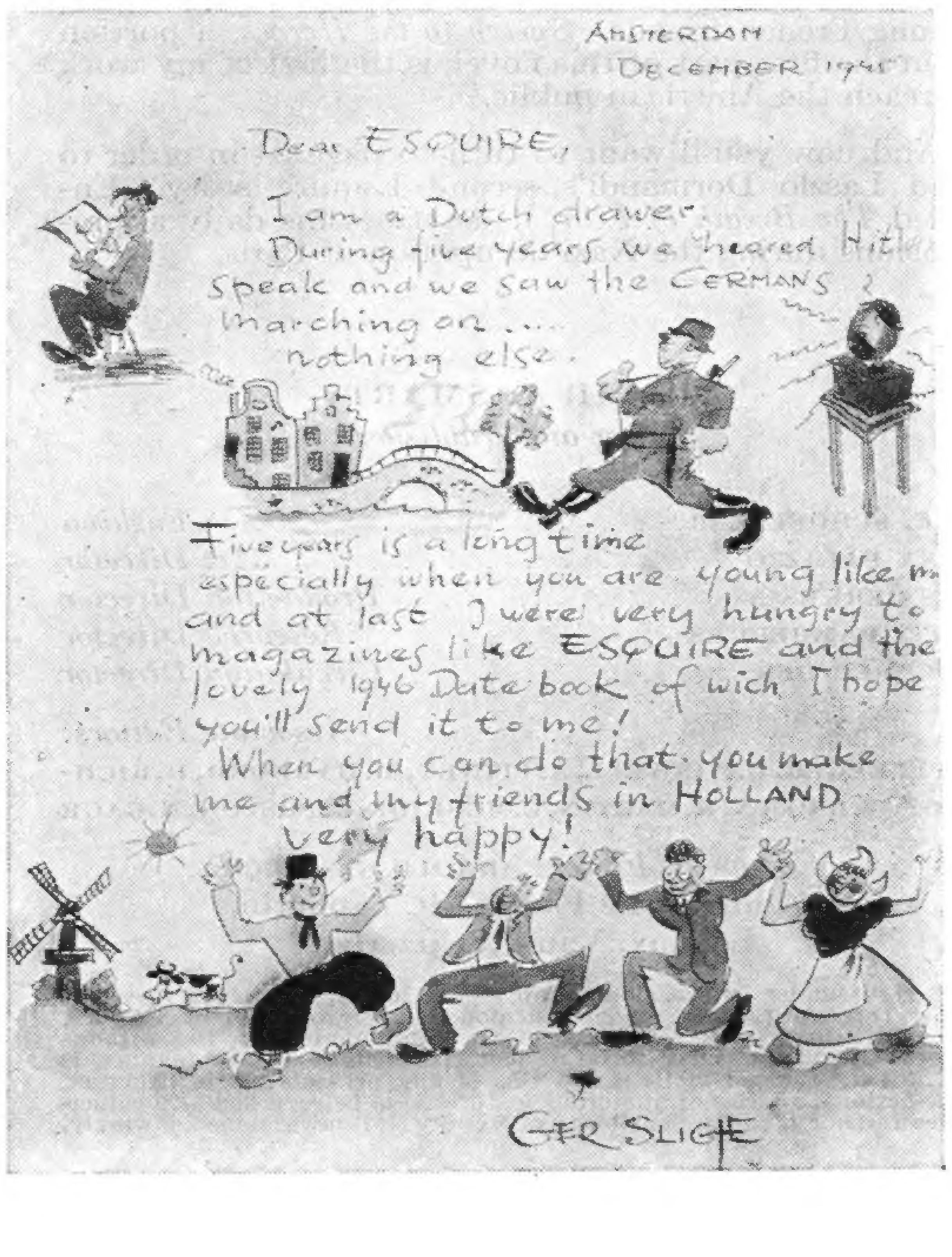


About three years ago when I was in attendance at a well known southern college which compelled its predominately male student body to wear ties, I was very much chagrined to read in Esquire that one should never wear blue with brown. For at that time my wardrobe, of which I was duly proud, consisted mainly of brown and blue garments with accessories in the same colors. In order to conform to to your standards, I went out and immediately purchased some grey clothing and accessories to use in combination with the blue and the brown clothing. Having learned nothing but contempt for said southern school, I transferred to much more pleasant UCLA in Westwood Village. I enrolled in the Interior Decoration and Costume Design curriculum where I have been taught that any two colors will combine depending on the value and chroma of the colors. In taking the fashion test on page 92 of your March '46 issue I answered the third question involving brown and blue according to *your* teachings because the question came up in *your* test. Of course you know now, my answer based on your previous teachings was wrong. What I would like to know is, did you send your fashion editors to art school, or did you just change your mind about brown and blue over a period of three years? You insidious Beebe.

Bob Rogers
West Los Angeles, Cal.

Continued on page 10

Holland's bright smile



AMSTERDAM
DECEMBER 1945

Dear ESQUIRE,

I am a Dutch drawer.
During five years we heared Hitl
speak and we saw the GERMANS
marching on ....
nothing else.

Five years is a long time
especially when you are young like m
and at last I were very hungry to
magazines like ESQUIRE and the
lovely 1946 Date book of wich I hope
you'll send it to me!
When you can do that you make
me and my friends in HOLLAND
very happy!

GER SLIGTE

"Your Dunlap, sir!"....

This season more men than ever are going to the selected shops and departments where they can be expertly fitted with the new styles in Dunlap Celebrated Hats. Among the fine creations in lightweight felt from which they are choosing, are (left to right) the national favorite, the "Wanderer,"* the youthful, spirited "Coastwise," and the no less light but even finer "Wanderer King."*

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Now featured by your Dunlap Dealer

TRADE MARK
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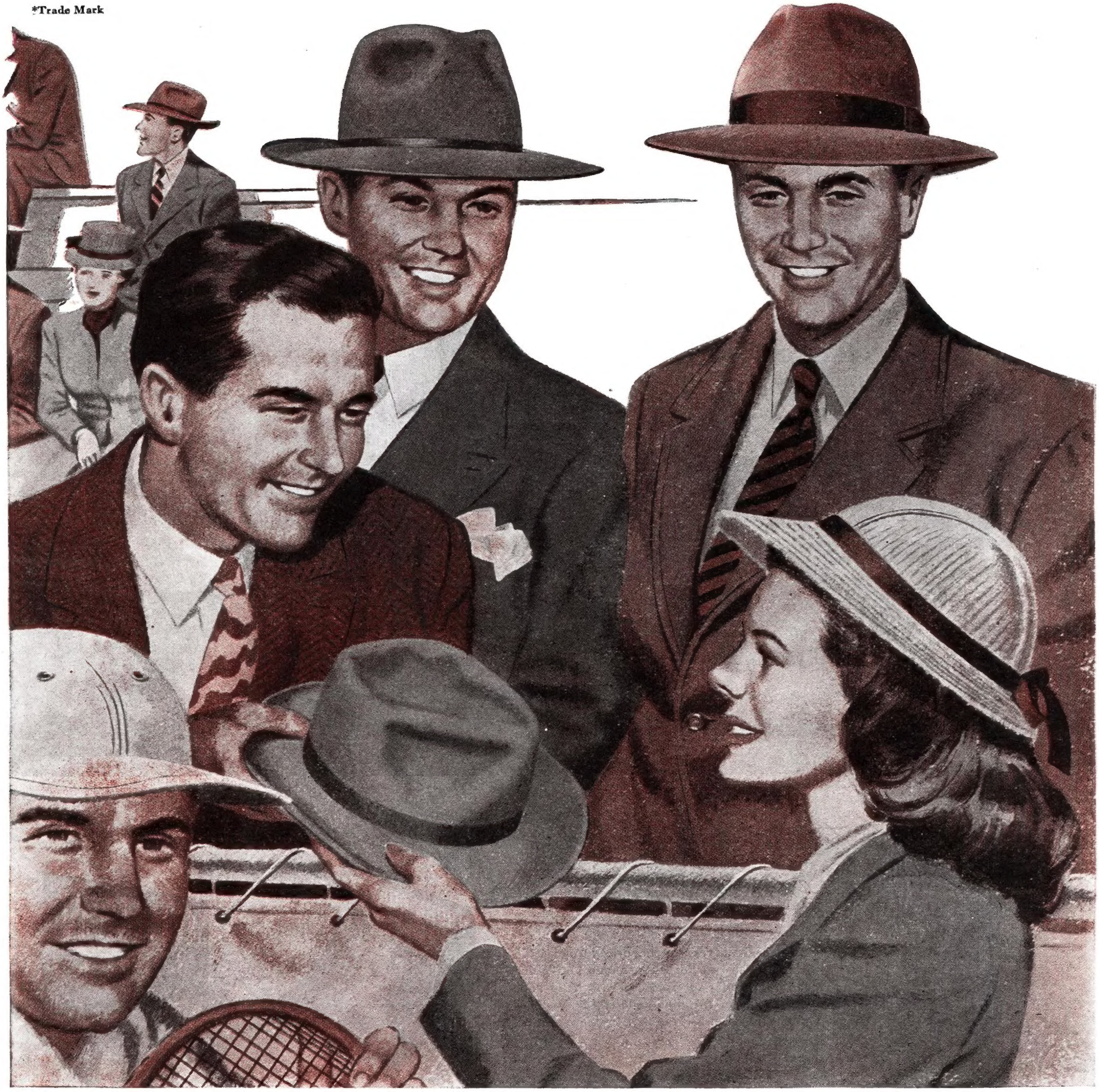

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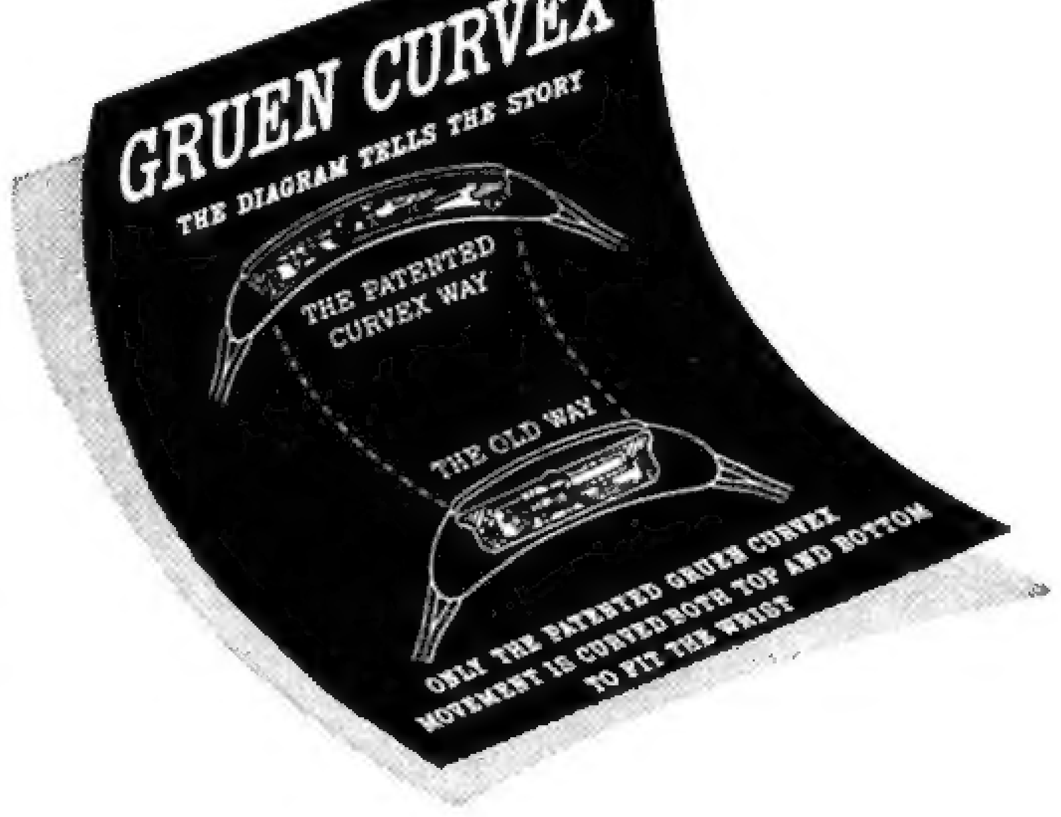
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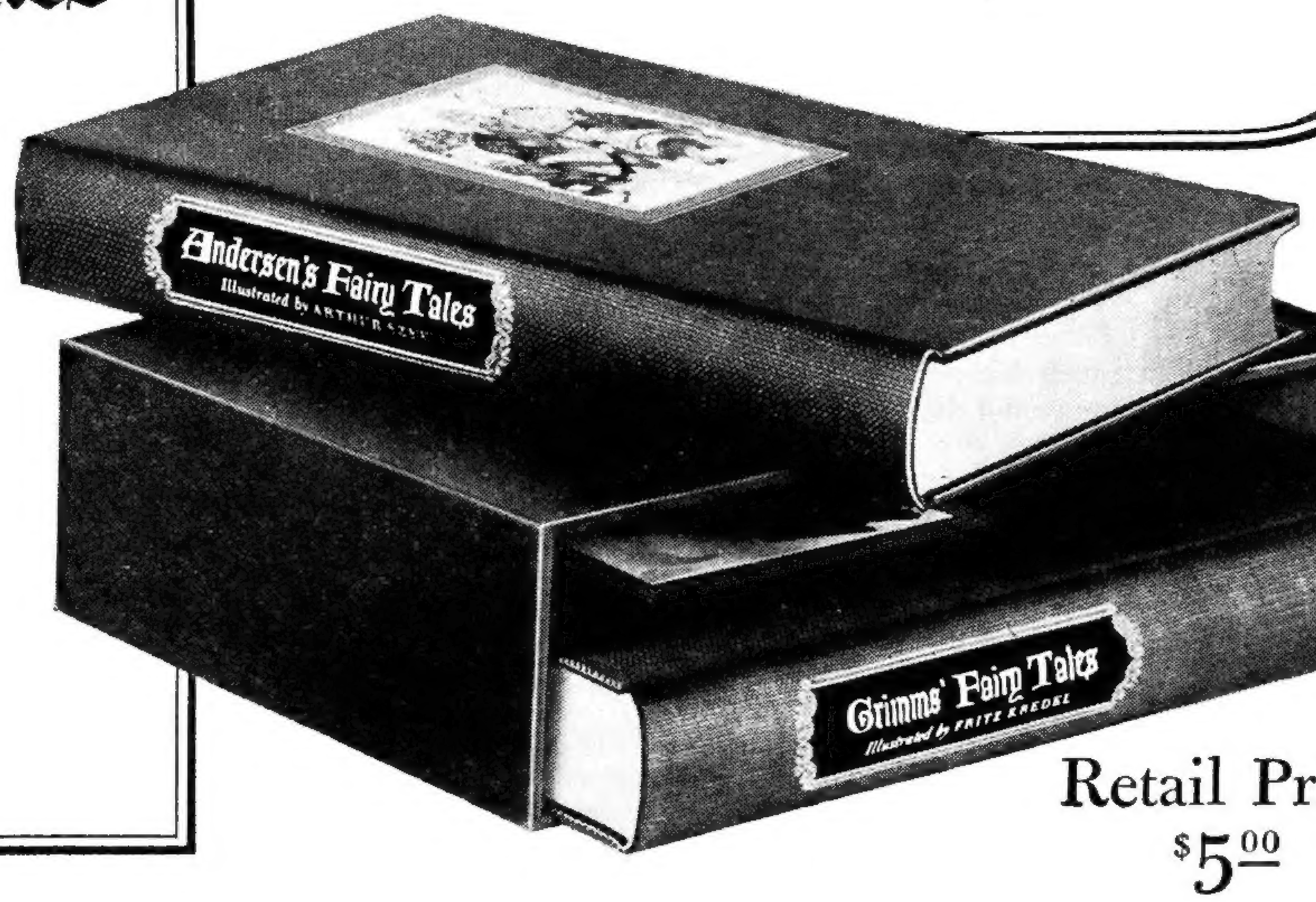

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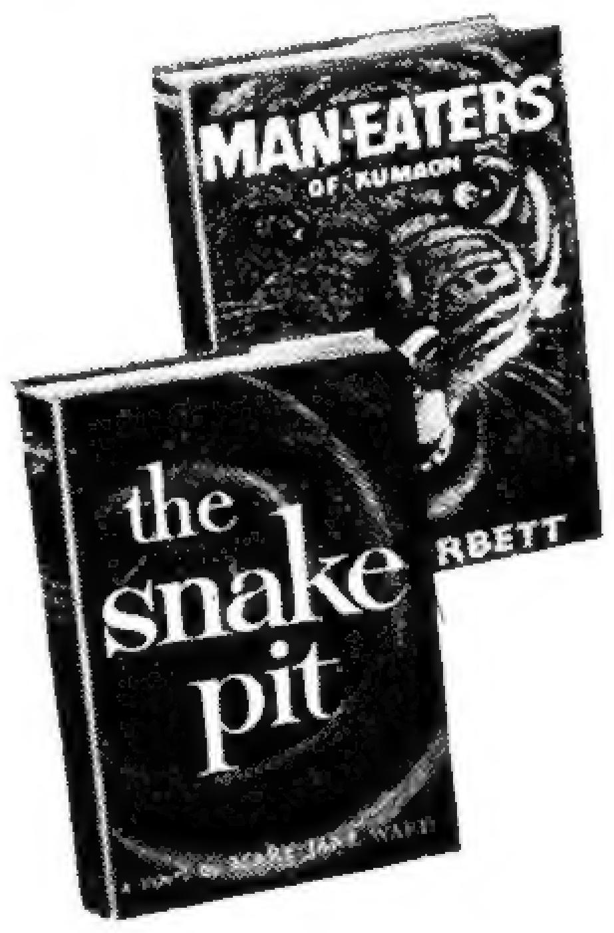

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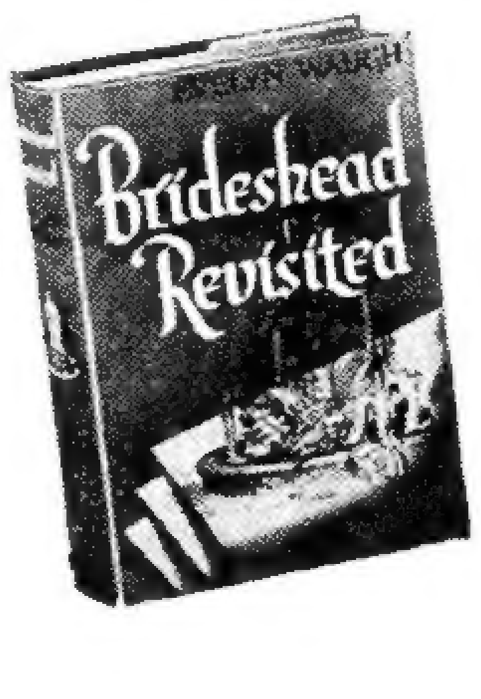

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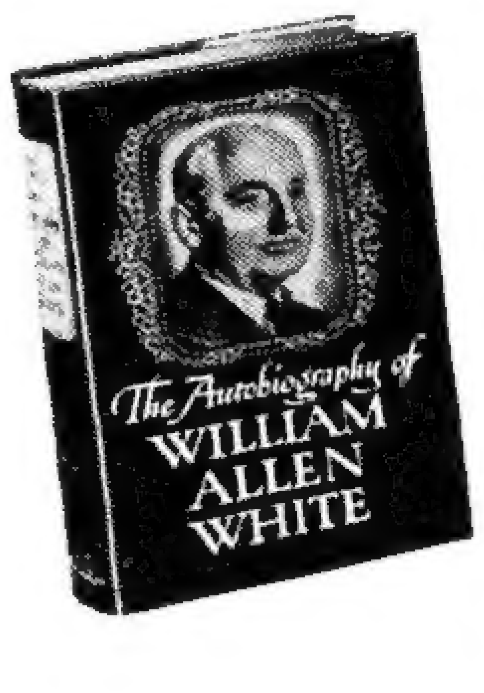

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The Sound and the Fury

"well worth repeating"

How lucky the American boy is to have an event like the annual Esquire Baseball Game to look forward to!

The two games staged by the magazine thus far, I am sure, have proved to be a source of inspiration to the average American sports-loving kid.

I sincerely hope that you will continue these games in future years. I believe that attendance figures, for the two games, will attest to the fan's interest in this annual classic.

A large Midwestern city baseball federation has a slogan which I think would be well worth repeating here: "Give a boy a bat and a ball, and you need never fear that he will be led astray."

Karl E. Wilken
Scout-Philadelphia "Phillies"

the past was better;

I like to stick to pleasant traditions and having the "Esky" model on your cover each month is one which is ridiculous to change as Esquire isn't Esquire with cartoons and flat drawings. You printed the swell photographs of Suzi Crandall and Susan Reed so small, one must view them through binoculars to see them to any masculine satisfaction. Furthermore, those little hen tracks you pronounce as sketches placed at the start of your stories and articles don't add interest but irritate me and other Esquire readers to whom I have spoken of this disgusting matter.

I hope you will profit by these suggestions and put Esquire back to former standards. Show me a man that likes the new and too frilly Esquire and I'll bet there are two that don't. Get back into the old but satisfactory groove readers enjoyed so much.

Storm Lake, Iowa Ted R. Leighton

thoughtless rocket

With reference to the article *Time to Wake Up Now* by MacKinlay Kantor, wherein a V-2 dropping in High Holborn damaged the eardrum of the correspondent standing in the Savoy courtyard.

As the crow flies the distance from the Savoy to the nearest point in High Holborn is 903 yards, yards of densely built substantial buildings.

Some rocket.

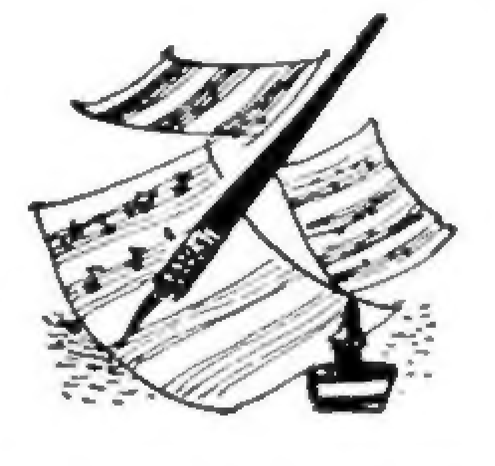
Why couldn't Kantor be reasonable and drop his rocket in Aldwych?

Alan B. Crawley
London, England

what jazz is not

Concerning Leonard Feather's repeated mix-up in referring to swing as jazz:

Being a collector of jazz records, it hurts when I read Feather's columns in Esquire. When he refers to Stan Kenton, Tommy Dorsey or any of the other big bands (excluding of course Duke Ellington and possibly Woody Herman) as playing jazz, that is going too far.



Agreed that several of the name bands do have one or two jazz musicians of merit in their ranks, but it is one thing to name the individual musician and another to name the band. Mr. Feather does the latter.

Big bands such as Kenton, Dorsey, James, etc., do *not* play jazz. True jazz is improvised, and the big bands play arrangements rehearsed many times before presentation. The solos on the other hand may be improvised and if played by a true jazzman can be called jazz. But to call the big commercial bands jazz bands is almost as stupid as calling Paul Whiteman the King of Jazz.

Raymond Chesloff S 1/c
Norfolk, Virginia

. . . and is

Here's a word of congratulation on your intelligent and well-founded articles on American jazz.

Anyone who has happened on Fifty-second Street the past year can readily see that what you stand for in jazz is something fine and progressive.

The last time I was in New York, I myself could visualize the revolutionary change occurring in jazz circles. I heard such greats as "Dizzy" Gillespie, "Lucky" Thompson and Errol Garner. To call these men great is an understatement. Jazz today is finer and better than it ever was even though certain critics (so they call themselves) would have you believe that the stuff they dished out twenty and thirty years ago is the only real jazz. Now I don't like to knock anyone for personal opinions, but I'll say this: if you keep knocking out those swell articles as of late, I'm sure these critics will soon be as dead as those Gennet and Okeh records they so cherish. And I'm sure jazz will be the better for it. Keep up the good work.

P. I. Pfc. H. Barnett

man pursues ghost

I have noted with interest *Dear Old Ghost of Mine* by MacKinlay Kantor, (Esq. Nov. '45). Would like very much to have this address. I am near London and sure would like to spend a night there on one of my week ends.

Ivan L. Steeves
Repat. Depot, C.A.O.

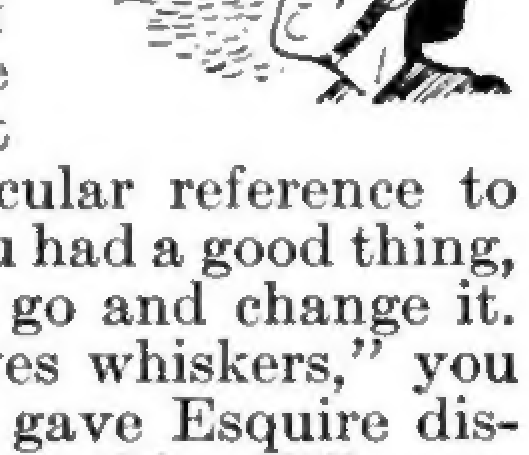
"fresher, more interesting"

I have been very much impressed by the work of J. Frederick Smith which appears in Esquire. His work is slightly reminiscent of Vertes but much fresher, more interesting both in color and treatment and above all more amusing.

Samuel J. Hume
Berkeley, California

longing for "old banjo eyes whiskers"

I am not too sure why I even bother to write to you. Perhaps I have too much idle time on my hands. It's none of my business, you can run your magazine as you damn please. If a man wants to go out and cut his throat, well, hells bells, that's his affair.



I have subjected myself to the powers of your magazine for a number of years, and I admit deriving my share of entertainment and enlightenment from it. Many of the articles and cartoons are super. But of late I have become downright angry at you. I have particular reference to your cover page. You had a good thing, but no, you had to go and change it. With "old banjo eyes whiskers," you had a cover, which gave Esquire distinction, richness, something different. But now you got him stuck in the upper right-hand corner like something you are trying to hide. It gripes me to see my old friend replaced by a trite cartoon.

I know this letter will find itself in the nearest wastebasket.

APO, New York Sgt. A. Kurland

unsung musicians

Major Glenn Miller led a fine band that entertained lots of G.I.s—Yes! But Major Glenn Miller "was trombonist-leader of *the* Army Air Force band that played for G.I.s in Europe"—Emphatically, No!

You seem to think that none but name bands furnished dance music in the war theater. There were plenty of plain ordinary soldiers—not great musicians, not even good musicians, maybe—but guys that worked or fought along with their buddies. Then, when they rested, these lads would whip out battered horns they'd picked up God knows where and blow them—blow a little of the homesickness and weariness away in the peculiarly American manner.

These were members of the so-called "unauthorized" bands and got no special privilege. Almost every unit had one, but the best I heard was the 75th Division outfit of France and Germany.

Besides these unauthorized units there were the regular Army Air, Ground and Service Force bands. Set up as military bands, some of these outfits had to make lead alto men out of flute players and ride trumpeters out of fluge-horn experts. But many of these organizations put out two and sometimes three dance bands with nothing to work with but twenty-eight musicians and a horn shortage that was never completely eliminated.

Now, it's my contention that such bands as these did just about as much for morale as the "name" bands—proportionately, perhaps a bit more.

So how about giving these boys a break?

Richard E. Conrad
Bloomington, Illinois

thousands . . . millions

After four years in the Pacific I have returned to find many changes in this world. But just between us, has the world really grown as large as S/Sgt. Gene Gear says on page 132 of the January issue of Esquire?

J. G. Holt
Grafton, Wisconsin

this thing called jazz

I read an article in Sound & Fury of January, 1946, that set me wild. It was by a certain Sgt. E. N. Compton. I would like to answer a few of his remarks as a true lover of jazz.

In the first place he says that small bands playing in small joints are given higher ratings than big "commercial bands," by your jazz experts. This is as it should be because it is the small bands that play "real" jazz. Most of them are forced to play in joints because the general public has gone sour on jazz. (When I refer to jazz, I mean the soul-stirring New Orleans and Chicago styles, not the canned, arranged, and commercialized stuff the big bands play today.) However not all the real jazzmen are playing in joints. In case Sgt. Compton is interested, Eddie Condon is playing over N.B.C., Kid Ory is playing in California and Red Nichols is doing the same.

Secondly, he takes up the subject of Harry James. The only two numbers I ever heard by James that were even remotely related to jazz were *Sleepy Time Gal* and *Memphis Blues.*

The trouble with guys like James and Glenn Miller is that their music lacks feeling and originality, and is therefore not jazz, but commercial, and as far as I can see, is not very artistic. As far as Miller playing the *Tin Roof Blues* as Compton calls it, I doubt if he could have done it. When a musician plays that kind of music and forgoes publicity and big money just to play music he likes, he is doing something the commercial bandleaders don't know about.

I admit that maybe the days of the *Wang-Wang Blues* are gone, just as jazz could never return to the crude, but inspiring, beginning of New Orleans music, such as Oliver, Bolden, Ory and a great host of others, but just the same commercialism can never take the place of good improvisation, and the Chicago style should still be good today, just as it was twenty or so years ago. I still say that Bix or Tesch make H. James and Artie Shaw sound silly and shallow in comparison.

No, jazz needn't go back to the beginning but there are men who still play jazz today such as Auld, Tatum, Goodman's sextet, Webster, Eldridge, and many others. Although I don't personally care for this type, it is still jazz. I recommend for reader Compton to listen to Columbia Album C-61 by Teddy Wilson. This is a good example of modern jazz and yet is not commercial. Some of the records were recorded as late as 1935, and yet they display the spirit of jazz. They show that jazz can still be "modern," and yet not be as popular music of today is.

And as for Sgt. Compton's remarks about Louis Armstrong's "honking" as he calls it, it sounds a lot more sincere and artistic to me than the sentimental crooning and drooling of the present-day bobby-sox idols. (I am not referring to Crosby the groaner, as he has sung some good jazz tunes in his day. But he is an exception.)

In closing I wish to recommend to Sgt. Compton and all others of his attitude toward jazz (swing, to them) to get some re-issued jazz records and listen to them, and hear some *real* "peoples" jazz, as he refers to it; and remember that *only* improvised and highly original music is jazz, no matter when it is recorded, in the 20's, 30's, or 40's.

Jack Gaal
West Frankfort, Ill.

De Gustibus

For many years I have enjoyed your Edibles articles. While hardly in the class of a gourmet or an "ami d'Escoffier," I thoroughly enjoy good eating, and I try to exercise discrimination in selecting salads, wines, seasonings and condiments. It is in regard to the latter that I particularly wish to write you.

Can you not level a blast of some sort at the people who persist in a lavish and indiscriminate use of ketchup? Now I agree that ketchup is a suitable condiment for such dishes as baked beans, hash and perhaps hamburger, although personally I feel mustard is more suitable for the latter. But, when I see people slather great gobs of ketchup on a succulent steak, it seems to me that such people have lost the art of enjoying food.

May I ask you a question? What is your opinion of the "sweet" or "fruity" salads, such as Waldorf, pineapple with cottage cheese, etc? Does the sweetness (like that of a sweet cocktail) detract from the function of the salad as a further appetizer before the entree? I feel that the latter is the case, but I am wondering whether I am correct or not.

William J. Wyckoff
Aboard the *Kota Agoeng*
Returning to the U. S.

Continued on page 158

Mind if we plant an idea?

PERHAPS the idea of a COLD Toddy hasn't occurred to you lately. If not, what a treat you've been missing!

It's so simple!

Just put a scant ½ teaspoon of sugar into a toddy glass, ½ jigger of water, 2 lumps of ice, and a generous jigger of the world's most magnificent whiskey—Four Roses. Then—twist a strip of lemon peel over the top and drop it into the glass.

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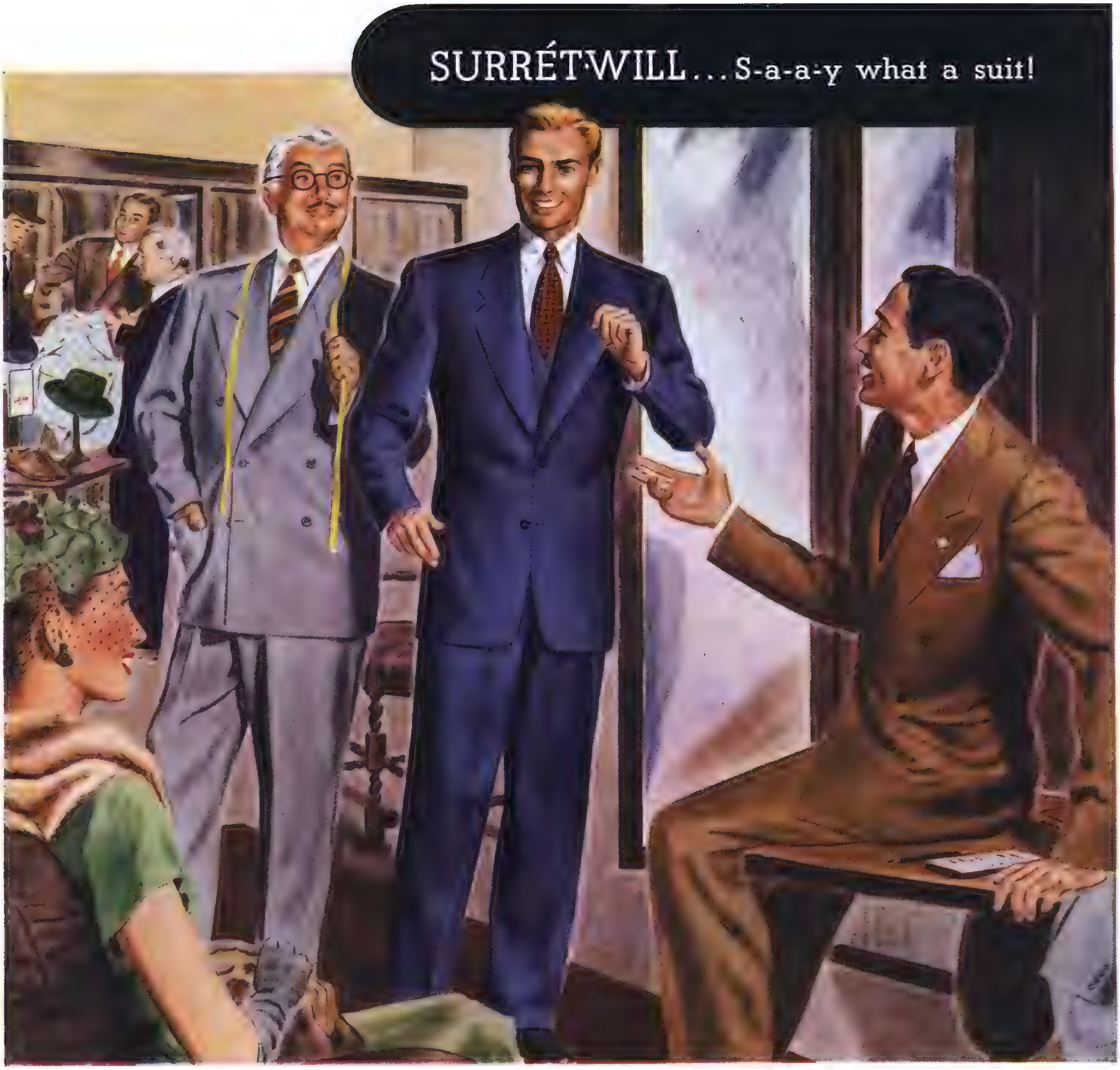
SURRÉT·WILL . . . S-a-a-y what a suit!



It's good-looking, isn't it brother? That's the impression you give. And speaking of impressions, you'll make favorable "firsts" . . . wherever you wear Surrétwill. Here is the suit with the 4-way personality! Yes, we said *4-way* because Surrétwill serves for business, spectator sports, week-ending, evening. It's virtually four suits in one!

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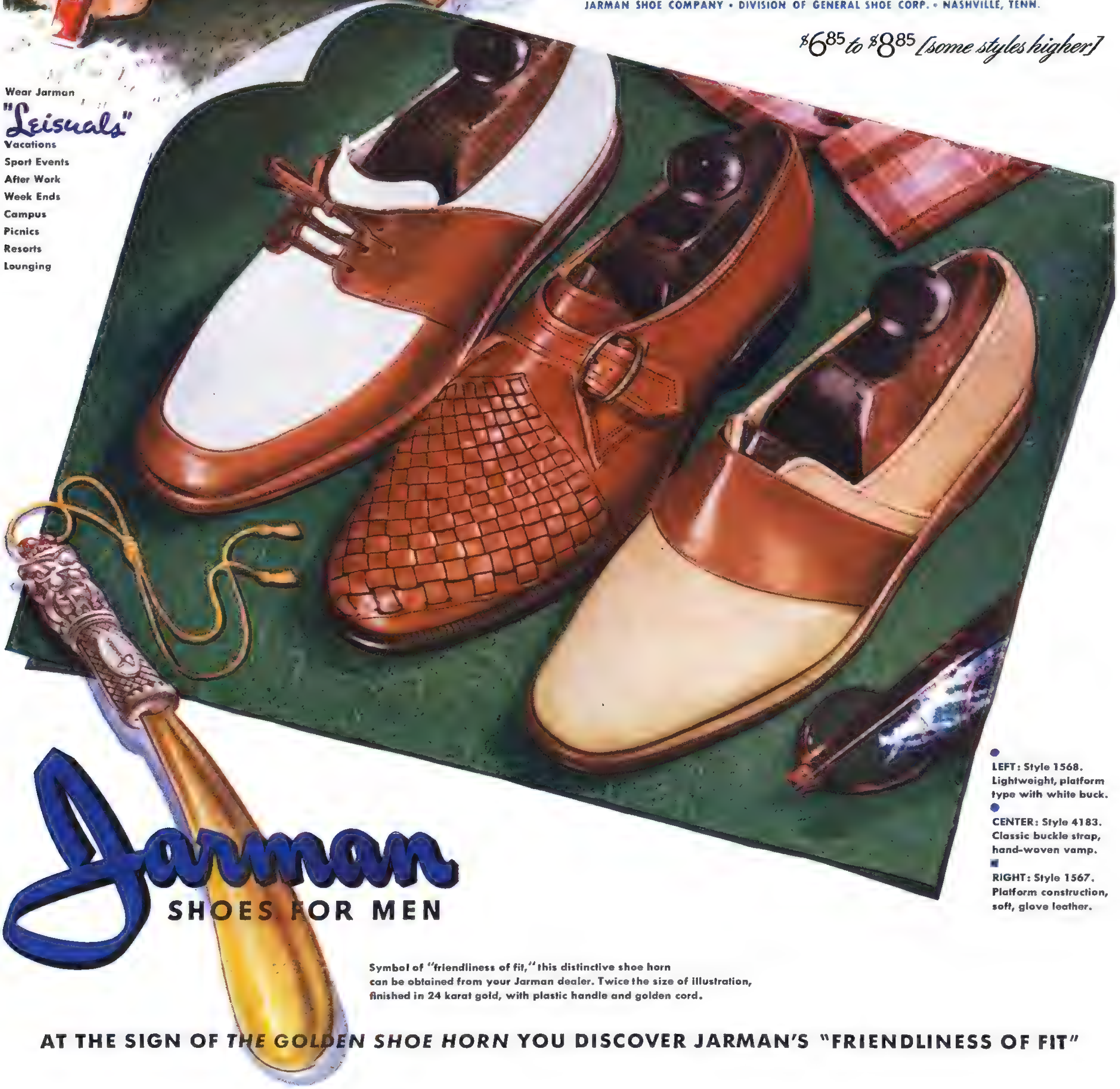

LEFT: Style 1568. Lightweight, platform type with white buck.

CENTER: Style 4183. Classic buckle strap, hand-woven vamp.

RIGHT: Style 1567. Platform construction, soft, glove leather.

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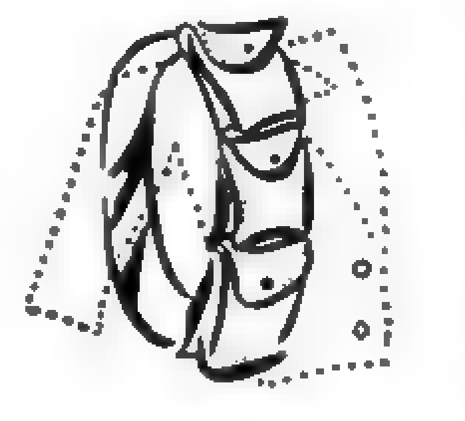
MOTHER'S DAY MAY 12th! And let it never be said that you, Sonny Boy, forgot to come through. Most obvious gift is, of course, flowers. Aside from roses and carnations, ask your florist to make up one of the more original combinations of lovely spring flowers . . . or a plant ensconced in one of the handsome containers, in pottery or plastic.

JEWELRY BLOUSES. Why not an unusual blouse in white crepe, the neckline with a jewelry motif worked out in venise type lace. A medallion in heirloom tradition with lace insert; a sunburst interpreted in a semi-circle of delicate lace spokes; or the charm necklace effect with individual charms depicted in lace. Jewelry blouses are suitable for mothers of all ages, 18 to 80!

CANDIES THAT ARE DIFFERENT. For a *delicieuse* concoction, send Mother a pecan roll, direct from an Alabammy plantation. The center is nougat, flavored with Valencia almonds, dipped in rich, gooey caramel and all rolled in whole pecans. If she likes chocolates, there's a New York firm which specializes in shipping fresh candies anywhere in the U. S. Luscious centered sweets are coated in chocolate and made from rare European recipes.



A PLACE FOR EVERYTHING. Time was, when a lady dumped all her belongings into *one* handbag. Now the latest fashion whimsy is a series of *three* separate handbags, strung together on a strap which she carries over the shoulder and down the front. An adjustable snapper on the back-strap also converts the gimmick into an over-the-arm bag. This triple threat is strictly for the sophisticated femme.

Ranger

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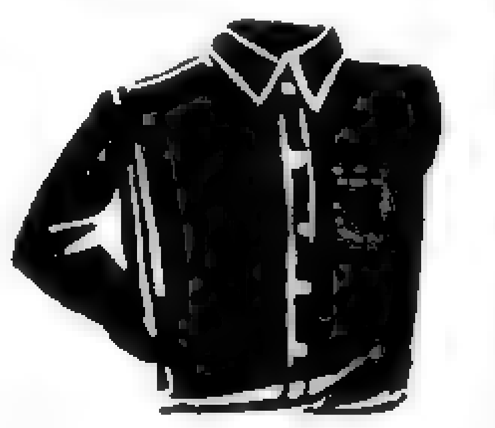
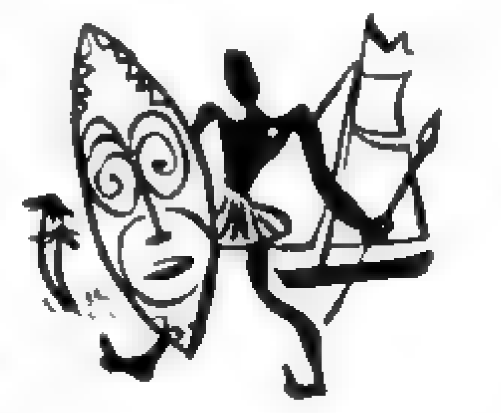
Talking Shop with Esquire

STRICTLY "A PRODUCTION". Here's something for "the man who has everything". It's a belt. But what a belt! A firm which formerly made the finest army caps for such brass hats as MacArthur, etc. has now turned, in postwar times, to making luxury belts. They use old saddlery leather, the type used on the vizor of an officer's cap, and fine suede used on the underside of the vizor. These leathers are cemented with a special material which was developed during the war for cementing metals to metals and metals to rubber. For belts, the method is so satisfactory that no stitching is required at the edges . . . which have a hand-rolled finish. The straps are also stitched by hand . . . and the buckles are of solid gold.

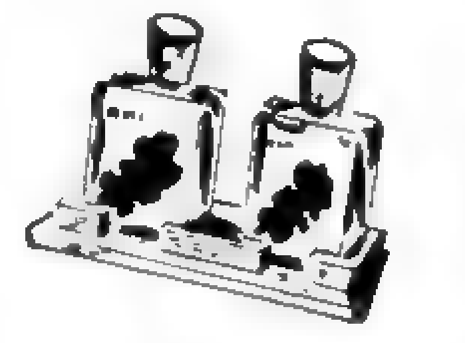
YOU ASKED FOR IT. Don't know what kind of business you guys are contemplating when you write to us asking for *black* shirts. But anyway, we've found them. They're black as coal and are made of fast color, washable poplin. Same number comes in navy blue or brown.



"HEAVE HO, HEARTIES". Out of a background of the South Seas and fast clipper ships comes the newest line of men's toiletries. Glistening deep brown jugs, with Chinese red Marco Polo caps, come packed in boxes which are covered with replicas of navigation charts that were used by the old sea traders. The face of the jugs carry the points shown on a mariner's compass. The shaving soap is packed in ruddy brown stoneware mugs which are fashioned after old grog cups. Then there are several other items such as shaving lotion, cologne and talc.



PICKLED OAK. There is still another new line of toiletries, which is unmistakably masculine. They come in sturdy crystal containers topped with caps of handsome pickled oak, and as decor on their facades you'll find a large pickled oak leaf which looks as if it were appliqued on. The shave lotion and cologne have a subtle bracing scent; the soap, in massive cakes, is also decorated with the oak leaf motif.



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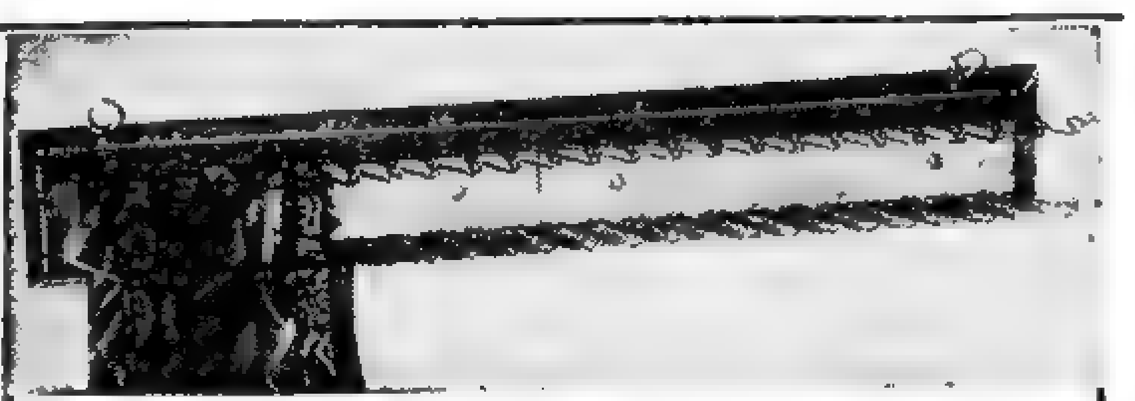

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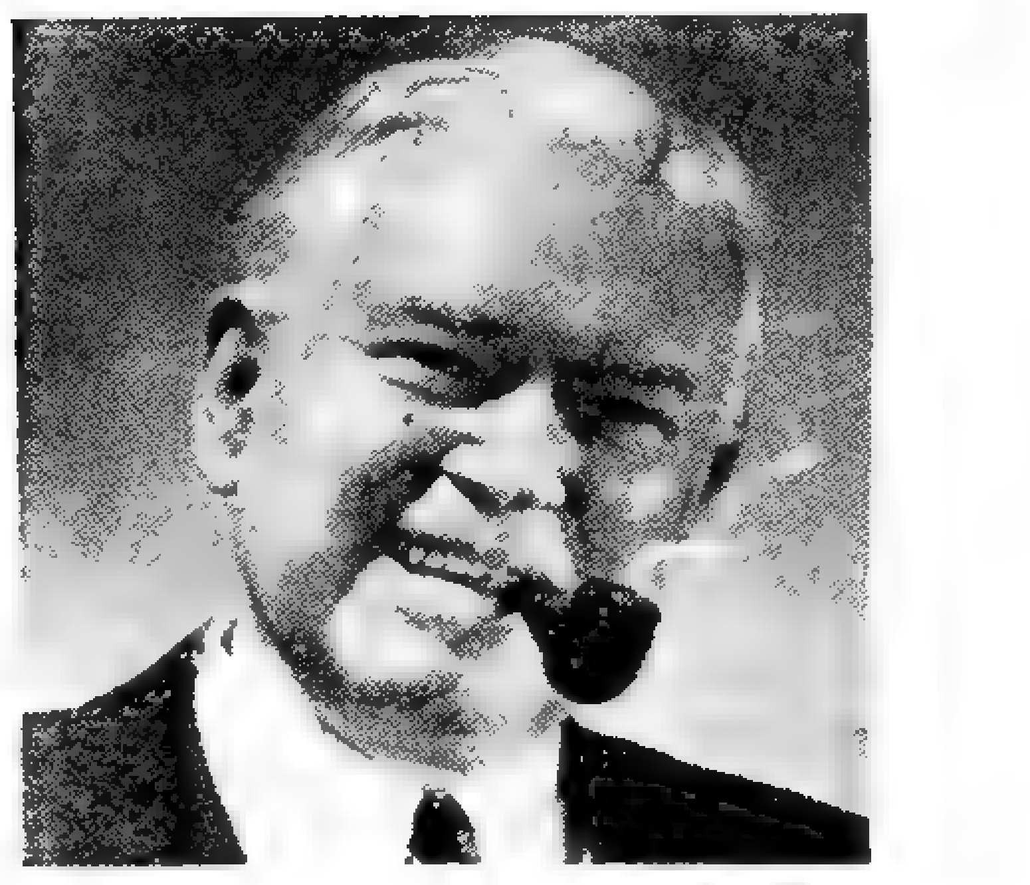

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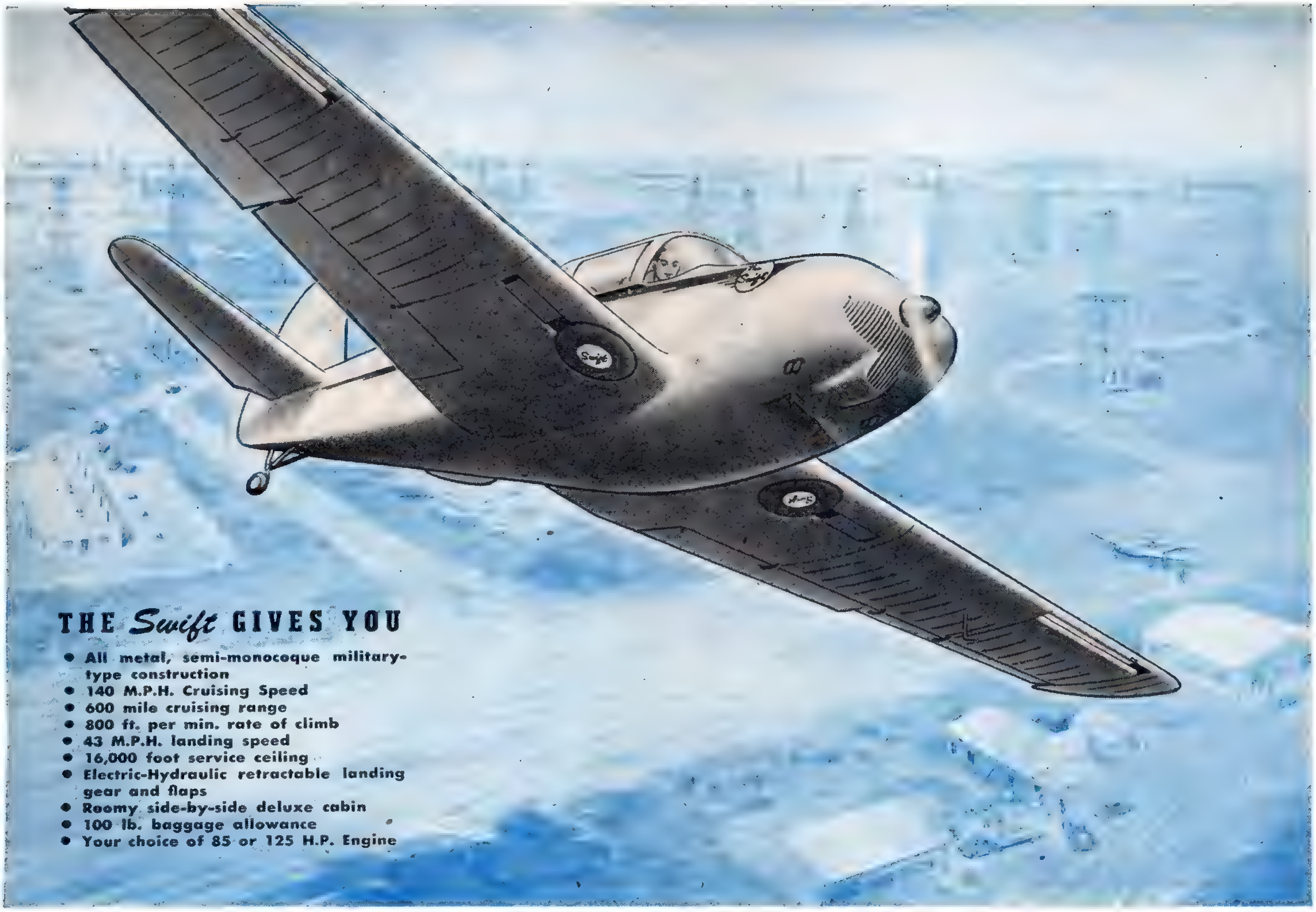

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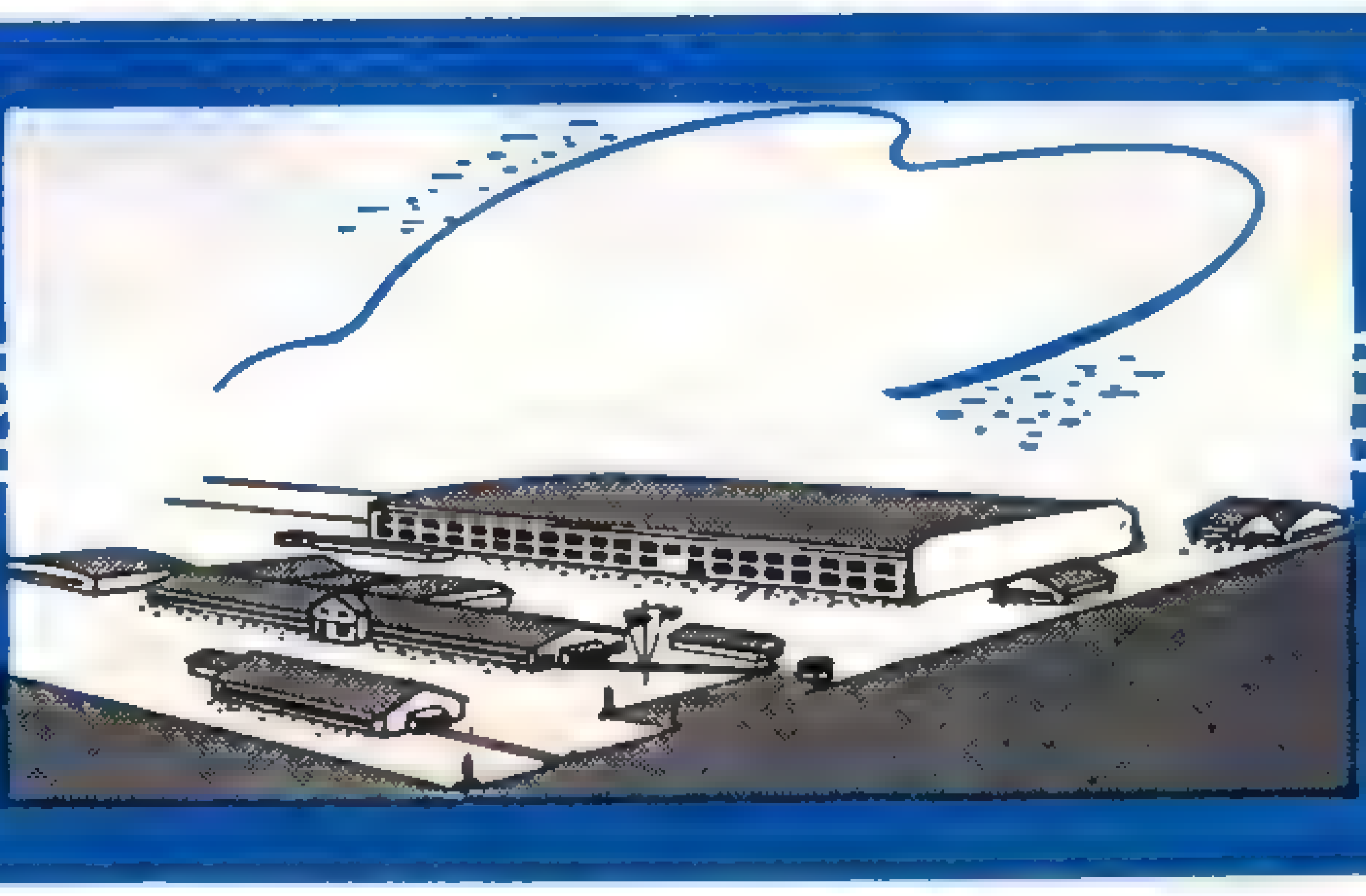

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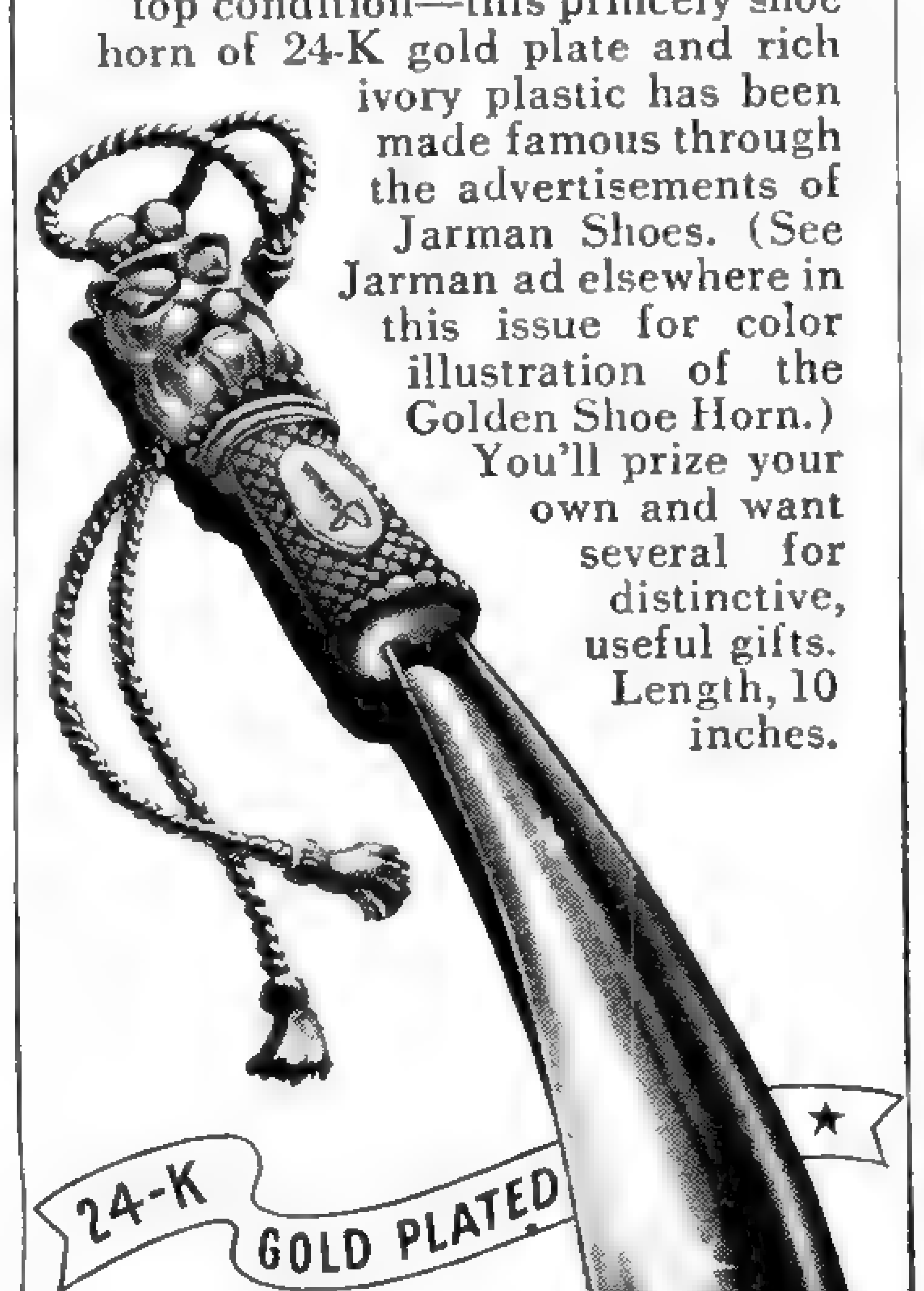

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Talking Shop with Esquire

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LADY LURE. There's a new concern which specializes in glamour gifts. Evening handbags, for instance, in shimmer satin, heavily encrusted with beads and sequins. There's "Mardigras" in red satin, done in gold, black and crystal beads. "Madame Butterfly", a sleek, black beauty is encrusted with pink and black sequins in a huge butterfly motif. "Carnival" in pale blue satin, has multi-colored stars and moons.

MATCHING CIG HOLDERS. Another "Mr. and Mrs." gift, a pair of the newly revived ejector cigarette holders of simulated tortoise with sterling silver or gold tips. The gent's holder is a bit heftier than hers is, too.

UNDRESS UNIFORM. If the Little Woman nags at you for running around the house in deshabille, you might take to wearing those knit T shirts with slacks. They double as a shirt and kind of sweater, made in a cotton knit string. Crew neck, short sleeves, lightweight enough to wear as underwear under your shirt, good looking enough to wear *without* a shirt. Comes in lemon yellow, natural and tan.

"THE INKSPOTS". If you like whimsy for your black moods, you'll go for a combination tie, handkerchief and suspender set in black, with white polka dots. Mighty sharp, brother, they say.

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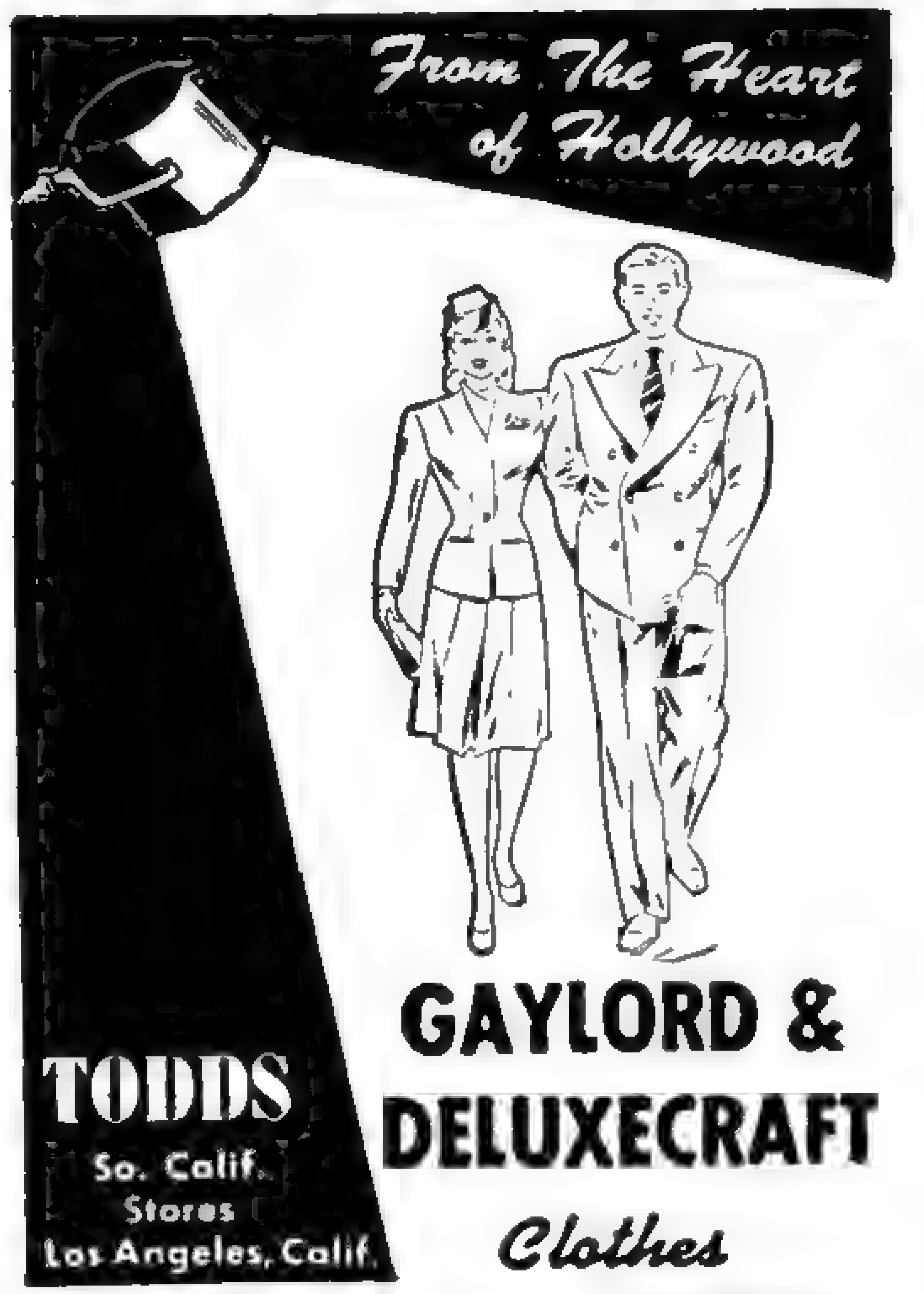

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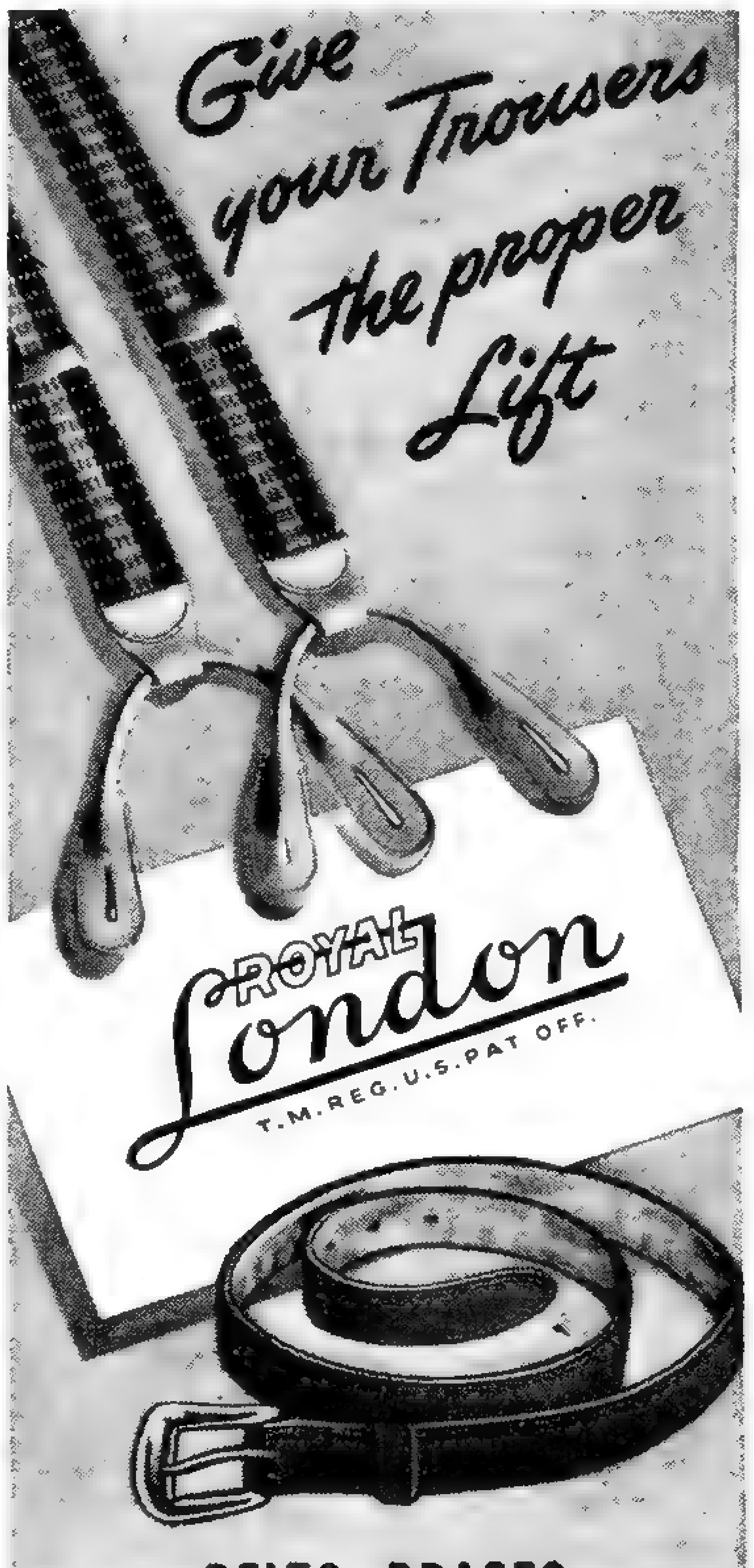

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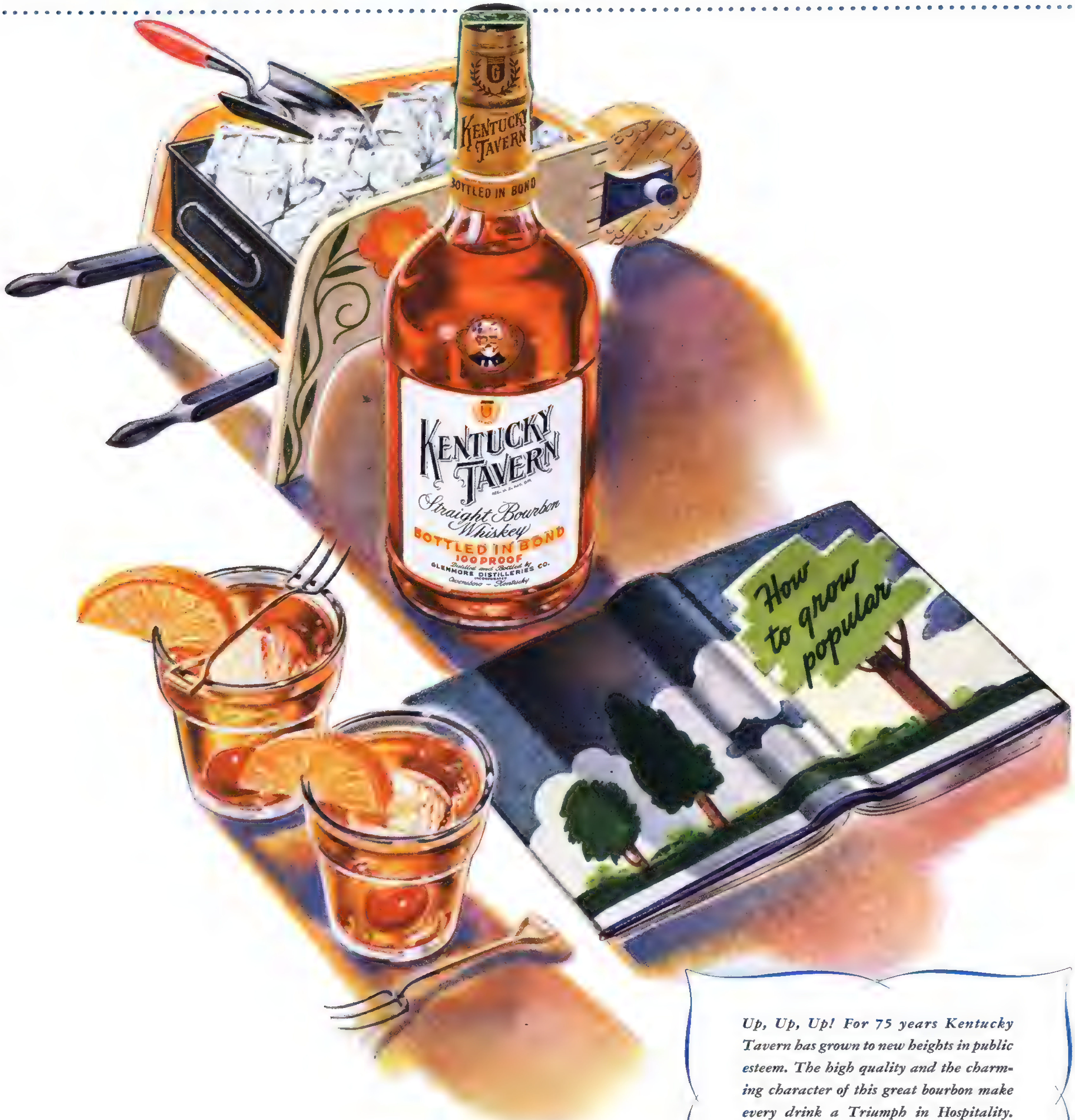
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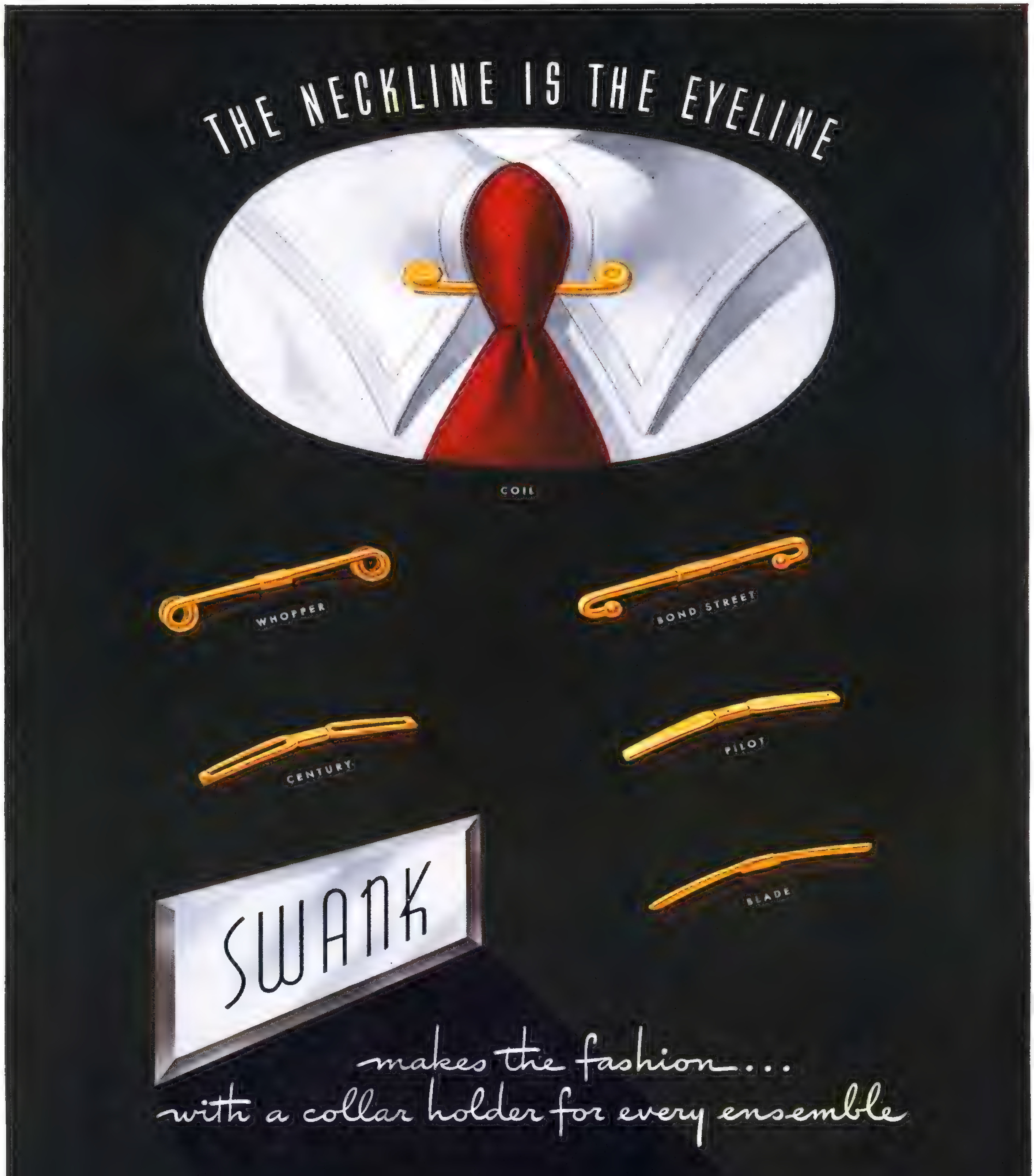
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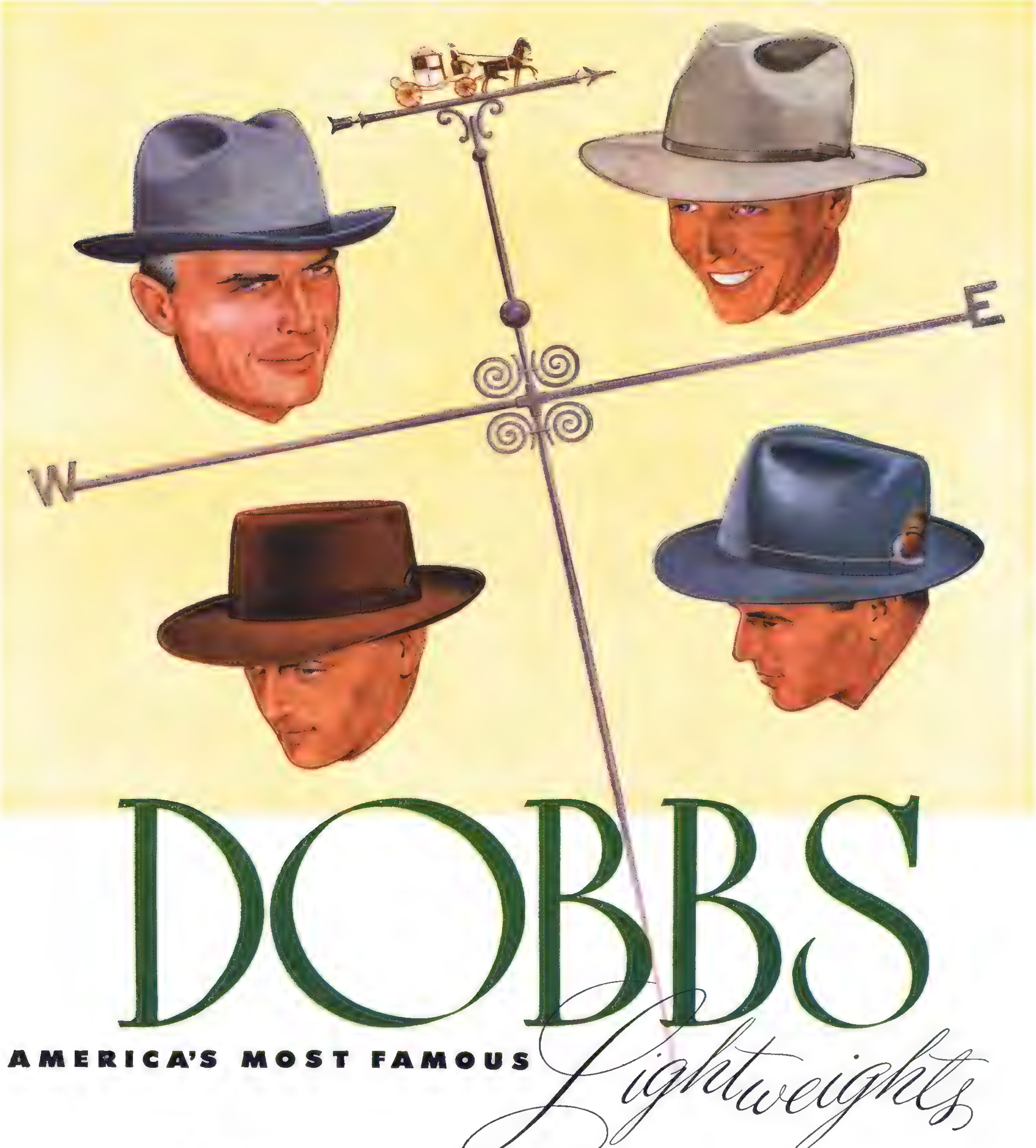

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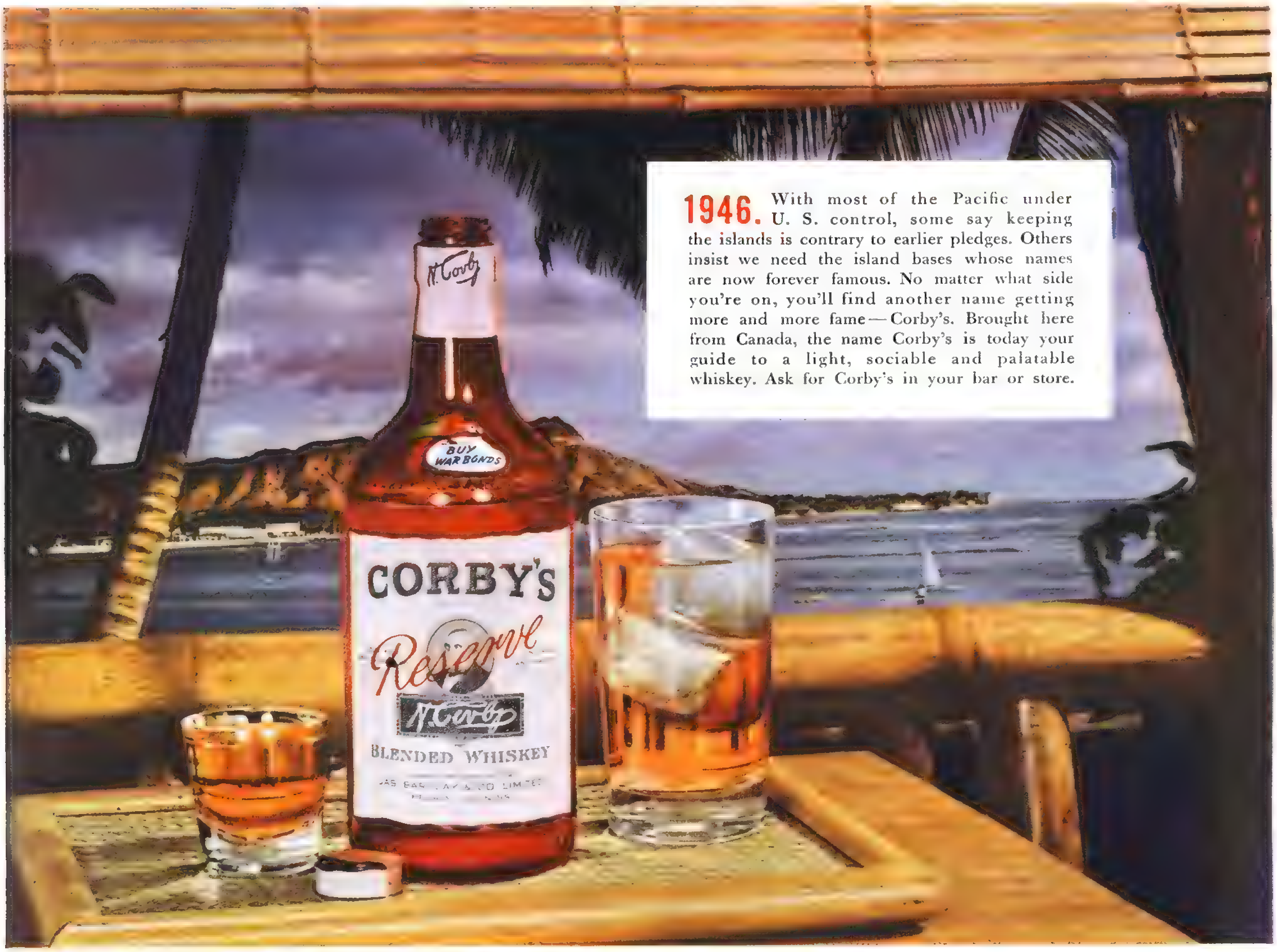
What's your vote on Pacific bases?

1800. Sailors in the China trade who first sighted islands of the far Pacific early in the nineteenth Century (shortly before Canadians "discovered" the name Corby's) never imagined that these pin points of land were destined to become objects of controversy in the U. S. A.

1880. Early Pacific traders found friendly natives leading a nearly ideal existence. Copra was their chief export, and island life inspired the book "Treasure Island," written in 1880, when Corby's had been a well-known Canadian whiskey name for 22 years.

1934. Given to Japs after World War I, some islands became Nip bases. Other peoples were excluded. A few U. S. islands like Guam and Wake became bases for trans-Pacific air lines in 1934. By then Corby's had been a renowned Canadian name for 76 years.



1946. With most of the Pacific under U. S. control, some say keeping the islands is contrary to earlier pledges. Others insist we need the island bases whose names are now forever famous. No matter what side you're on, you'll find another name getting more and more fame — Corby's. Brought here from Canada, the name Corby's is today your guide to a light, sociable and palatable whiskey. Ask for Corby's in your bar or store.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

86 Proof — 68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits — Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

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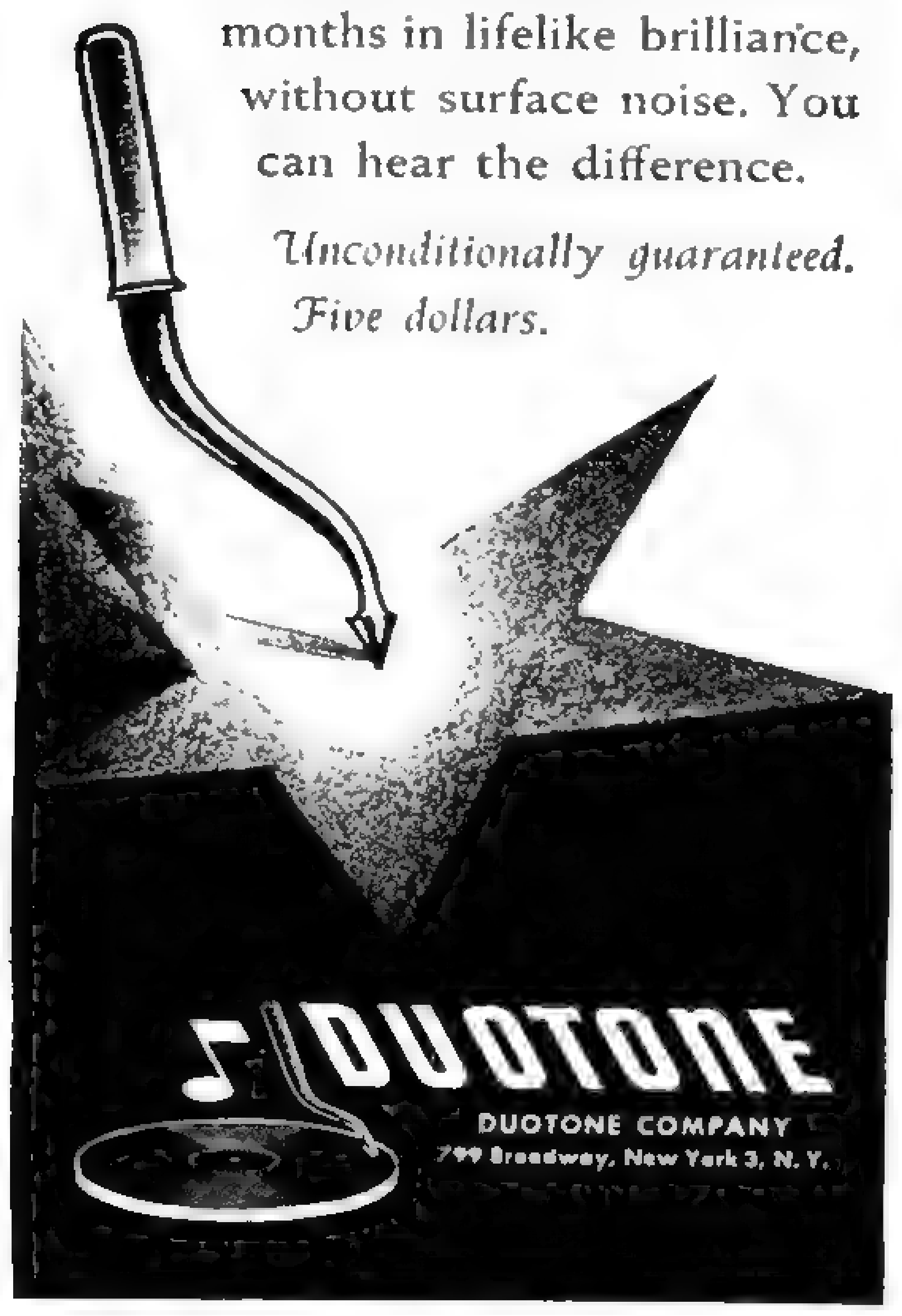
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Talking Shop with Esquire

THE DIAMOND WILL DO IT! So you're in love with the girl . . . you mean business, and you want to close the deal.

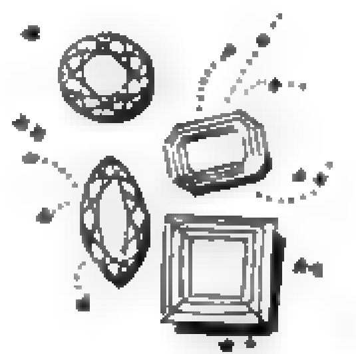
One tried and true way to button up a romance is via that promissory note . . . the diamond. It's been recognized as a symbol of betrothal since the 15th century . . . the ancients likened its mysterious inner glow to the passion of love, the flame that burns without fire. To the Little Lady, it stands for your pledge to wed.

A DIAMOND IS AN INVESTMENT and you should know a bit about it before you spend your moola.

Deal only with reputable and established jewelers. Even if you plan to spend only $100, you should still consult the best. One firm even provides a certificate with every gem.

THE PROPER SETTING. Be sure to find out whether your gal prefers a ring set in a white metal or gold. Platinum is back and jewelers are setting their biggest blazers in it, and in palladium. Many girls still prefer gold.

THE 4 C'S. There are four things to remember about a diamond: carat, color, clarity and cut. Gems are weighed by the *carat;* the metric carat weighs 2/10 of a gram and is divided into 100 points. As the size increases so does its value.



Color refers to the clear, frosty white, the world standard for diamond beauty. Really white diamonds are dubbed "blue white". When the experts talk about clarity they refer only to the purity of the gem. It is perfect when it appears flawless to the trained eye when magnified. Imperfections will greatly effect the resale value. As for the *cut,* the "round" one is the standard and looks well on all stones. The multi-facet diamond has 40 facets cut around the "equator". These facets prevent chipping (chipping reduces its value) and enhance the brilliance. Other fashionable cuts are the "emerald", oblong and straight-sided, for the 3 or 4 carat stone, the "square" cut, tops as a solitaire in stones of a carat or more; and the "marquise" cut, boat shaped with pointed ends, which is now coming back into style.

Ranger

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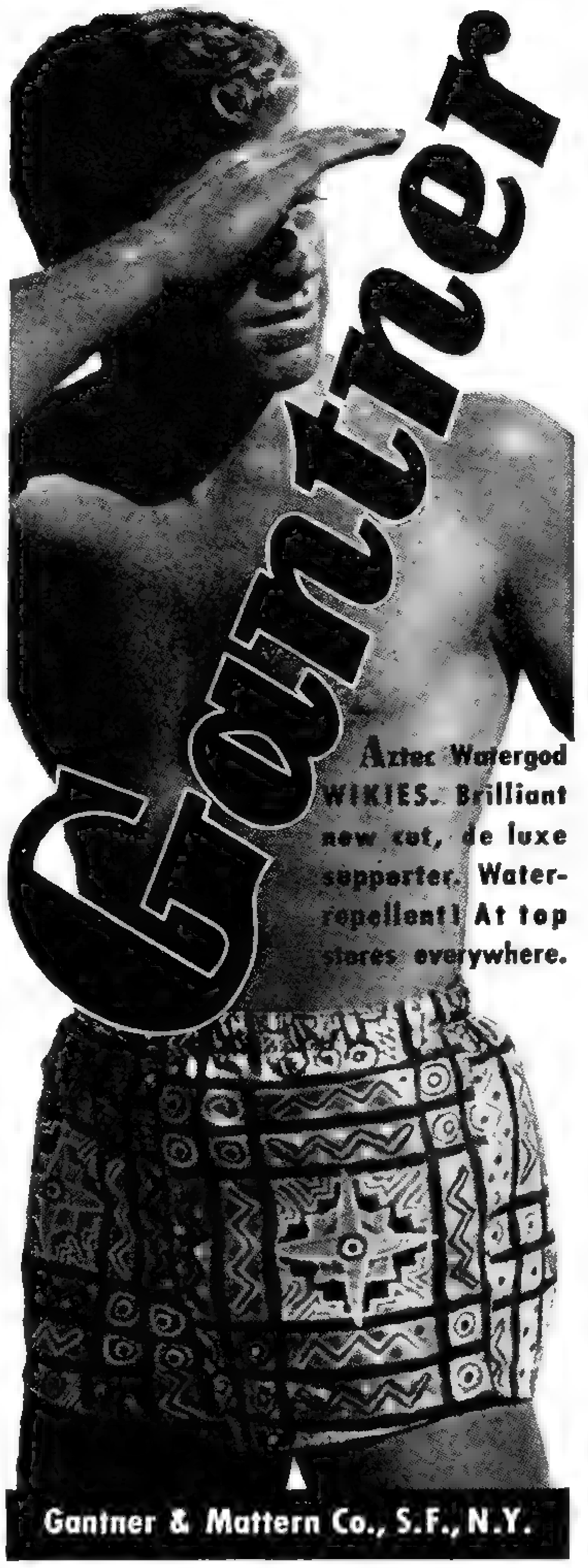
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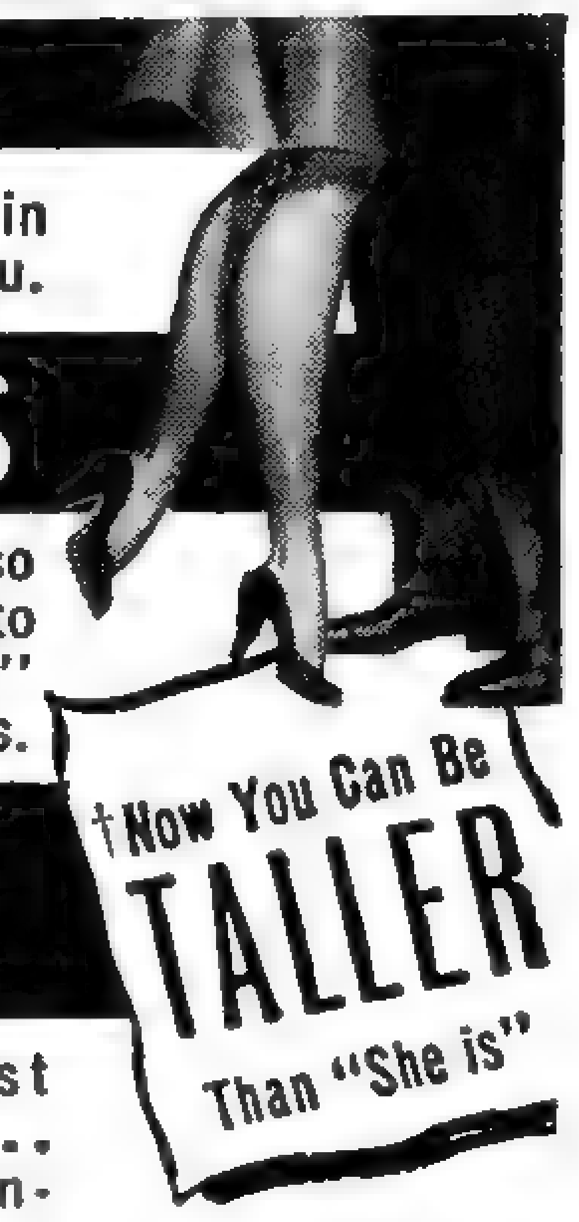
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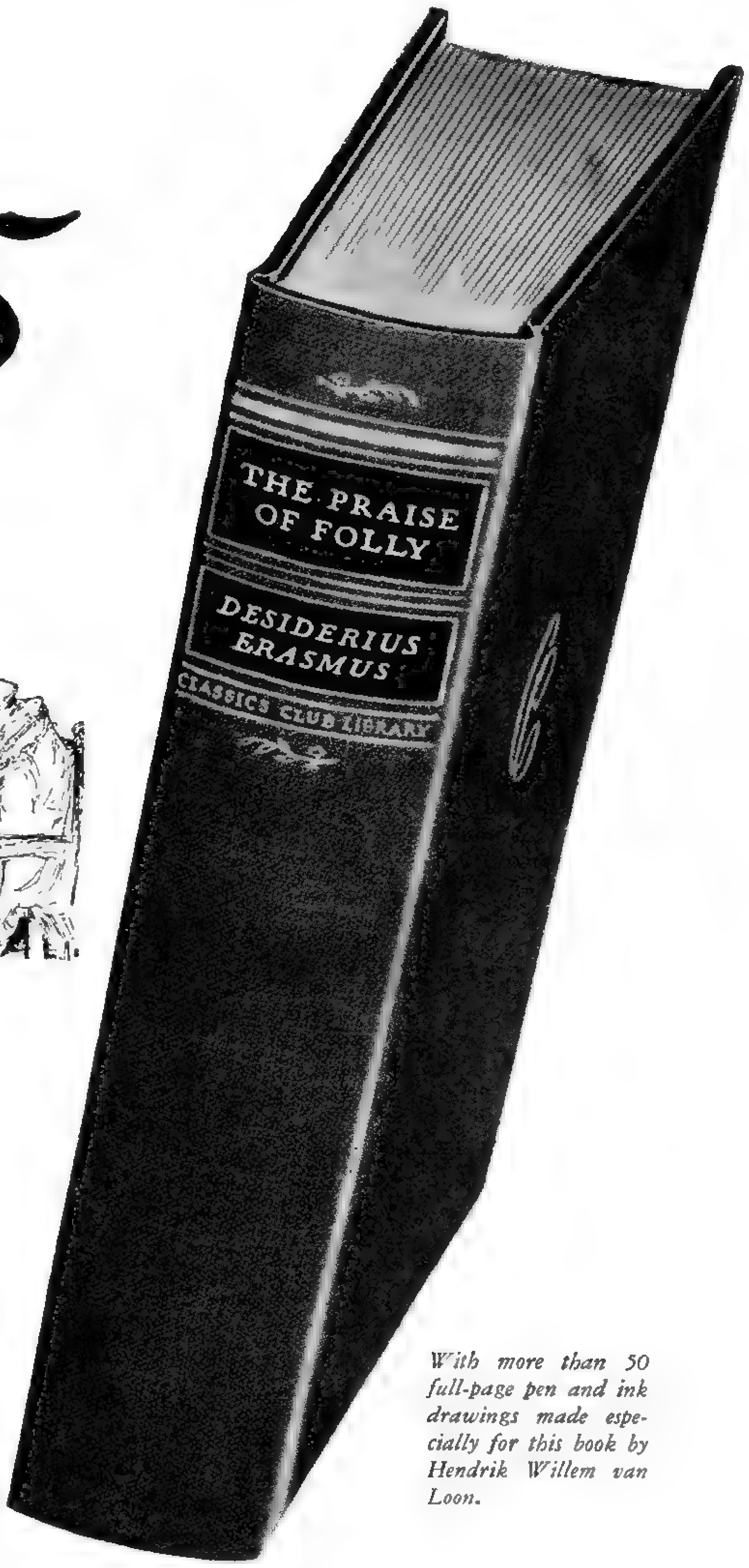

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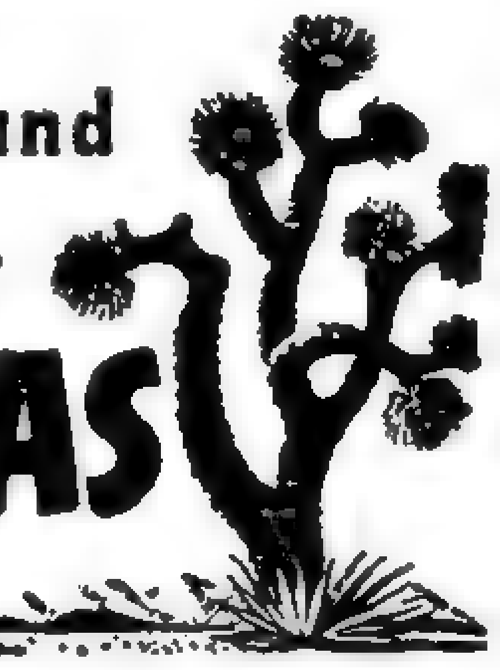

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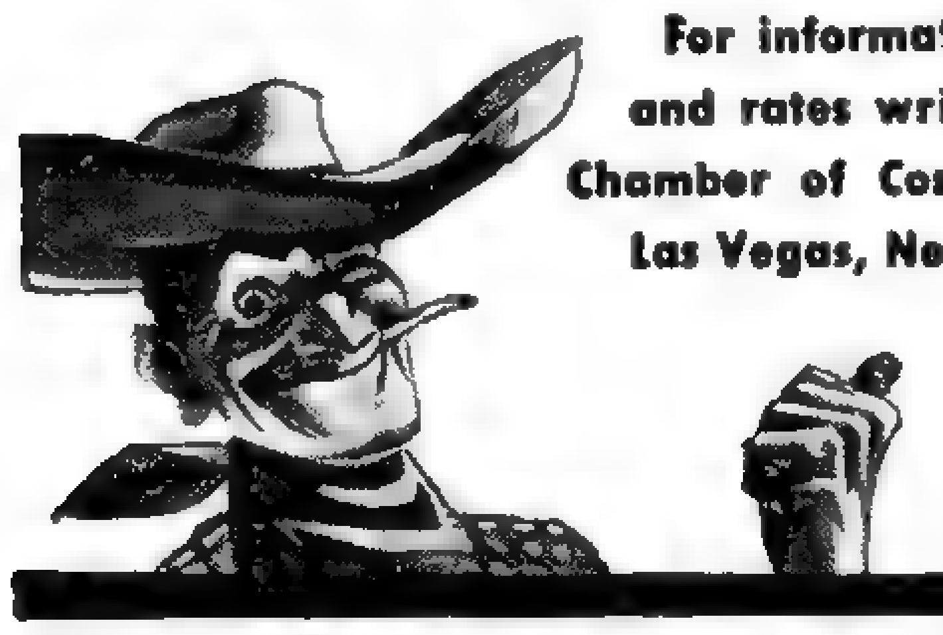

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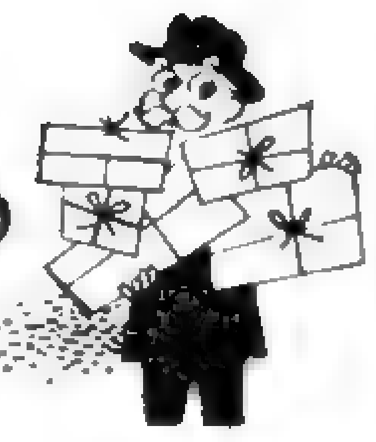
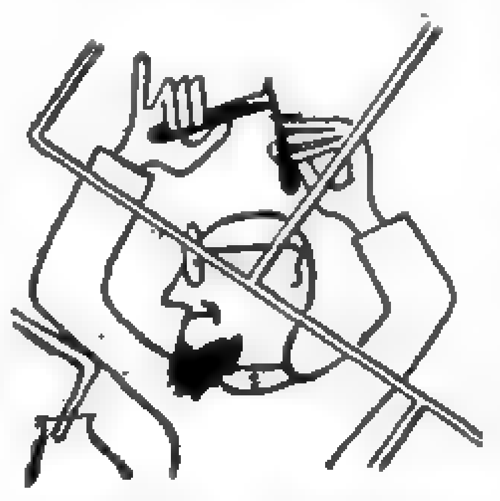
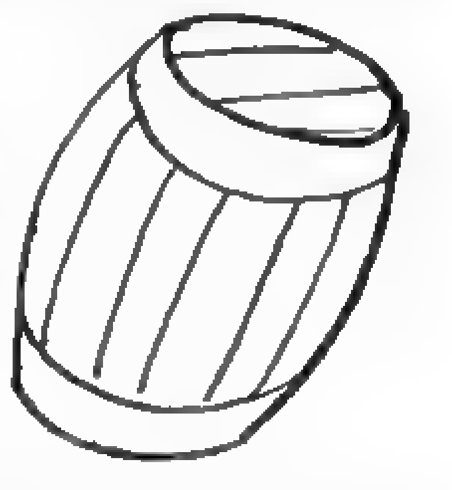


WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT PERFUMES? Considering the fact that a large percentage of perfume purchasing in the world is done by the much put-upon-male, it occurred to us that perhaps you might like to know just what gives with these expensive odeurs. Just what is inside the costly crystal bottles?

FRENCH PERFUMES. The fame of French perfumes is partly due to the skill of the French perfumers in blending different essential oils and combining them with chemical odors, plus the French climate which favors the cultivation of the precious flowers, endowing them with particularly delicate fragrances. Fine perfumes contain imported French essences.



AGED LIKE LIQUOR. Perfumes are a mixture of various compounds which alcohol causes to react upon one another. This process takes some time and perfumes, like certain liquors, improve only up to a certain point while aging, and then turn bad. Most perfumes must age for at least a year.



OIL AND ALKY. Perfumes are solutions of essential oils in alcohol. They are the volatile oils contained in cells of plants, and are obtained from different parts of the plant. The finest oils are usually found in the flower. Must contain some of the flower essences such as oil of roses, jasmin etc., and animal substances such as musk. These substances are very expensive. 250 pounds of rose petals only produce 2 ounces of oil of roses.

IT'S THE BLEND THAT COUNTS. In good perfume all ingredients are so well blended that none stands out. It must be "fixed" so when worn it retains its original character until worn off. There are sweet, spice, woody and heavy perfumes, and some which combine these characteristics. "Response", an excellent scent, is sweet, spicy and slightly heavy at the same time. It's the type of fragrance which makes it suitable for all girls.

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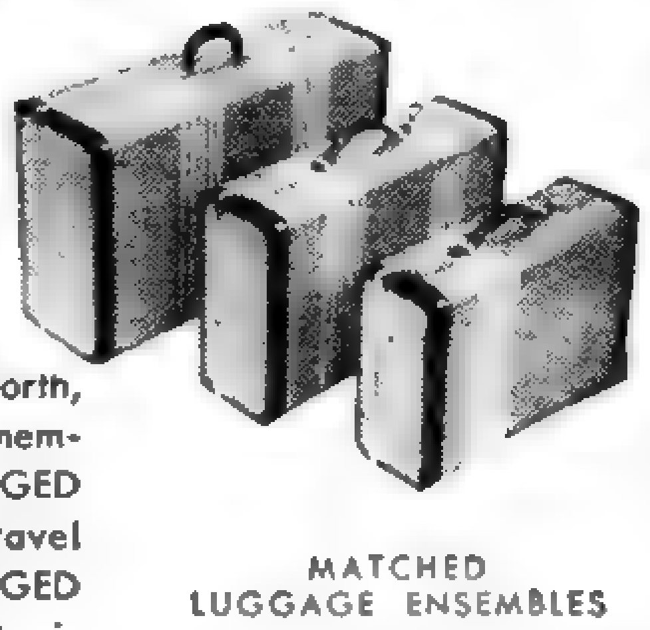

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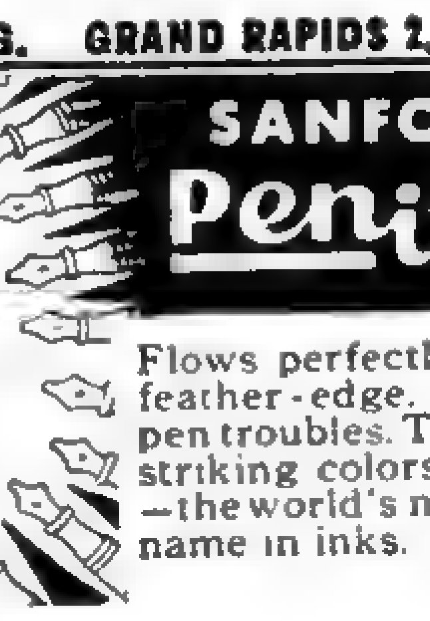

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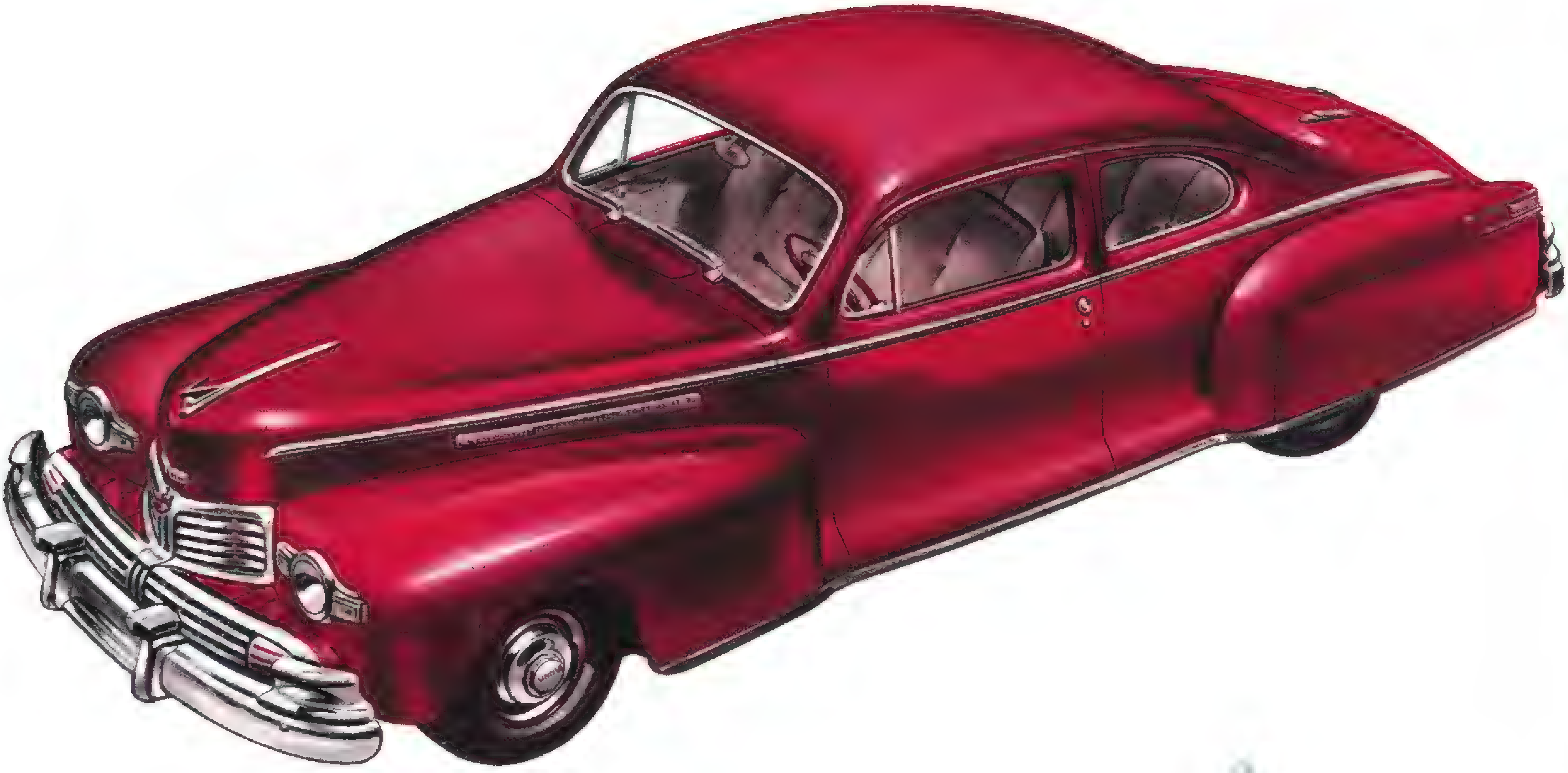

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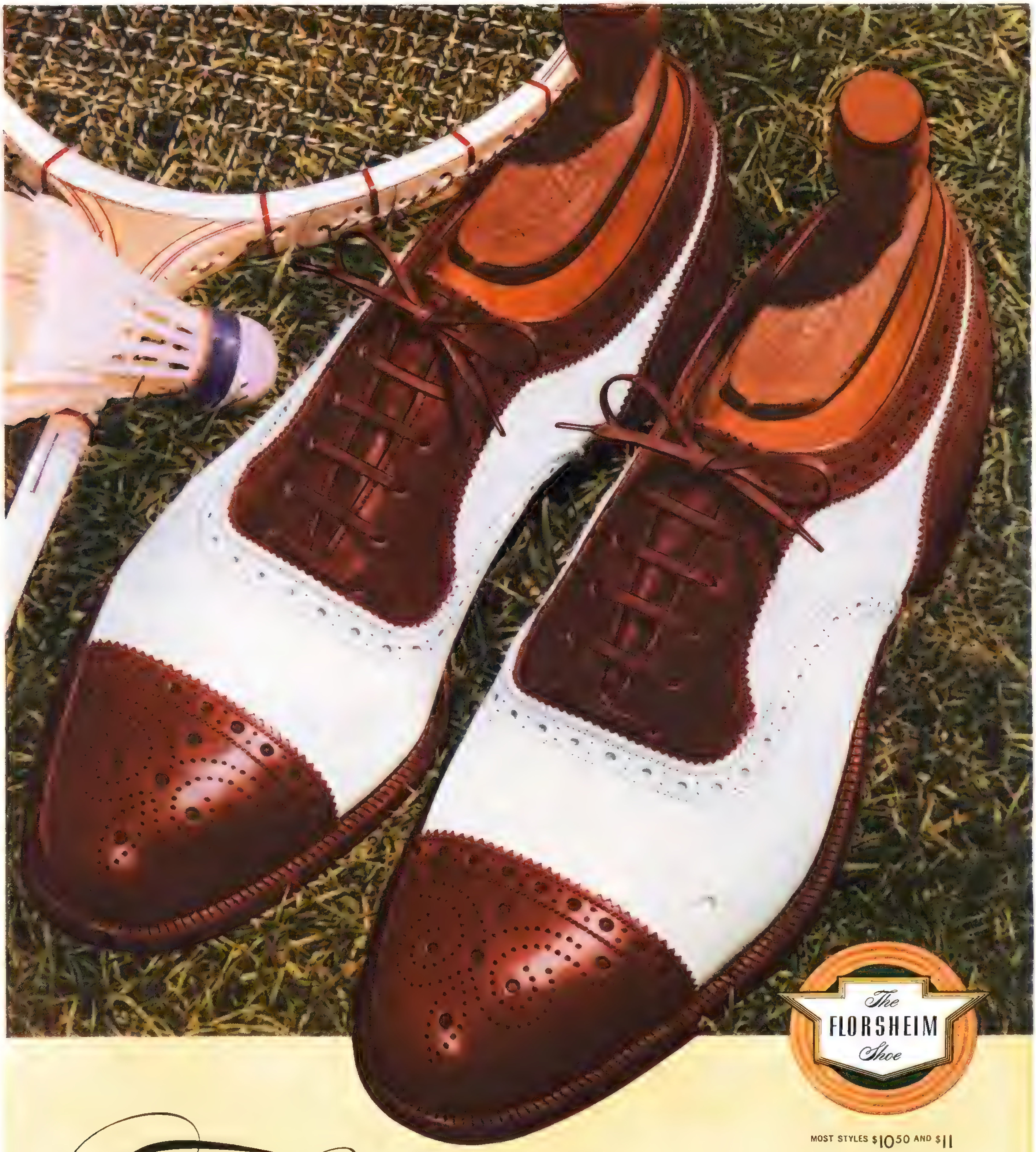
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Painting the Town with Esquire

IF IT WEREN'T for our being irked at the way people elbow us in their rush to get there, we'd mention that Nicky Blair's swell-showed Carnival now boasts a certain Milton Berle cooking with gags on the front burner . . . Colorful lilt and limb ado on ice at the Hotel New Yorker's Terrace Room takes its tempo from the swing sonorities of Jerry Wald and his rootin' tootmen against which no ankle can hold out.

TASTEFUL surroundings, though bestowing nothing that sticks to the ribs, do contribute to mood, both mental and abdominal. As an instance of this relationship between externals and human internals, we cite the satisfaction of dining in the suave elegance of the Colonial Chippendale Room of the Hotel Dorset on West 54th Street, just off Fifth Avenue. Here is spaciousness to breathe in. Every detail your eye lights upon—china, silverware, flowers, wall décor—seems to say, "I was thought up to please you, sir." And what chef Jean Deltieure cooks up and maître Robert supervises the service of, such as Breast of Capon, Dorset, or Bouillabaisse Flambé au Cognac, is a palate event. As a bonus, there's an attractive new Bar Lounge which the Dorset's manager, Fred F. Holsten, donated to the cause of guest felicity, and which the whole smart neighborhood has latched onto.

NUMEROUS pens engaged in newspaper work seem to require refilling at The Inkwell, 3rd Avenue between 43rd and 44th—small, chummy spot souvenired with cartoons. Smiling blond Vincent at the bar is friendly, cleanly, and a precisionist. Stanch Dan O'Connor, host, believes that steaks should be thick and tender, and pork chops succulent. At the rate converts to this chow credo are coming in, he's headed for Inkwell, Inc. . . . Sunset superintendents are out in force, glass in hand, at the Rainbow Lounge atop Radio City. Loan us a jet-propelled helicopter and we'll be in time for similar observances at the Top of the Mark, panoramic swig summit of the Mark Hopkins Hotel in San Francisco, as California's kisser is clinked to.

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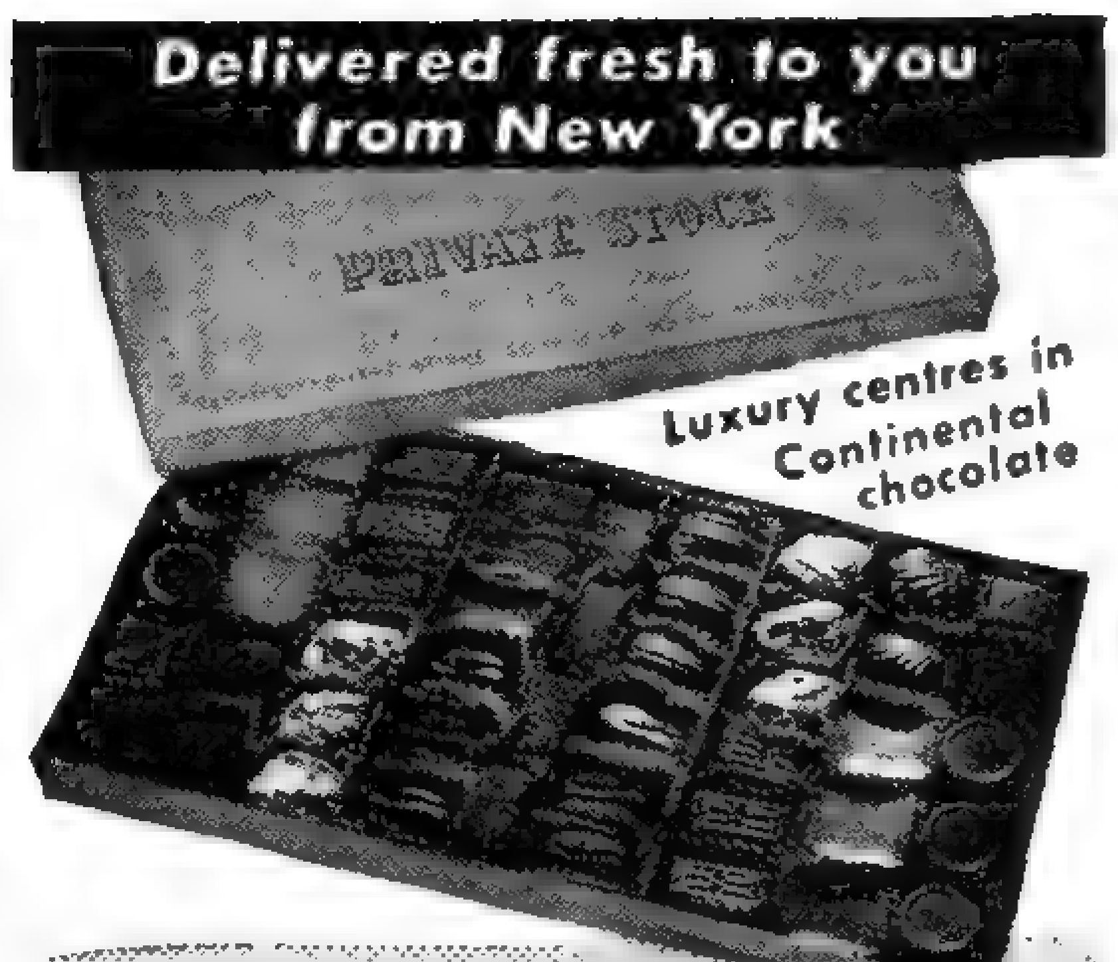

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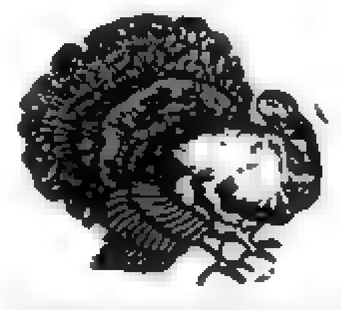

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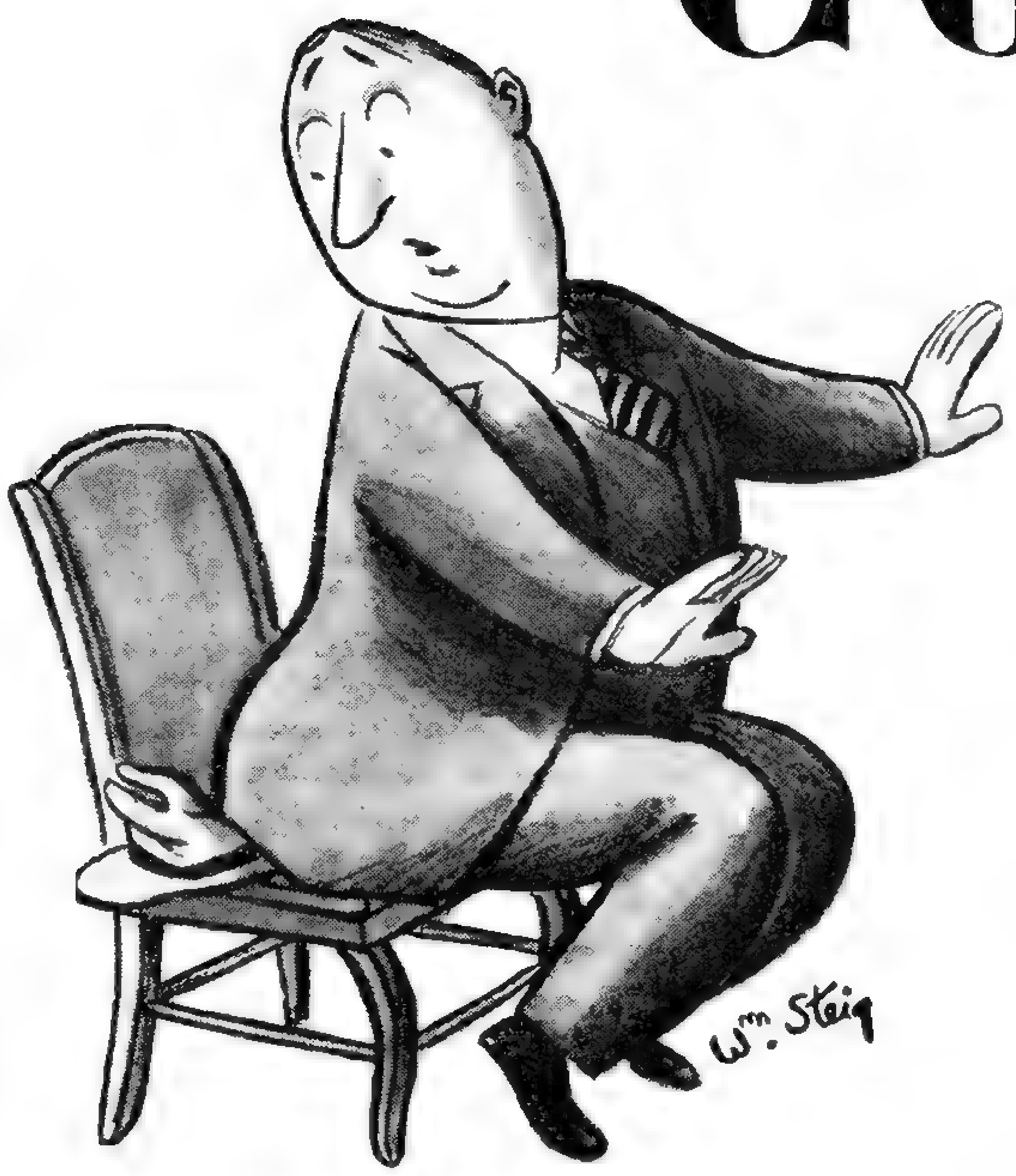

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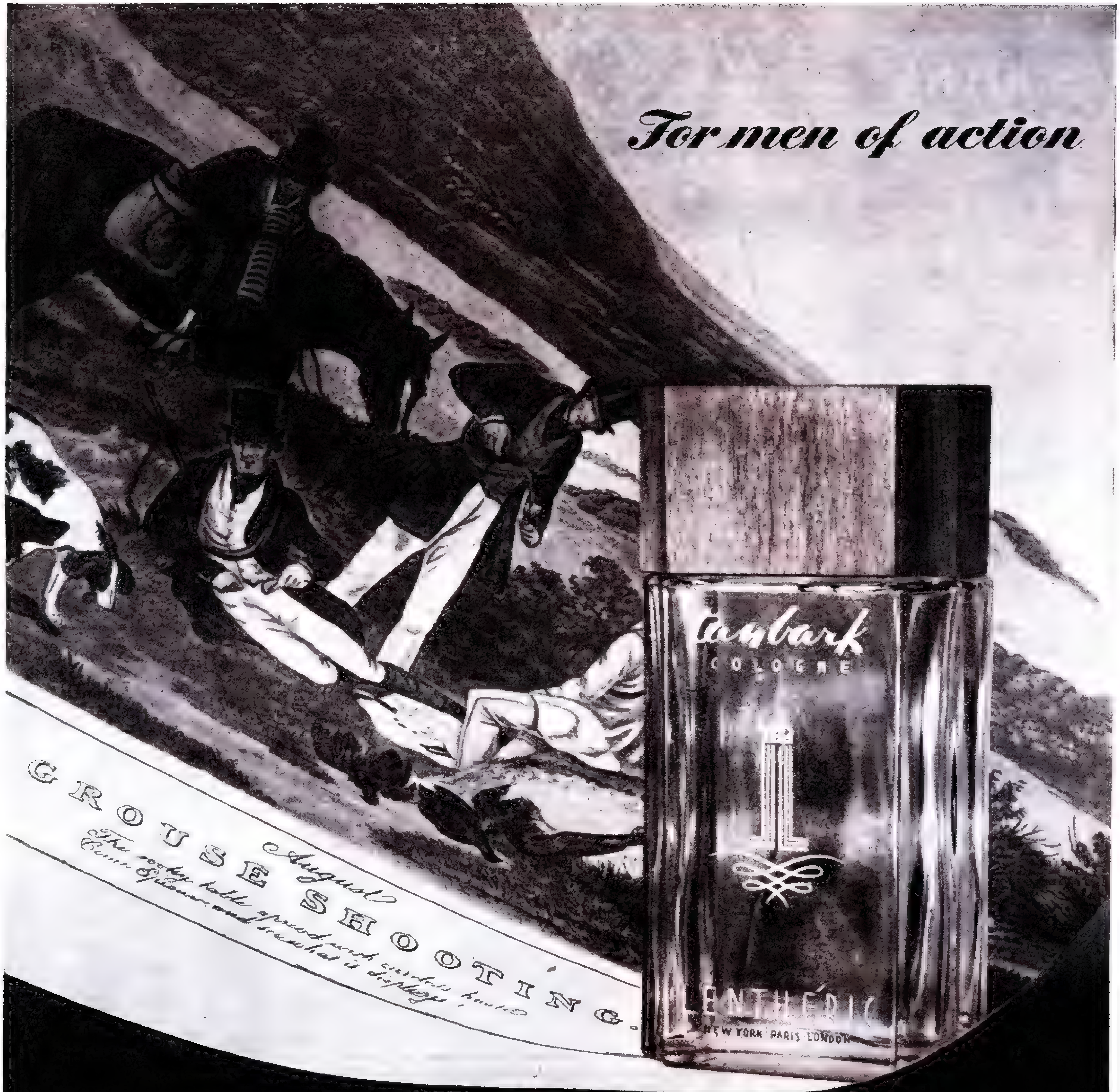
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Requisites by Lenthéric

AT THE BETTER SHOPS

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Painting the Town with Esquire

RIDING high on the social prestige copped by its smart Café Pierre and its opulent Cotillion Room (each with a Stanley Melba orchestra for hoof happiness), the Hotel Pierre has added a Pierre Grill solely concerned with nutrimental matters of a solid, lordly sort. Located under the Cotillion Room and designed by the same architect, Samuel A. Marx (whose drawing board gave birth to Chicago's Ambassadorial pair, the Pump Room and the Buttery), this new room has had a special entrance hewn for it, leading out of the Fifth Avenue lobby. Descending winding stairs you come upon such propitiousness as an open-to-view kitchen resplendent in stainless steel, counterbalanced by a service bar in gleaming copper. These tones are repeated cleverly in murals by Edgar Miller, which depict grand feasts down the ages, from Nineveh to New England, as precedents for your Pierre Grill activities from breakfast on, every dish custom-cuisined. Curries are prepared and served by East Indians in native regalia, so all-out is the conscientiousness of the place.

LIKEABLE guy Stan Keller and his versatile crew are purveying smooth and spirited rhythms for glidage in the Columbia Room of the Hotel Astor. As this hostelry is Broadway's heart, what maestro Stan stands and delivers is, you might say, Broadway's pulse . . . No, you can't sell us a turtle, we're holding out for Terrapin Maryland at Restaurant Robert, 33 West 55th . . . With Al Trace and his Silly Symphonists reinstalled, the Hotel Dixie's Plantation Room is in full lunacy again. Anything goes that gets a guffaw, is the motto of these tune clowns, playing dance music with variations, eruptions, and conniptions, assisted by props and quick costumery. Corn? Admittedly. Hoke? Absolutely. But funny.

BLACK ANGUS, the steer with the sneer for lesser breeds of beef-bearers, has its name blazoned upon a restaurant at 148 East 50th, backed by juicy credentials in the form of sirloin steaks, filet mignons, prime rib roasts, etc., with stupendous Idaho spud accompaniment, broached and butter-laden. Slick trick is to take a sip of red wine, detaining it on your tongue long enough for its fragrance to circulate, and *then* explore the question of red meat merits . . . Those robbers who run night clubs! At the Latin Quarter, operated under the Lou Walters system, John Q. Pleasuregoer pays (per person) almost the price of a ticket to a musical, and all he gets is huge, sensationally wonderful show, de luxe dinner, drinks, and dancing. They don't even present him with a wrist watch.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

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H. M. KING GEORGE VI
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There's nothing quite like it
An international Sauce of satisfaction for over 100 years!
Ask for A•1 Sauce when dining out. Order A•1 for the home table.
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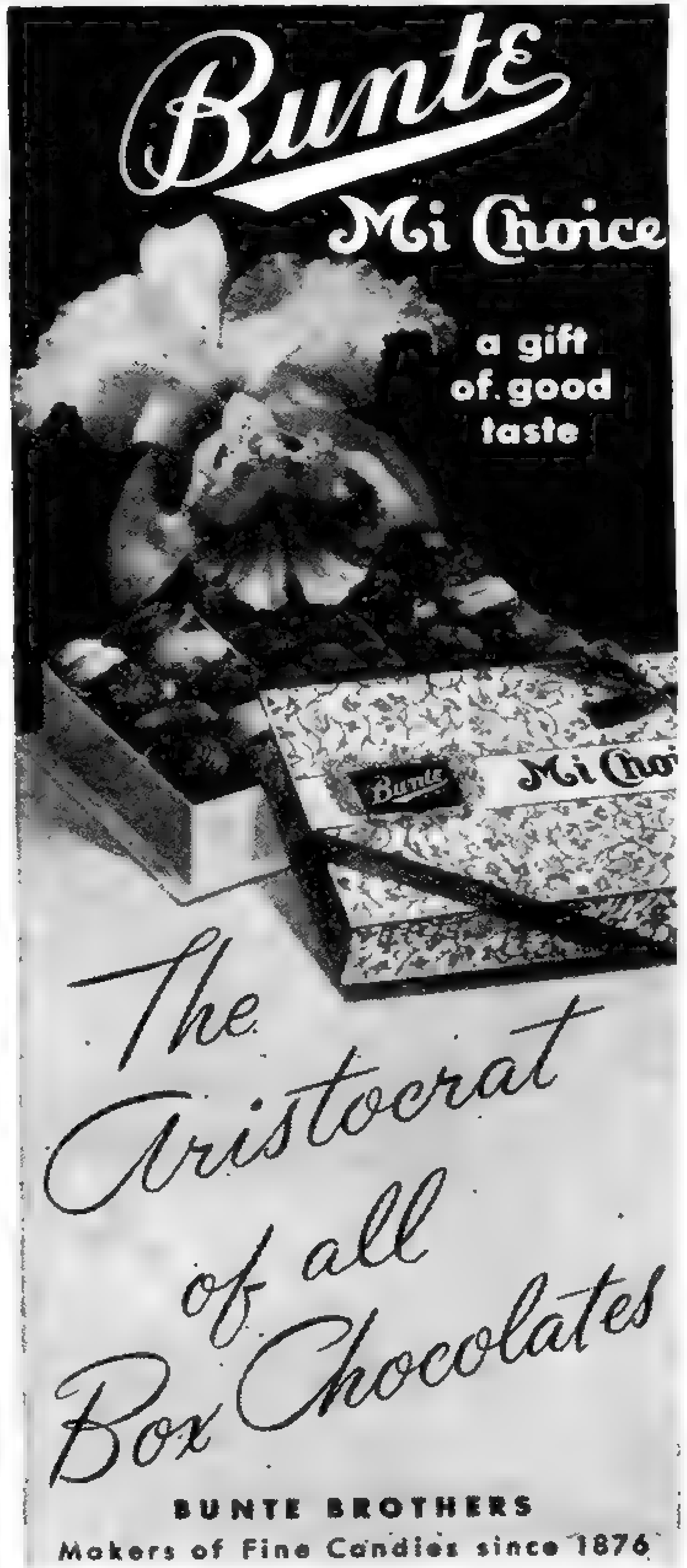
The DASH that makes the DISH

STAINLESS STEEL
BAR ACCESSORY SET
A gift that the man of the house will adore. He will proudly trot out this glistening, stainless steel bar set the moment guests arrive! Made of heavy gauge, stainless steel, the set consists of a lemon squeezer, ice strainer, mixing spoon and fork and ice tongs. They are essential to good drink mixing and they will never rust or tarnish. All in an attractive gift box. **$5.75** for the set postpaid.
Send check or money order
Mayfair Gifts 72-08Z Austin St. Forest Hills, N. Y.



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a gift of good taste
The Aristocrat of all Box Chocolates
BUNTE BROTHERS
Makers of Fine Candies since 1876

A Honey of A Tobacco!
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Aromatic PIPE MIXTURE
25¢
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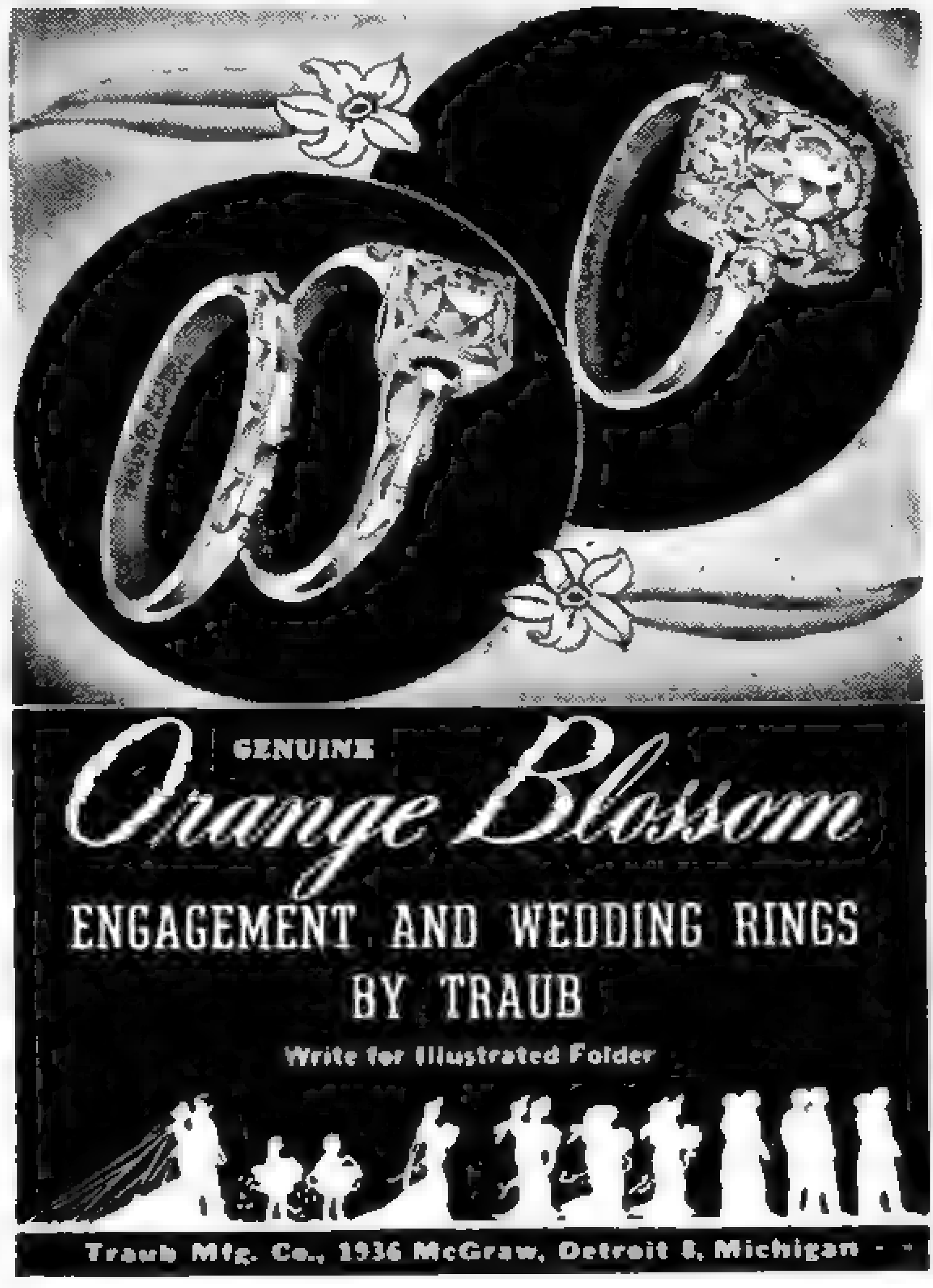


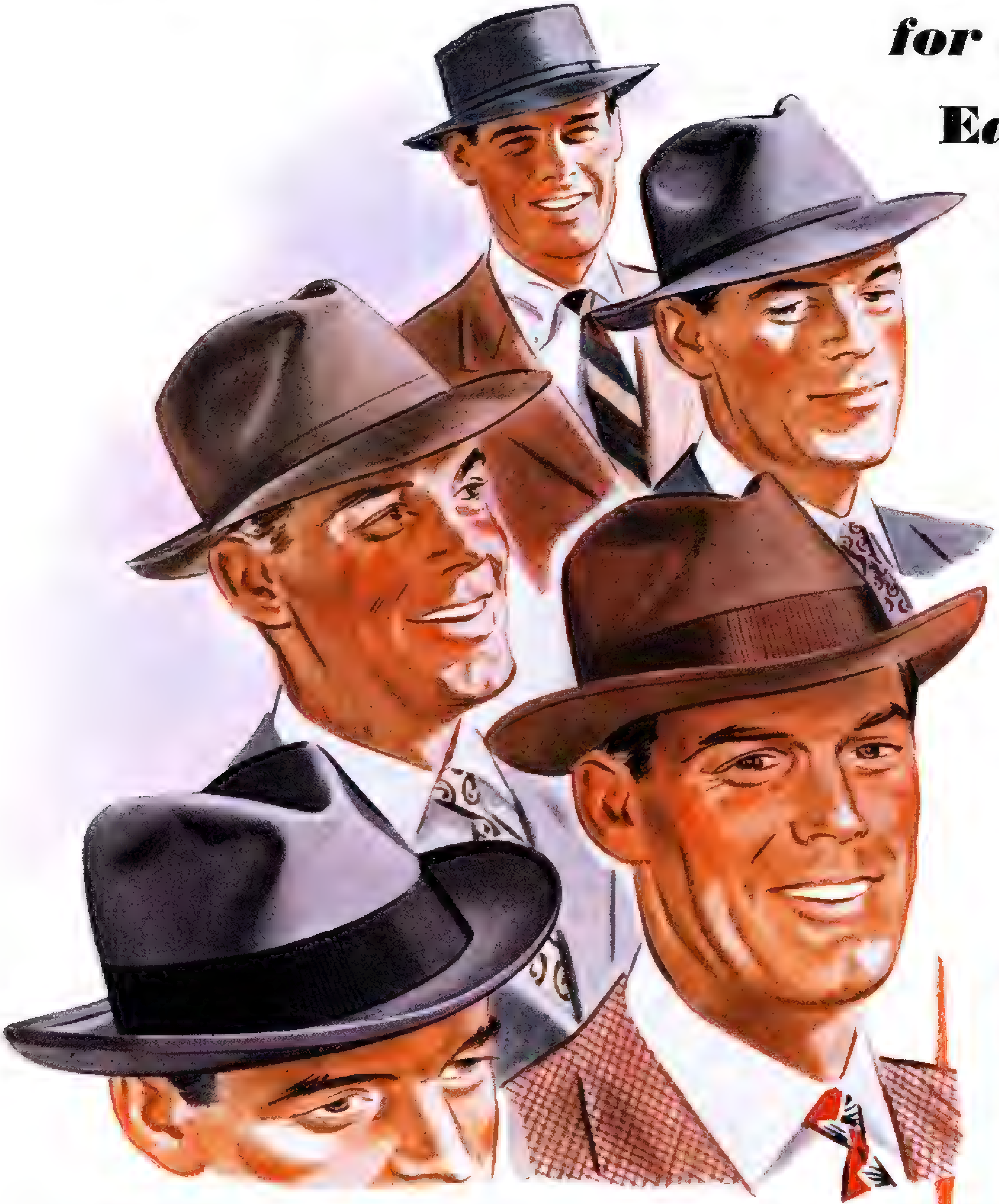
GENUINE
Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT AND WEDDING RINGS BY TRAUB
Write for Illustrated Folder
Traub Mfg. Co., 1936 McGraw, Detroit 8, Michigan

Bright Thought
for Spring . . .
Schenley
SCHENLEY RESERVE
This superb whiskey combines light bodied smoothness with full flavored richness and quality
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
Blended Whiskey
BOTTLED FOR
SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.
SCHENLEY
RESERVE
PRE-WAR QUALITY

Try Schenley Reserve – it's Mellow as a Sunny Morning

Those who appreciate the rich, smooth flavor which comes of quality ingredients skillfully blended have made SCHENLEY Reserve America's most widely enjoyed whiskey. Try it soon. Blended whiskey 86 proof. 65% grain neutral spirits. Schenley Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

Lightweights are right weights for the Easter Parade!

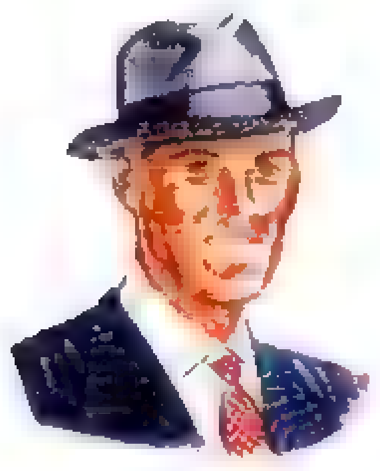


Easter Sunday is dress-up-to-spring time . . . Time to shed your cold-weather-weight clothes . . . time to give out with a brand-new, lighter, brighter look . . . time to swing into Spring! ■ So top off your new Easter outfit with a lightweight hat that's shaped to your features . . . styled to tell the world you're on top of it . . . shaded to match your outfit *correctly.* ■ Yes, sir—you'll be the proudest fellow in the Easter Parade—after stepping into a *Recognized Hatter* for a fitting conducted by experts. Look for this plaque when you look for the *right* lightweight hat for you!

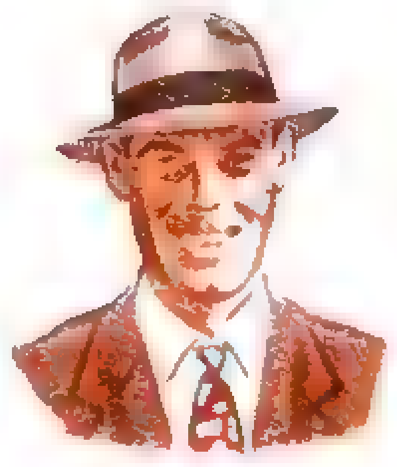
RECOGNIZED Hat Research Foundation 1946-47 HATTER

This plaque identifies a Recognized Hatter

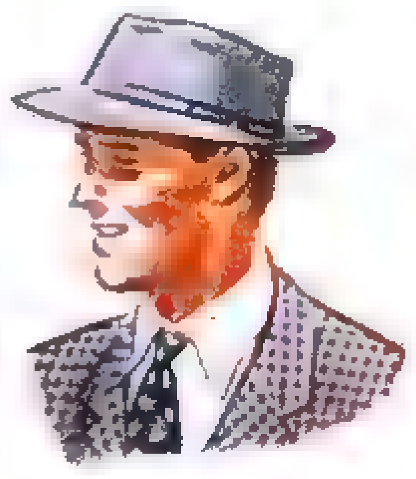
The store that displays it is staffed with experts trained to fit you with the right shape, the right shade, and the right style hat for your personality.



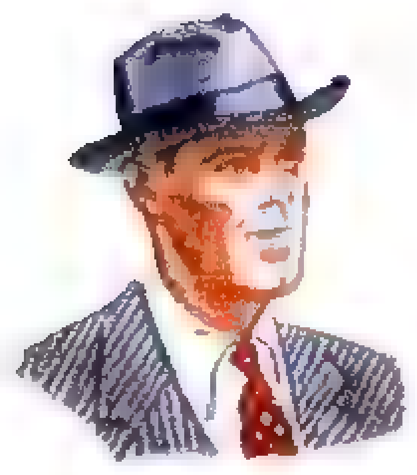
Right
Pick up your blue suit with a gray off-the-face hat.



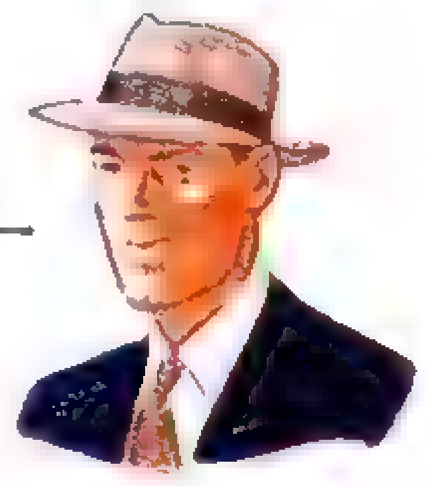
Right
Snap up a brown or tan suit with a brown snap-brim hat.



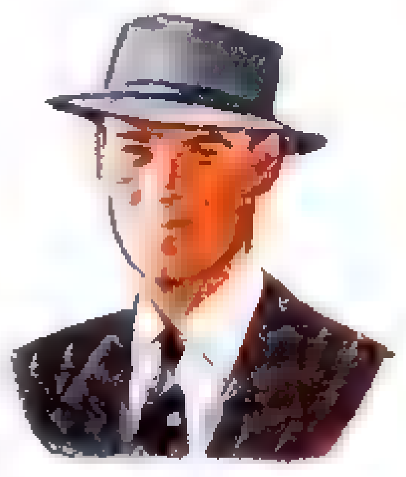
Right
Match your sport jacket with a sport or casual hat.



Wrong
With a tweed suit—never wear a gray off-the-face hat.



Wrong
A tan snap-brim is wrong with a dark-blue suit.



Wrong
Business suits don't mix with sport hats.

wear a lightweight hat . . . for springtime comfort

You've never worn a suit like this before!

Not a mystery but a miracle . . . a miracle of weaving by Pacific Mills. Their special weaving method called *Prelaxing* distributes the weight of the yarn so evenly you can hardly feel the fabric on your back! Thus, though Plateau is fine, standard weight all-worsted, you'll wear it comfortably in summer as well as most of the rest of the year. No, you've never worn a suit like this, and once you've experienced the amazing freedom and ease it gives you, you'll never want to wear anything else!

P. S. *What's more, Balanced Tailoring* makes Timely Clothes look better . . . longer!* At the Timely Clothes store in your town, or write **TIMELY CLOTHES, ROCHESTER 2, N. Y.**

TIMELY CLOTHES

plateau*

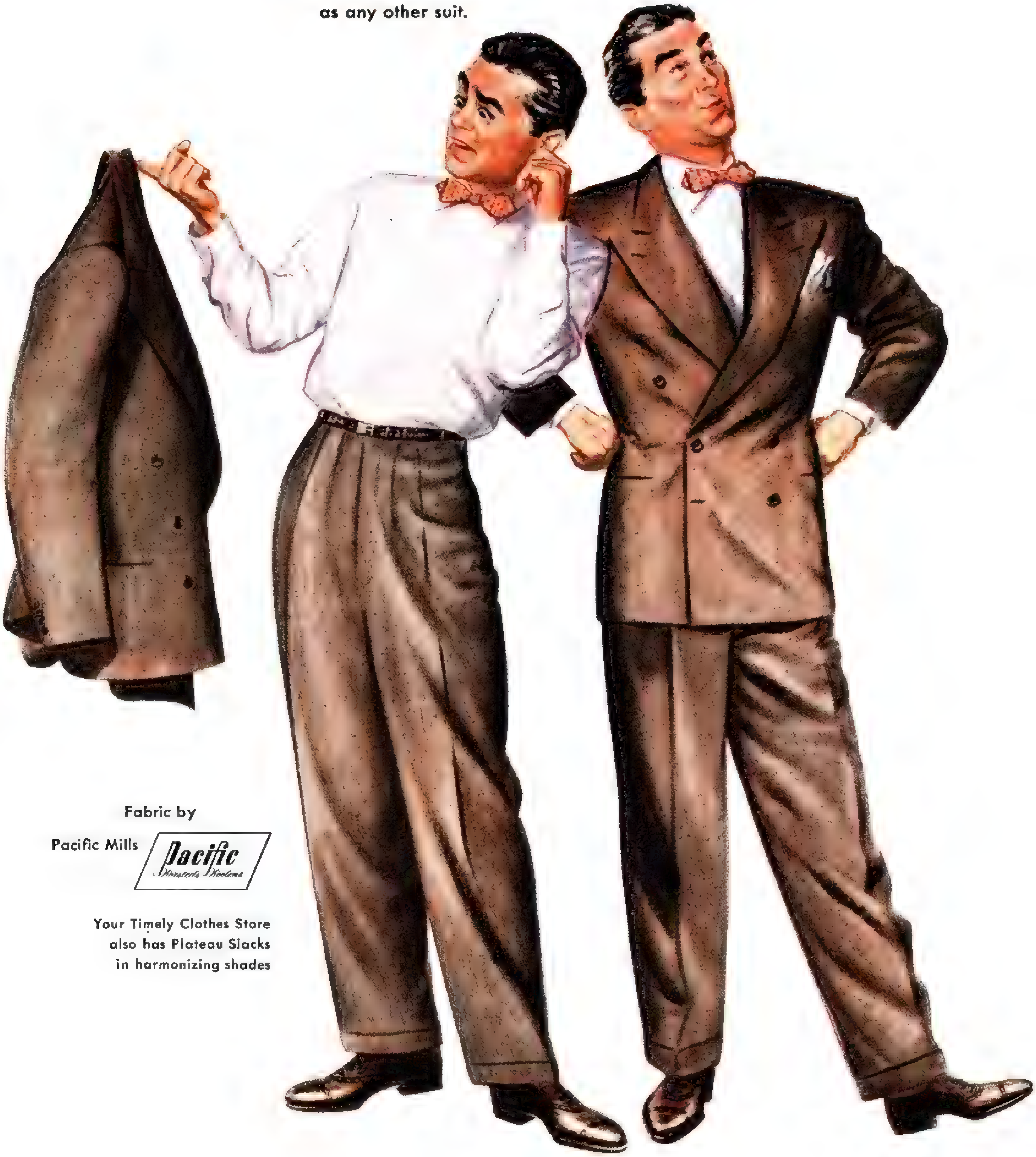
the suit with the weightless feel

now you feel it—

Lift it . . . weighs as much as any other suit.

now you don't!

Wear it . . . feels like next to nothing on your back!



Fabric by Pacific Mills

Pacific Worsteds Woolens

Your Timely Clothes Store also has Plateau Slacks in harmonizing shades

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Dinner is so Romantic

. . . night after night

with VALLIANT *California Burgundy*

VALLIANT *and Son*
VINEYARDS
Under Vine Since 1849

VALLIANT
BURGUNDY
California

How gay your table looks . . . how glamorous the evening becomes . . . when you complement your meals with Valliant California Burgundy. Its smooth, well-rounded flavor is a heritage of vineyard cuttings imported long ago from Europe. And to safeguard its fine flavor and bouquet, it is bottled by the winery in California. Served with main course dishes, Valliant Burgundy adds marvelous new flavor. Its pleasant tartness transforms even simple foods into glorious treats.

Also try the Valliant California aperitif and dessert wines: Valliant Dry Sherry, Valliant Sherry, Valliant Port, Valliant Muscatel.
W. A. Taylor & Company, New York City, Sole Distributors for U. S. A.

GOOD TASTE WITH ANY FOOD

Few households keep an assortment of table wines. Many choose Burgundy because they like its flavor best. So—forget the "do's and don'ts" you've heard about serving wine and just remember that "Valliant Burgundy is good taste with any food."

Painting the Town with Esquire

UPSTAIRS over Broadway's Winter Garden, in the Zanzibar's old nest, fancy-caged canaries are trilling as though their gizzards would pop amid the splash of tropical color and exotic atmosphere which has burst upon us here with all the cheer marks of permanence. Singapore it's called and its presiding personality is Singapore Sal, rivaling in shapliness the tropical drinks staged in special glasses, each drink boasting its distinctive silhouette. If you've never met a Malaya Punch, nor faced a Typhoon, nor been clawed by a Tiger Lady, now is your time to take them on, but not all in the same evening! On the culinary side, too, you are in for adventure among flavor delights—duck, beef, chicken, lobster, shrimp, etc, given mystery touches that click. At 10:00 o'clock Irwin Kent and his orchestra coax your honourable shanks to the dance floor.

PRINCES and princesses from Hollywood who bend our ear with talk of the swimming pools they left behind them, are hereby invited to go take a jump in the natation lagoons we have right here in this very metropolis. The Henry Hudson Hotel's pool, for instance. And the Shelton's. And that super-sized one over at the 2,632-room St. George in Brooklyn that a sturgeon could get lost in, with a Bermuda Terrace to dine and dance in afterwards. Whether a visitor's yen be for Australian crawling or pub crawling or both, New York has assorted answers to it.

ONLY early settlers in the "23" Room of the George Washington, Lexington Avenue and 23rd Street, get to hear Dorothy Ross patter her sharp *chansons*. Anybody who applies when she is about to stroll to the piano, had better bring along a camp-stool, plus a crowbar for the door . . . Much scuttlebutt gets swapped—and moistened—at the Whaler Bar, Madison Avenue, a hawser's throw below 38th Street . . . 'Tis rumored that Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe is widening its aisles so that hilarious auctioneer Lionel Kaye can lay the customers in them three-deep instead of four-deep.

For information about any hotels, restaurants, or night clubs, write "Esquire-about-town", 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y., enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope for reply.

MARYLAND'S Ambassador of Good Cheer is definitely a costly beer. But to the critic of flavor it seems to be entirely justified.
IN LIMITED QUANTITIES FROM COAST TO COAST
NATIONAL *Premium* BEER
by the
NATIONAL BREWING COMPANY OF BALTIMORE IN MARYLAND

FREE! PIPE MAGAZINE
Just write for your **FREE** Annual subscription to **SMOKE SIGNALS**, a periodic Handbook for Every Smoker. No Obligation! Hundreds of Pictures of Pipes, Tobaccos and Gadgets. Helpful articles on Smoking Enjoyment. Exclusive with
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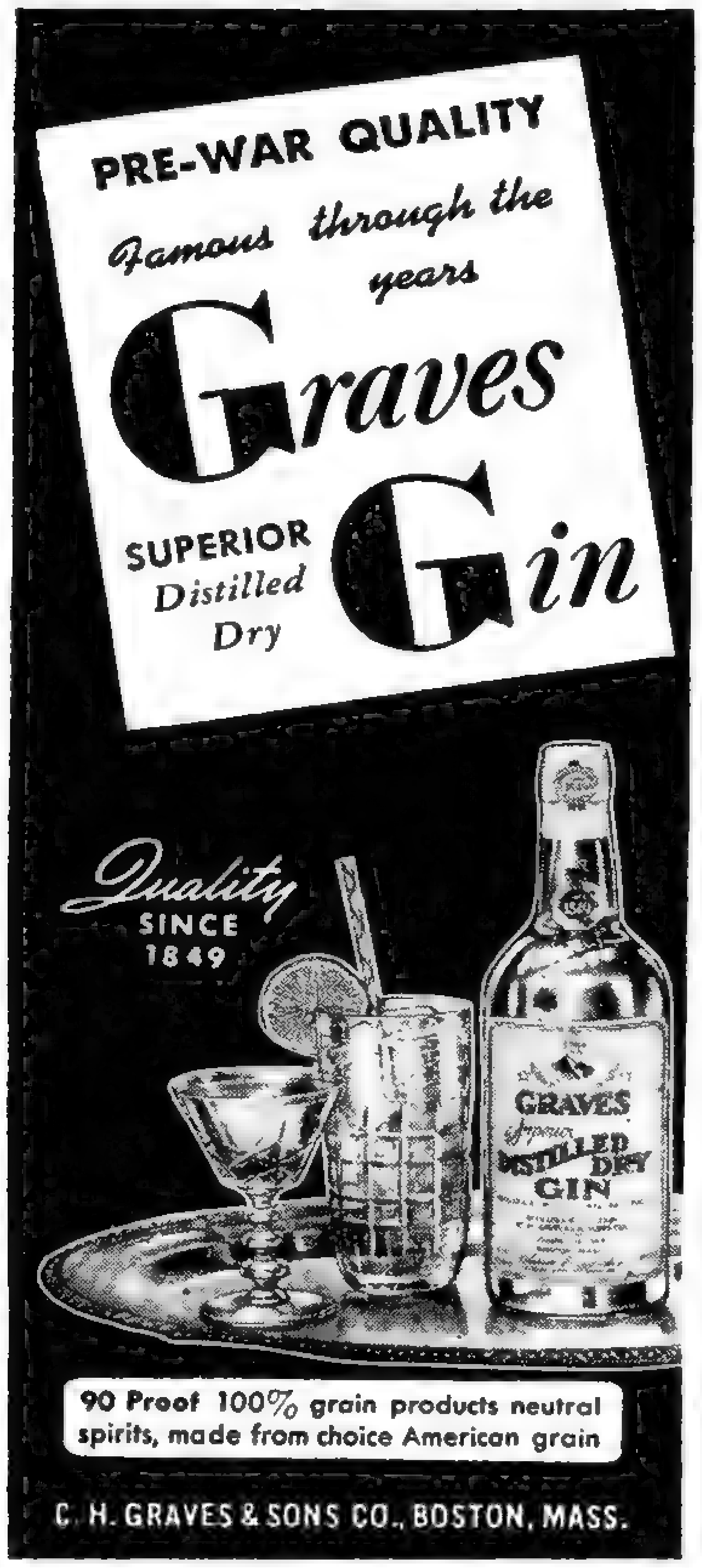
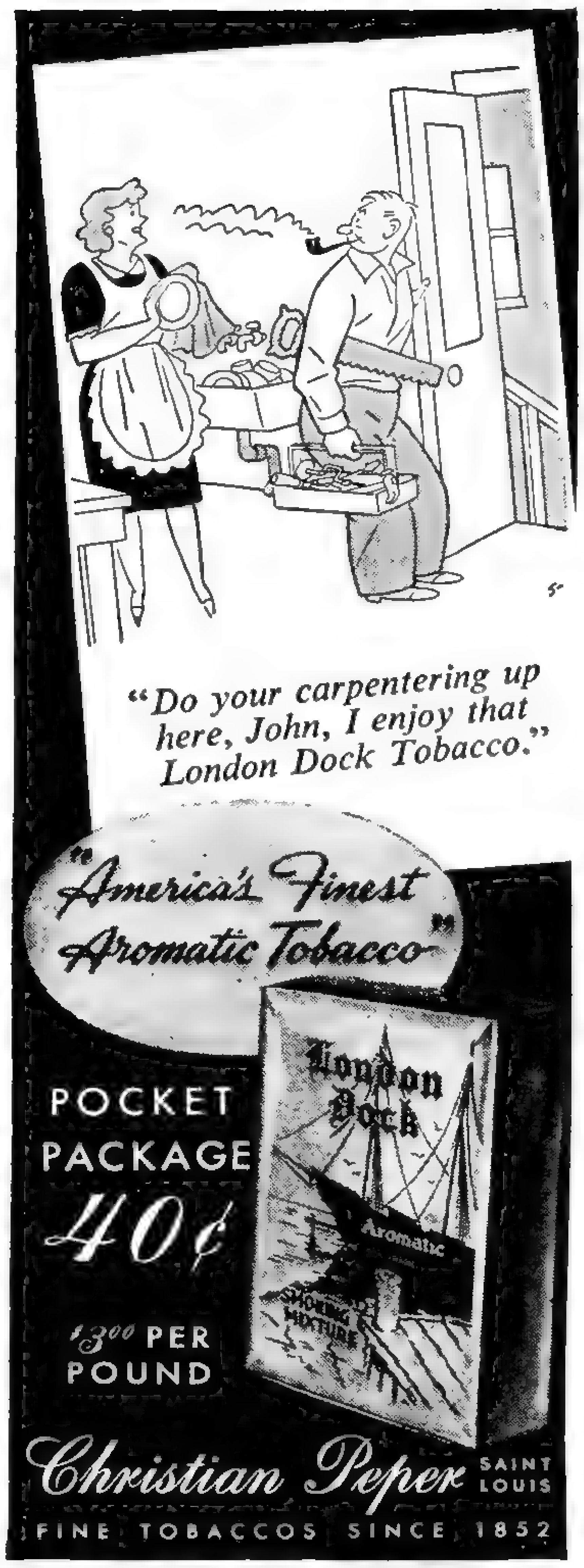


PRE-WAR QUALITY
Famous through the years
Graves Gin
SUPERIOR *Distilled Dry*
Quality SINCE 1849
90 Proof 100% grain products neutral spirits, made from choice American grain
C. H. GRAVES & SONS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

TRADITIONAL TOAST TO *Warm* FRIENDSHIPS!
JAMAICA NOG
To one jigger rum add one jigger sweetened condensed milk (or coffee cream and sugar.) Ice well, shake till frothy.
Right ONLY WHEN MADE WITH GENUINE
JAMAICA
THE ROYALTY OF
RUMS
THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION (OF JAMAICA) LTD., KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B. W. I.

SENSATIONAL *Flavor*—
on FRANKFURTERS HAMBURGERS COLD CUTS CHICKEN SALADS LOBSTER SHRIMP FISH
Men go for Shedd's
Old Style Sauce
FISH AND MEAT DRESSING
Shedd—BARTUSH FOODS *Inc.*
GENERAL OFFICES—DETROIT 6, MICHIGAN



"Do your carpentering up here, John, I enjoy that London Dock Tobacco."
"America's Finest Aromatic Tobacco"
POCKET PACKAGE 40¢
$3⁰⁰ PER POUND
Christian Peper SAINT LOUIS
FINE TOBACCOS SINCE 1852

OLD FITZGERALD
Bottled in Bond
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
100 PROOF
OLD FASHIONED *but still in style*
STITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERY, INC SHIVELY, KENTUCKY

ESKY SOLVES ALL PARTY PROBLEMS

. . . WITH CORONET QUIZ CARDS

WITH CORONET QUIZ CARDS, for guests who "don't play cards." The quizzes cover every subject from sports to women. Each quiz printed on sturdy quality card stock contains 5 duplicate question cards, and 1 master answer card (allowing 5 guests to compete at the same quiz). Every set contains 2 complete quizzes, smartly packaged, designed and colored.

5 complete sets, 10 quizzes, $1.00
single set (2 complete quizzes) . . . 25c

YOUR BEST BUY . . . AN ESKY BUY-PRODUCT

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WITH ESQUIRE PLAYING CARDS, the card fans' delight . . . Deck queens in brilliant colors. Deck "A" in fire red, deck "B" in midnight blue. Durable, printed on sturdy two-ply stock, gilt-edged. Stay ever fresh and crisp looking (they're cleanable). They look better, last longer, cost less.

Twin decks complete with a free card manual,
Esky's Eights, $2.00. Single decks, $1.00

YOUR BEST BUY . . . AN ESKY BUY-PRODUCT

WITH ESQUIRE DATE BOOK, a useful book to delight the ladies and surprise the guys. 104 pages of pleasure, fun, and service—6 brightly colored Esquire girls, 26 sparkling kodachromes and photos of America's leading lovelies, 11 chuckle-filled cartoons, 69 pages of service including an indexed telephone section, date-space, complete calendars, and a game section sure to develop the social lion's roar. A plastic bound pocketful of beauty . . .

a copy . . . 50c

. . . WITH ESQUIRE DATE BOOK

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Please send me the articles checked below:

I enclose $ ______ payment in full. U. S. and Canadian orders only.
No stamps please.

Name ________________________ (please print)

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City ____________ Zone ______ State ______

1. ____ sets of the Coronet Quiz Cards @ 25c a set or 5 sets for $1.00. ____ sets #1 PAGING THE SPORTS-WHODUNIT. ____ sets #2 LEGAL LINGO-GOING PLACES. ____ sets #3 WHERE IN THE WORLD-CHERCHEZ LA FEMME. ____ sets #4 WHO STARTED IT?-JUST FOOLING. ____ sets #5 QUESTION HOUSE-SPORTIN' ROUND.
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ATTENTION CANADIANS:

Price of the ESQUIRE PLAYING CARDS in Canada is $3.00 per pair of decks, or $1.50 a deck. Price of the ESQUIRE DATE BOOK in Canada is 75c per copy. (The Coronet Quiz Cards are not available in Canada.) Make all Canadian remittances payable to and send to: Sinnott News Co., Mail Order Dept., 172 John St., Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

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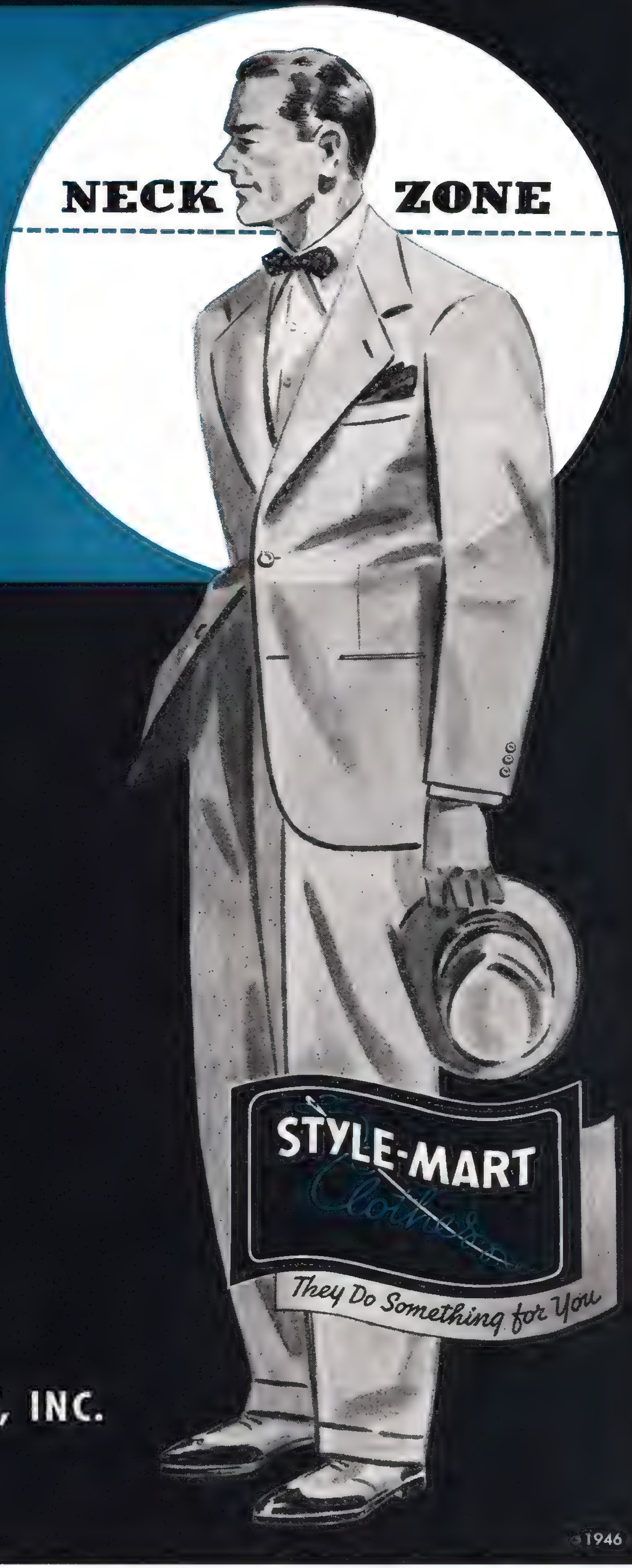
Gulf Tone

Do your summer clothes get that wilted, "slept in" look? Then switch to STYLE-MART'S GULF TONE—crisp, trim tropical worsted that stays neat despite the heat . . . yet keeps you delightfully cool. Exclusive "NECK ZONE" tailoring prevents unsightly bunching around shoulders . . . insures smooth, perfect fit, hang and comfort in every STYLE-MART suit.


NECK
ZONE
STYLE-MART
Clothes
They Do Something for You

MERIT CLOTHING COMPANY, INC.
MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY

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Backstage with Esquire

George W. Thorpe

Just winding up his terminal leave from the Army at the time of writing, GEORGE W. THORPE served as a first lieutenant in England, France and Germany for thirty-one months. Formerly a reporter, he says, "Since it's pretty obvious they are building up to something fairly explosive over there, I'd like to go back and write about it." He studied at Yale and Georgetown Foreign Service School, graduating from the latter in 1938.

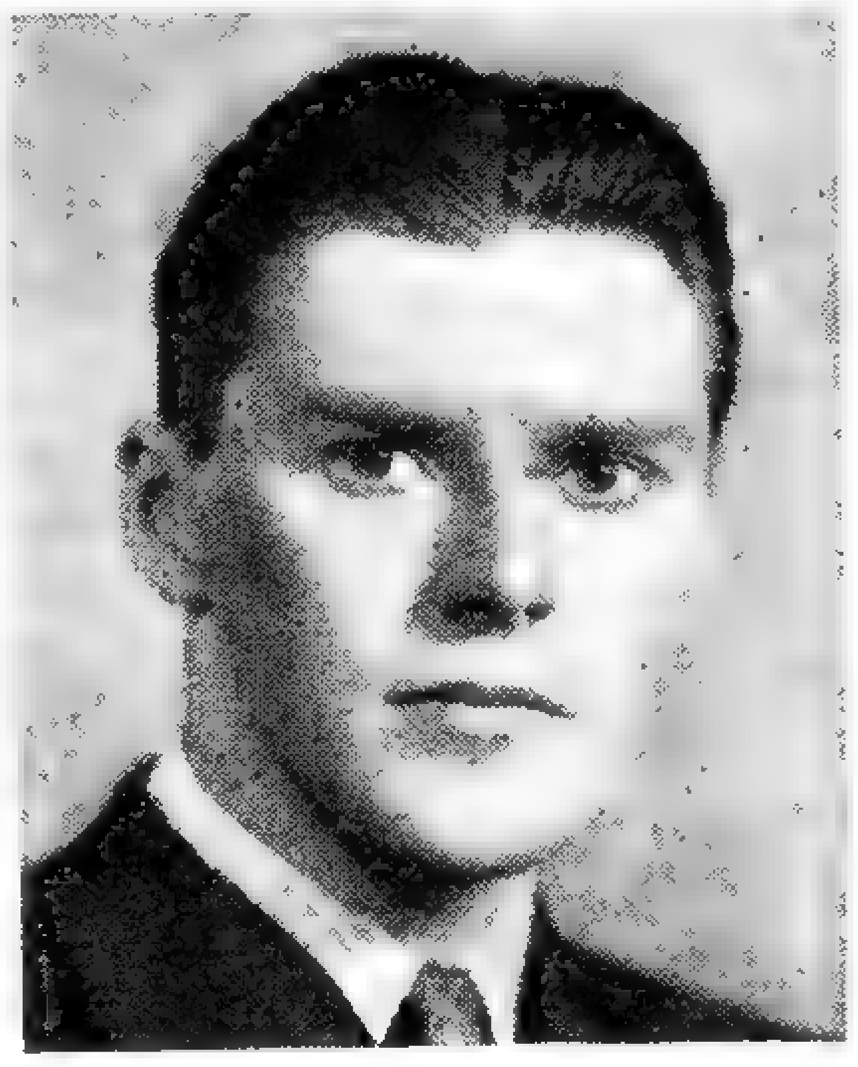
HENRY TETLOW says that *Into the Woods Without a Guide* is based on several camping trips, the most notable being down the Abitibi River to Hudson's Bay and back where, like Walter Raleigh, "We found no gold, lost no men and had no trouble with the Indians." A graduate of Yale, he served with the Infantry in the first World War and won a Purple Heart—"In that war they didn't give them for frostbite." He is the author of *We Farm for a Hobby and Make It Pay* and *Our Medlock Farm*, both published by Morrow.

HENRY SEATON (*Never Another Word*, page 62) is retired from the British Colonial Administrative Service after serving for twenty years in Kenya Colony and the British West Indies. He is a member of the Board of Visitors to Dartmoor Prison (the body responsible to the Secretary of State for the discipline and well-being of England's most notorious criminals). Mr. Seaton has written many short stories for British and American publications.

Ernest Lehman

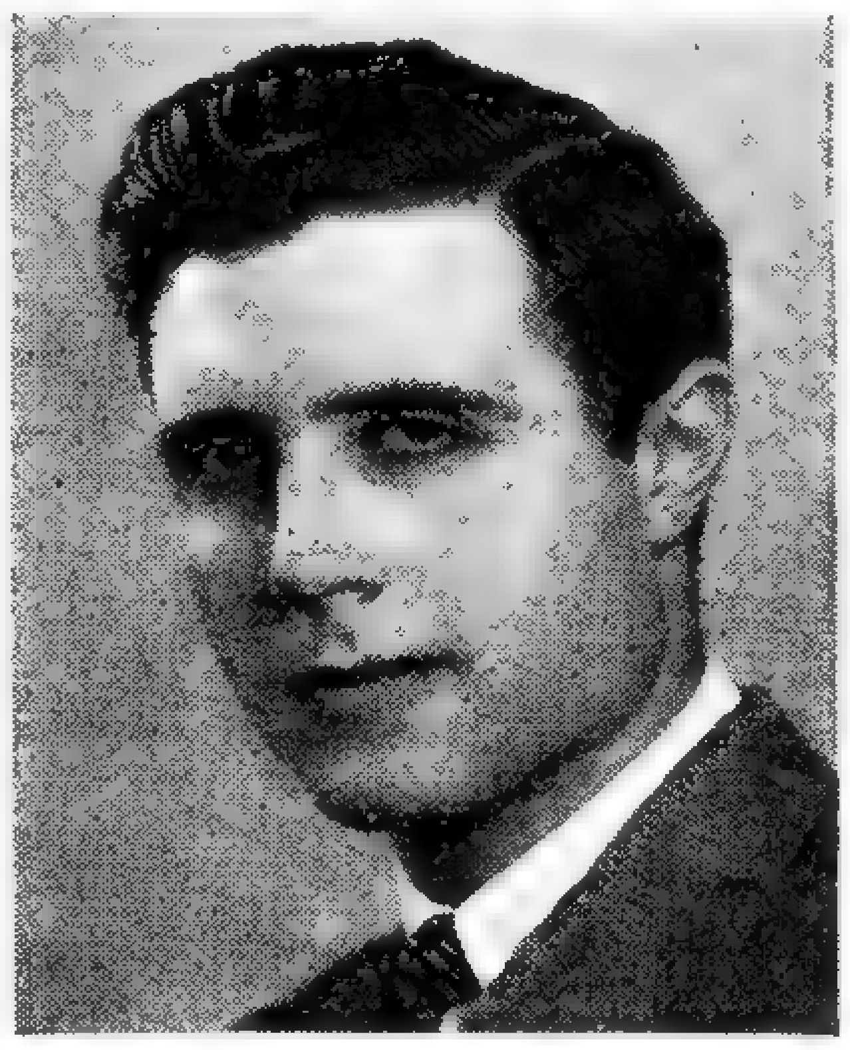
ERNEST LEHMAN lives in Forest Hills, Long Island, "just a deep forehand drive from the scene of the championship tennis matches." He has been a sports columnist, magazine editor, press agent, drama critic and radio gag writer. He says: "Add to this three years as a commercial radio operator with American Airlines (Hello, out there, Saroyan), and we get to the present which finds me writing short stories for such magazines as *Collier's*, *Liberty* and *Charm* and working on a book about conversation."

Shocked by HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR.'s March piece entitled *A Dog's Best Friend*, our Research staff cast about to discover just how much power is invested in the four-footed egocentrics and how soon we may expect them to take over. Well, in 1944 there were 1,500,000 pooches claiming American citizenship and spending a total of 56,500,000 dollars. Most of this sum goes for packaged foods—the rest for little niceties like flea powders and dewormers. Such subsistence items as licenses, leashes, veterinary services and blankets are not included in this total. Our Research staff points out that while more than two-thirds of the dog population prefer rural areas, the urban mutts spend twice as much money on health products. Whether city life takes more out of a dog or whether, like his owner, he tends toward hypochondria, our informant does not venture to guess.


Bruce McLeod

BRUCE McLEOD learned about gold mining during a hitch as reporter and assistant editor of the North Bay (Ontario) *Daily Nugget*. Then after successive periods on the Winnipeg *Tribune* and the editorial staff of *Maclean's Magazine*, in Toronto, he settled down to free-lance writing. He lives four miles out of North Bay on Lake Nipissing and "always can catch a boatful of pickerel right on my doorstep." He is married and has a four-year-old daughter.

CYNTHIA HARRIS has been married for four years and while she insists that *Let Him Be Lord and Master* is seriously intended, she still gets her coffee in bed. She spent three years attending as many colleges but left the University of North Carolina "after finding it is possible to receive a degree but not as easy to acquire an education in our present universities." Having written two novels and numerous articles, mostly about social reform, she is now working on a novel of the South, "trying to show why the South cannot face the racial questions and the simplest demands of the Negro."


Lawrence Lader

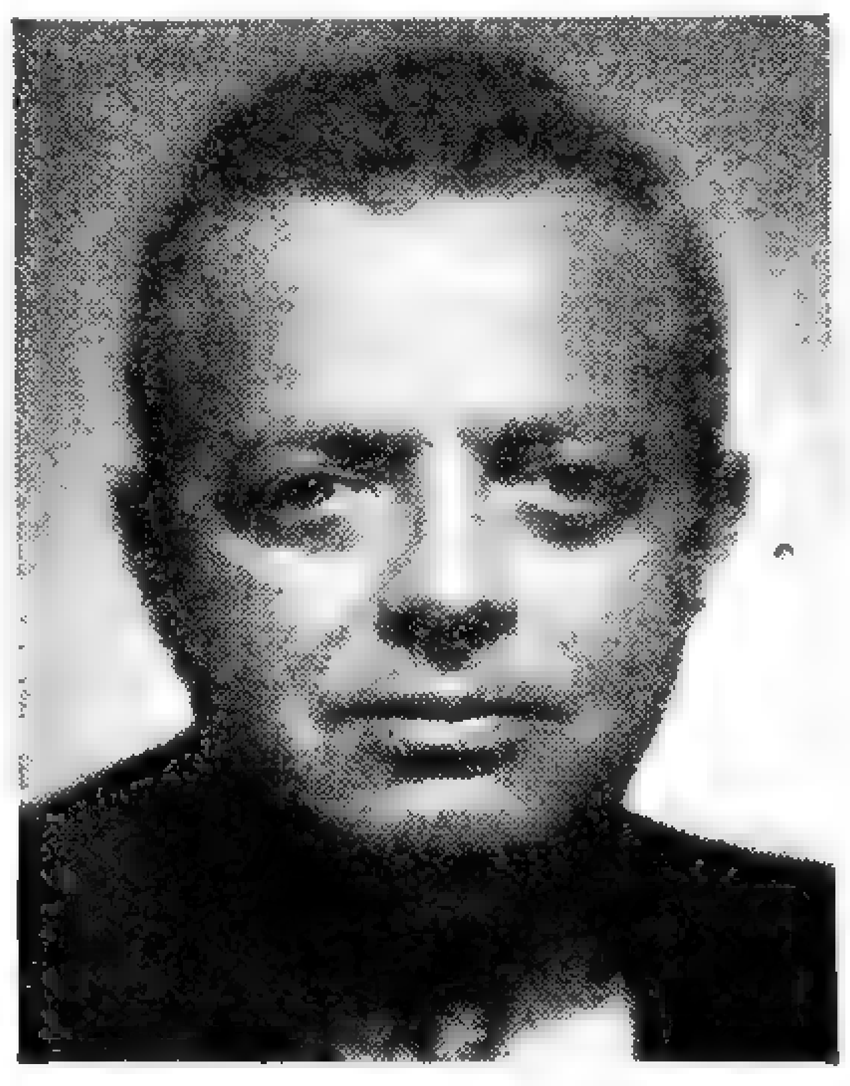
LAWRENCE LADER was program director for the Harvard radio station during his undergraduate years, and afterward "the path of least resistance was radio, first with Intercollegiate Broadcasting System, then the Blue Network. After more than three years in the Army as a sergeant and a shavetail lieutenant, I learned how to write to order, like a chef dishing up eggs. Lately I have been doing mostly articles for magazines like *The New Yorker* and *Coronet*. Although I intend to continue some writing for radio, I have joined *Coronet* as Contributing Editor. With no colonels or majors on the staff, it looks like the beginning of a new freedom." *They Fought for News*, on page 71, is Mr. Lader's first contribution to Esquire.

Norman Caldwell

Co-author, with NORMAN CALDWELL, of *The Creature from the Mist*, H. S. MAZET has returned to civilian life in Long Beach, California, after fifty-five months with the U. S. Marine Corps. The two men manage to collaborate despite world wars and distance (Norman Caldwell lives in New South Wales and is now engaged in commercial shark fishing off Port Stephens, Australia). Together they wrote *A Night on the Barrier Reef*, which appeared in this magazine awhile back, and they are now turning out a book for juveniles called *The Secret of Mystery Island*. Mr. Mazet has a couple of other juvenile adventure books simmering: *Tigers of the Sea*, a collaboration with Charles G. Muller, and *Eagles in the Air*, which he wrote by himself.

The founder and ex-president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, J. ANDREW WHITE has also been a magazine editor (most recently of *Horizon*) and a newspaper publisher. Aside from all that he has dished out fourteen books and more than 2000 articles, ranging all the way from slapstick comedy skits to social studies. The motion picture *The Great American Broadcast* was based on his original screen story. He says: "I live in the hills of Hollywood, ten minutes' walk from glamor corner, Hollywood and Vine, but I'm not much of a walker. Two small boys and a portrait-painter wife pin me down to a continuing, if private, uproar."

What we like about our contributors is their occupational versatility. Take, for instance, ROBERT P. HANSEN, author of *Leon the Winchman*, who testifies: "I've had a multitude of jobs, ranging from meter reader to pulp writer. I've been to sea on banana boats and a full-rigged ship, been a lifeguard, a ditch-digger and once I sold potted petunias. During the war I was a glider pilot. I learned to fly civilian seaplanes and on D-day steered a CG-4A into Normandy. My faith in one woman was sustained the year I spent overseas. I married her last February. Her name is Helen and she comes from Kentucky—pretty, too."


Thomas L. Stix

THOMAS L. STIX considers his experience as a hosiery and underwear salesman a natural background for publishing, which he tried for a time with the Book League of America. Now he is a radio agent, being the Stix of Thomas L. Stix & J. G. Gude. They specialize in commentators (Raymond Swing, Leland Stowe, John Vandercook, Elmer Davis, John Gunther, Edward R. Murrow, Fannie Hurst, etc.). It was Fannie Hurst who suggested that he send *Train to Blois* to Esquire.

DESIGNED FOR YOUR PLEASURE
Today, Tomorrow and Always
Seagram's
Seven 7 Crown
BLENDED WHISKEY
1946

"Look, Burt has run up the Cocktail Flag."—"Yes, but what's that underneath?"—"Oh, don't you know?...that's Pennant 7 for Burt's favorite whiskey...Seagram's 7 Crown."—"Come on, let's get aboard...Seagram's 7 Crown is pre-war quality whiskey! This is one party that's going to be a *signal* success."

Seagram's Seven 7 Crown

Say Seagram's and be Sure of Pre-War Quality

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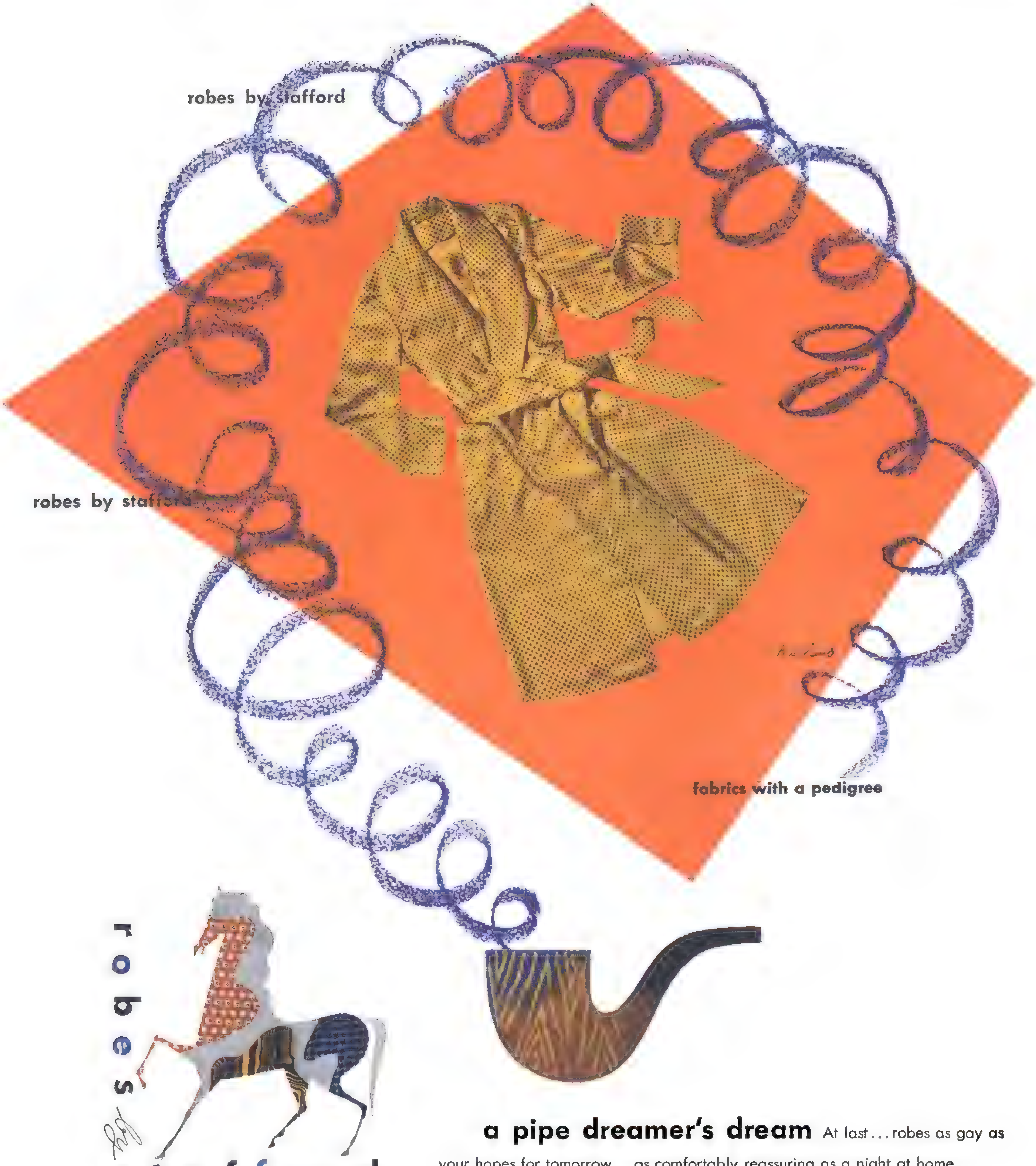
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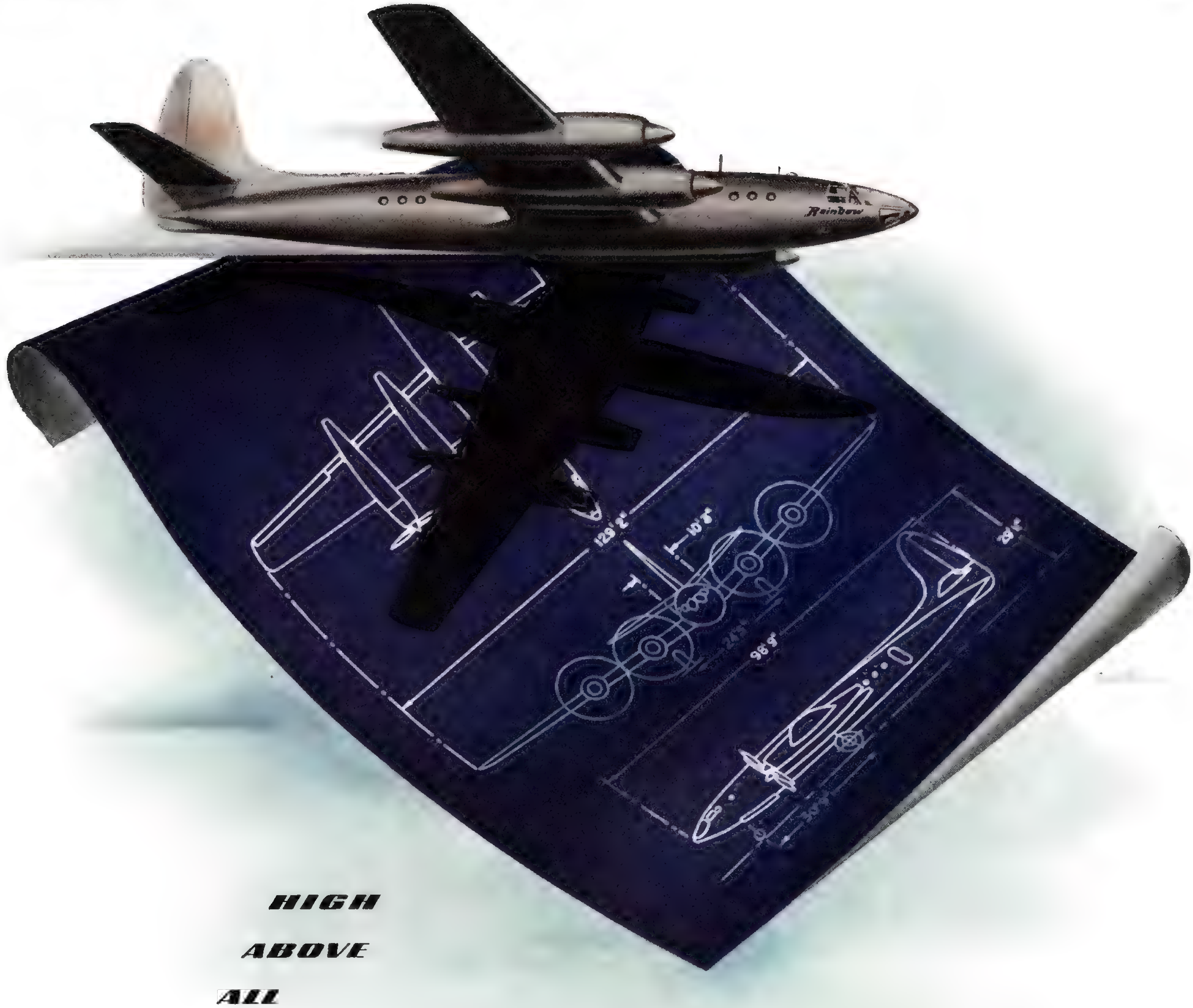

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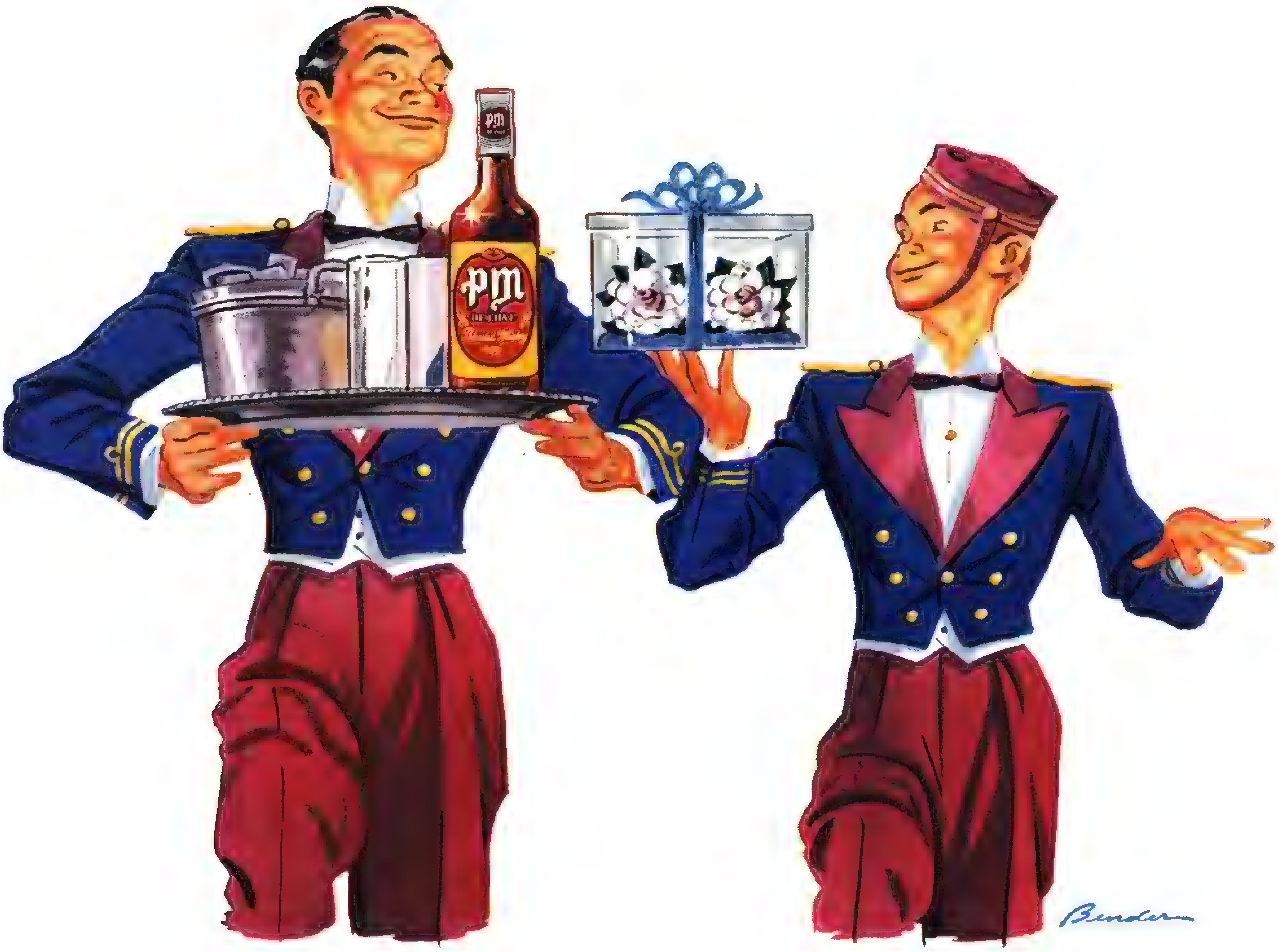

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Esquire
THE MAGAZI MEN

It's a wise man who knows when a wife needs to be spanked and not spoiled

Let Him Be Lord and Master

by CYNTHIA HARRIS

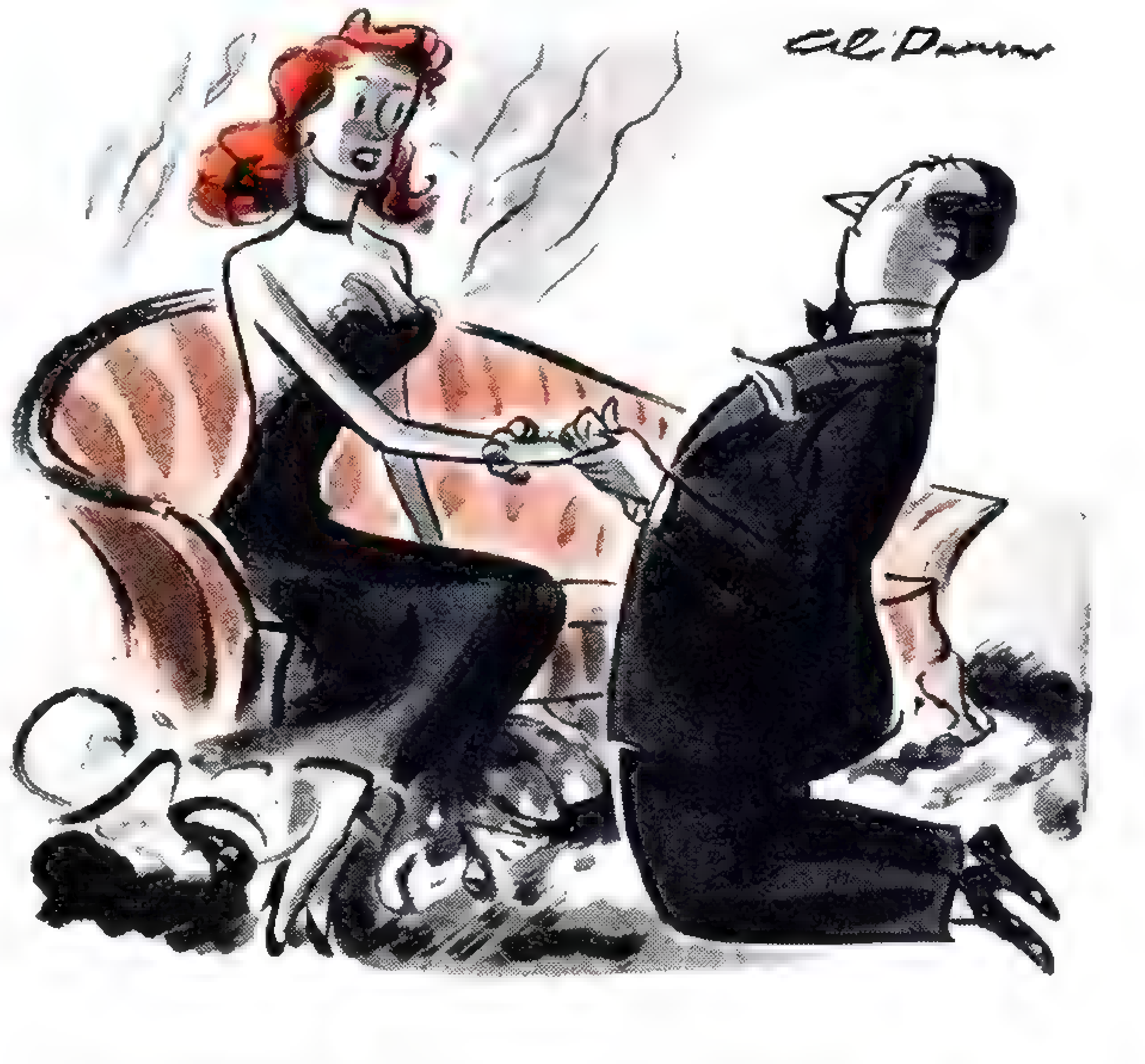
With *Let Him Be Lord and Master*, signed by a woman writer, emancipation comes to Esquire. We have never held that what a lady has to say should be barred from the males, yet because this Magazine for Men naturally inspires masculine writers, it so happens that never before has Esquire published an article solely over a feminine name. Of course we shall continue to give much of our time and space to young men who write, as well as those established in the profession. But now we swing wide the gates to welcome the fair sex. So—to your armchairs, gentlemen, for an occasional glimpse of this man's world, as seen through a woman's eyes. —*The Editors.*

SAD indeed is the plight of the woman who gets the perfect husband, the man that all her friends wish they had married. If I had not listened so carefully and made a long list of the attributes of the specimen partner, I might have married that truck driver who whistled at me. No doubt I would have been better off.

As it is, for four years I have been married to this man who makes all my friends sigh with envy. It just makes me sigh. He's one of those people described so often as being, "just too good to me. I wish he were more normal." Funny thing, I actually wish that. Of course I appreciate my coffee in bed every morning before getting up to cook breakfast, and nothing is so satisfying as to know that he has also fired the furnace and that I don't have to shiver down to the kitchen. It even gives me time to comb my hair and apply a little make-up, helping me thereby to imitate the cereal ads in the magazines he so thoughtfully brings me several times a week.

He goes out of his way to find my favorite brand of chocolate candy—my weakness. I plead with him not to, that I'm getting fat, but he smiles indulgently and brings another box a few days later, just as I have determined to go all out for that new reducing course.

When we moved into our house and he scrubbed and waxed floors, I appreciated it, but I told him I would rather do it myself and go walking with him on his afternoons off. His feelings were hurt and I dared not mention it again. It left me lonesome, made me drink too many cocktails before dinner. Like most men who love their wives and were reared by their mothers to think that women were made for waiting on, he overdoes it. This is probably a confession that will ruin my marriage when he reads this and changes his ways. There is no need to say that I don't anticipate the attention, but why does it make me long for someone like Humphrey Bogart? He never waits on anyone.



"This is absurd, Henry — first find an apartment, then ask me"

No woman really appreciates the small details and the housework that men do. Flowers brought home unexpectedly are nice, but a loving man who thinks that it is his duty to scrub his small son and put him to bed while his wife washes dishes, can easily become a bore. A survey of wives would show that they preferred that the newspaper be read at that time and put aside when the mother gets the child in bed. Then for a nice game of gin rummy or a discussion of the new people who moved in next door. That is so much more gratifying than having him perform the household tasks and then settle with his paper when she is ready for conversation. How can one feel responsible for the house and children when the man who makes the living is also doing the work? I don't think it fair for him to get credit for everything.

Then the matter of disagreements always makes its appearance when one discusses the perfect spouse. Mine doesn't argue. He lets me talk and talk, then either sulks or goes back to reading. At which latter sign I usually throw something at him. He's the type of man who replaces it on the table if it doesn't break, or gets the broom and sweeps up the pieces if it does. Heaven save me. All I ask is that he throw it back. I would like an occasional shoving around. Anyone who has read at all knows that most women are masochists and delight in being dominated and even hurt once in a while if it is done by a craftsman in the right and artistic manner.

What could be more pleasant than a knock-down drag-out fight and the aftermath, the cowed and disheveled wife pleading with her husband to forgive her, which he should then do. That makes more successful marriages than are openly acknowledged by the great middle class. What joy to be dominated and then petted, rather than the saccharin sweetness of constant attention with no temper to flavor the mediocrity of living in the battered old institution that has been the butt of countless jokes.

Perhaps he is too sophisticated for me. When he is out of town and I make a gala evening of it with a friend of his, does he raise hell? No! He smiles benignly and says he hopes I had fun. Why doesn't he get furious and say the things a truck driver would? I don't believe there are many men who want their wives to have such a good time when they are gone, but why is it necessary in our modern world for them to smile and take it? If I were a man and my wife did any running around, I would be very old-fashioned about it and let her know what I expected and wanted. It would surprise many mild-mannered husbands if they knew the extent to which wives aggravate them just to see what it would take to arouse their anger. It even becomes kind of a game, baiting the man over and over, trying to find out just how much he can stand and just when he will exert his power as lord and master.

If someone would only explain to me why the ideal husband is usually one who never argues about bills, never complains about the food and always moderates his voice when discussing something unpleasant, I would gladly refute each argument. It isn't natural, to begin with, for a man to be that way, and though it is similar to a constant temperature in a greenhouse, it isn't stimulating. Men aren't supposed to wash babies and scrub floors when their wives are healthy, and furthermore, they should get in a tearing rage and occasionally slam out of the house for a night with the boys. They should take their privileges for all they are worth and remember that even an ever-loving wife needs a night alone once in a while to catch up on her fingernails and facial and do that extra bit of ironing. They don't seem to realize that it is more of a nuisance than a blessing for them to be at home seven nights.

Now that I've had the chance to analyze my perfect husband, I have a few suggestions to offer as to the ideal husband. He shouldn't be perfect and his temper must be as violent as mine when aroused. He should demand that his meals be on time and the children quiet by a certain hour. He should expect his wife to look nice when he comes in and the house to be straight. He could tell her that he was going out on Wednesday night and keep two thirds of his winnings to buy drinks for the boys. He should, of course, have a sense of humor and say something at least once a day that would stimulate her to make an equally witty rejoinder. Laughs stem from laughs and not from seriousness or even consideration. Last and most essential, he should always have a reason, either trivial or important, for giving her a pushing around at least twice a month. Among the lower classes it is supposedly every Saturday night and they seem to make a go of their life together and have numerous progeny.

As long as a man is not too considerate and gives his wife reason to think that he might get bored and leave someday, she will exert herself and make him a good mate; otherwise she will wear his patience thin and both will wonder what became of the lovely days of the honeymoon. Most wives are more satisfied and satisfactory when under the influence of a dominant man.

The clearest sign of a need of brutality is strangely enough ignored by the perfect husband. When a woman nags about details and stays in a bad humor, appearing always dissatisfied, she is only asking for a Saturday night brawl, some rough treatment, a few drinks and the right to be feminine. Give her the chance to ask your forgiveness. She'll love you more for it, and the house will be livable and less trouble to the provider. ⌗

These strange, other-world apparitions of two Vermont farmers still baffle science

Colonel Olcott's 300 Ghosts

by J. ANDREW WHITE

LUCIONI

As it does after each war, the occult today is enjoying a tremendous boom. The very human desire to communicate with the dead is manifesting itself in packed séance parlors where pale, tense faces peer into the darkness and minds reach for the unknown. But great as it may be, the postwar spiritualistic trade will have to go far to produce a tale to surpass one which came in the decade that followed the Civil War.

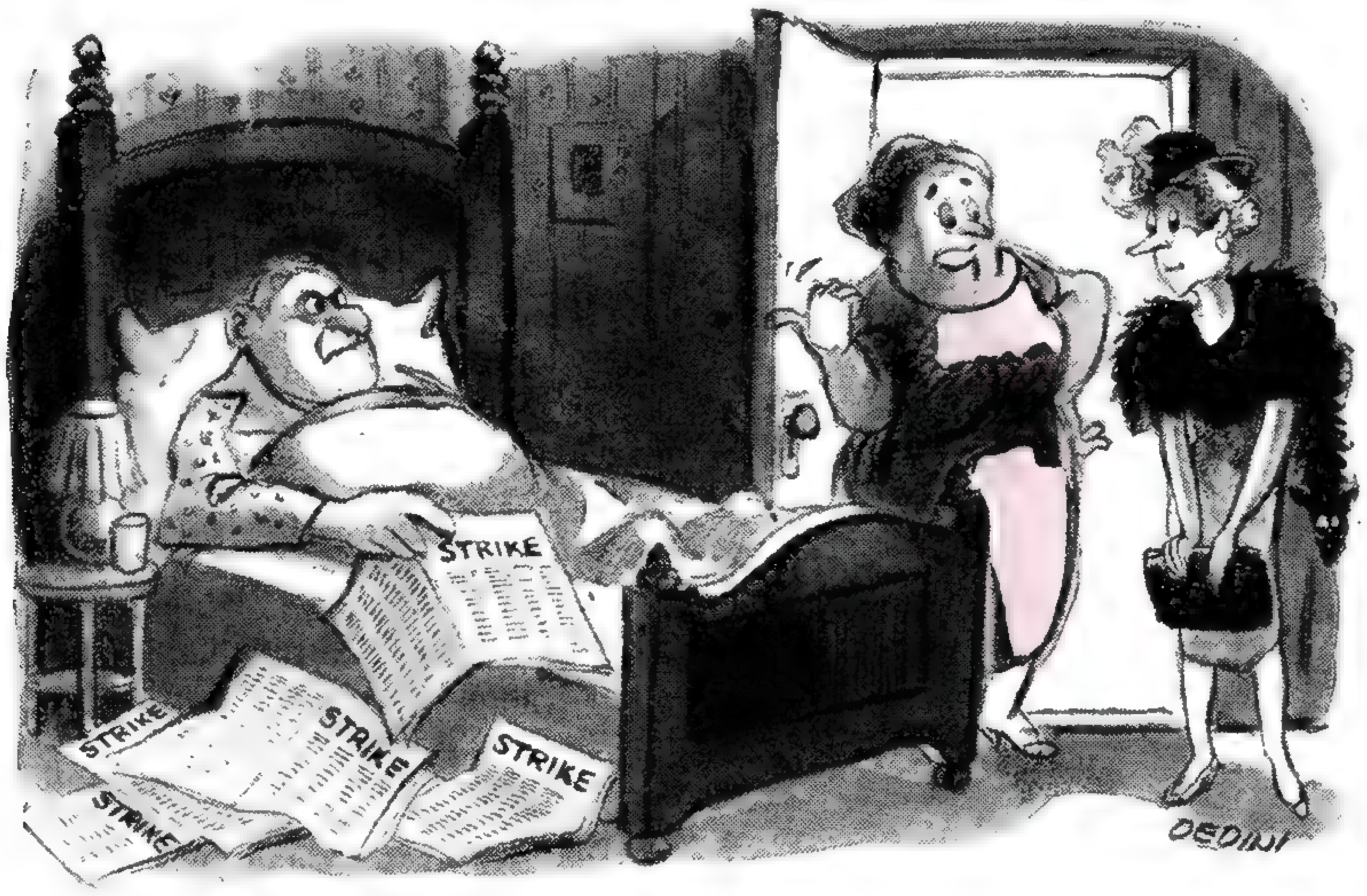
The New York *Sun* hit the crest of the supernatural wave when a reporter on September 2, 1874, broke the news of spirits completely seen and solid to the touch. The correspondent had gone on a snooping venture to the little Vermont hamlet of Chittenden, seven miles north of Rutland. He was to find out how much truth there was in the rumor that two uncouth farmers, William and Horatio Eddy, had materialized more than a thousand spirit forms in farmhouse sittings held continually over a period of nearly a year. When at the end of the first week the *Sun* thought the subject had been wrung dry, the New York *Daily Graphic* made a deal, and during the rest of the year printed the reporter's stuff as fast as received.

These were not the usual reports of seeing evanescent wraiths, detached hands, hearing table rappings, strains of floating music, or spectral voices emerging from undulating trumpets. On the first evening the reporter, seated among twenty-five other visitors, saw clearly and distinctly eleven persons of the other-world materialize.

The newsman, Henry S. Olcott, was no fellow to sit back and take this in with a reporter's bilious and incredulous eye. He knew something of detection techniques. He had come out of four years of the Civil War a colonel at the age of thirty-three, skilled as an examiner and special investigator for the War Department.

His newspaper report noted, right off, such things as the dancing girl who appeared on the first evening having one shawl, not transparent against the light. She tossed it into the cabinet while dancing. Two middle-aged women followed, and their violin music made another "prop" to be concealed. The man who immediately followed them was unusually tall, fully six-feet-three inches. Such a husky couldn't long loiter about the farmhouse undetected. The features and physical proportions of the next two men were studied with a sleuth's eye, as one of them was identified by a brother present as William H. Reynolds, of Utica, New York, a well-known shoe manufacturer who had died six months previously.

And then came a Quaker, the late William Brown, of York, Pennsylvania, over six feet tall, white-haired, clean-shaven. The reporter concentrated on voice tones and speech idioms during a conversa-



"He's decided to stay there and wait for that wonderful world of tomorrow!"

tion the Quaker carried on with his son in the audience. “At most I expected only a few simple greetings in a faint whisper,” wrote Olcott, “but fully audible was the pumping sound of refilling the lungs with air after articulation, and I could not detect any difference, either in volume of sound, accent, or movement of lips between his voice production and that of any living person of equal age.”

The concluding phenomenon of the first evening showed the newspaper investigator the size of the task ahead. A nurse appeared with two children, one a baby and the other a child of seven. The mother in the audience asked with tender pathos if they were not her dead babies. She spoke in German. The elder child called out joyfully, “*Ja! Ihr seid meine kleine Schwestern! Nicht wahr?*” and the toddler waved her hands in joyous recognition.

The reporter strung along with other skeptics, jumping to the conclusion that the baby forms were either pillows or white wrappings around the legs of the medium—but thirty seconds hadn't passed when a spectral voice from the cabinet invited him to bring a light and see the condition of the medium. Olcott leaped across the platform and into the closet. William Eddy was in a deep sleep, his features relaxed, his breathing almost imperceptible. There was no white drapery nor sign of any costume trappings. The glare of the light did not waken the medium. The reporter shook him and called him by name. His eyes opened “with the startled look of a person suddenly aroused from slumber and seeing someone unexpected at his bedside.”

NEXT MONTH
MOULDERING MURDER!
BY
TRUE CRIME STORIES
TRUE CRIME STORIES
NED HIL-TON

“Whom do you wish to see—you rat!”

Olcott examined the farmhouse, concentrating on the room where the nightly “circle” assembled. His measurements were taken to fractions of inches. He pounded lath and plaster and chipped away at a brick chimney, checked every foot of flooring and floor beams, every inch of the walls and ceilings, and found no loose boards, no panels to slide. He tacked fine mosquito netting over the twenty-six-inch window of the closet, the only means of ventilation, and sealed it with wax with his signet. Men were stationed outside during a séance to watch the window, seventeen feet from the ground.

Olcott entered upon the assignment with the full expectation that he would be the dupe of imposters. He was a hound on the scent, incredulous and distrustful. In his twenty newspaper articles he gave meticulous and documented accounts of the successive parades of visible spectral forms in the sessions in the “circle” room.

He reported over three hundred materializations. He told with a keen exactness what he saw, moving with tenacity toward a single goal, to crack the mystery.

Olcott brought constantly to his relentless investigation ingenious checks of his own devising. One was a scale to measure the heights of the spirits, and by the dozens they obliged by backing up against the rod marked in feet and inches. Heights varied from two-feet-one to six feet and over.

He also weighed the spirits. Results were completely baffling. One young woman stepped on the platform scale three times in ten minutes; the beam balanced at the same weight, fifty-eight pounds. He asked her then to step on a fourth time. Her weight was up to sixty-five pounds. A mortal woman of her size and height, he wrote, would weigh 108. He formed a committee to weigh the medium, William Eddy. Eddy weighed 179 pounds.

What about strength? He adroitly set out to find if these spirits had it in measurable quantity. They obliged in a pull test against spring-balance scales. The dial indicator spun to forty pounds when the first spirit pulled against the hook. A deceased sailor was the second to take hold. The pointer snapped against the scale's limit.

With weight determined, and strength, how about material substance? Olcott had a lock of spirit hair. It was then scientifically accepted that a person's race could be determined from a specimen of hair. He had the spirit hair documented. He picked an expert, a man in the hair trade, H. Williams, twenty years in the business on Chatham Street, New York. Identification of the hair was positive. By its length and quality it had been taken from the head of an Indian squaw; and the published affidavit was the hair expert's sworn affirmation that he “could not be mistaken as to the fact.” Olcott presented, without comment, hair cut from Eddy's head. The expert dismissed this specimen with a curt, “American hair.”

As the weeks passed and the sensational doings continued at the Vermont farmhouse, visitors overran the place. The possum-minded scientists and others who came didn't click with the reporter. They didn't stay long. They didn't go at anything in a scientific way.

But finally, one Dr. George M. Beard, an electropathic physician, stuck his neck out. After two days of investigation he denounced the Eddy brothers as “frauds who cannot do even good trickery,” and announced to the press that he could reproduce the form apparitions “with three dollars worth of draperies.” Step up! said the *Daily Graphic.* There's 500 dollars cash in our office that says you can't! No more was heard from Dr. Beard.

Horatio Eddy, reported Olcott, in defiance of gravity was carried one night a distance of three miles to a mountaintop. William Eddy was carried to a distant wood, and after remaining there unconscious for three days, was transported back in mid-air.

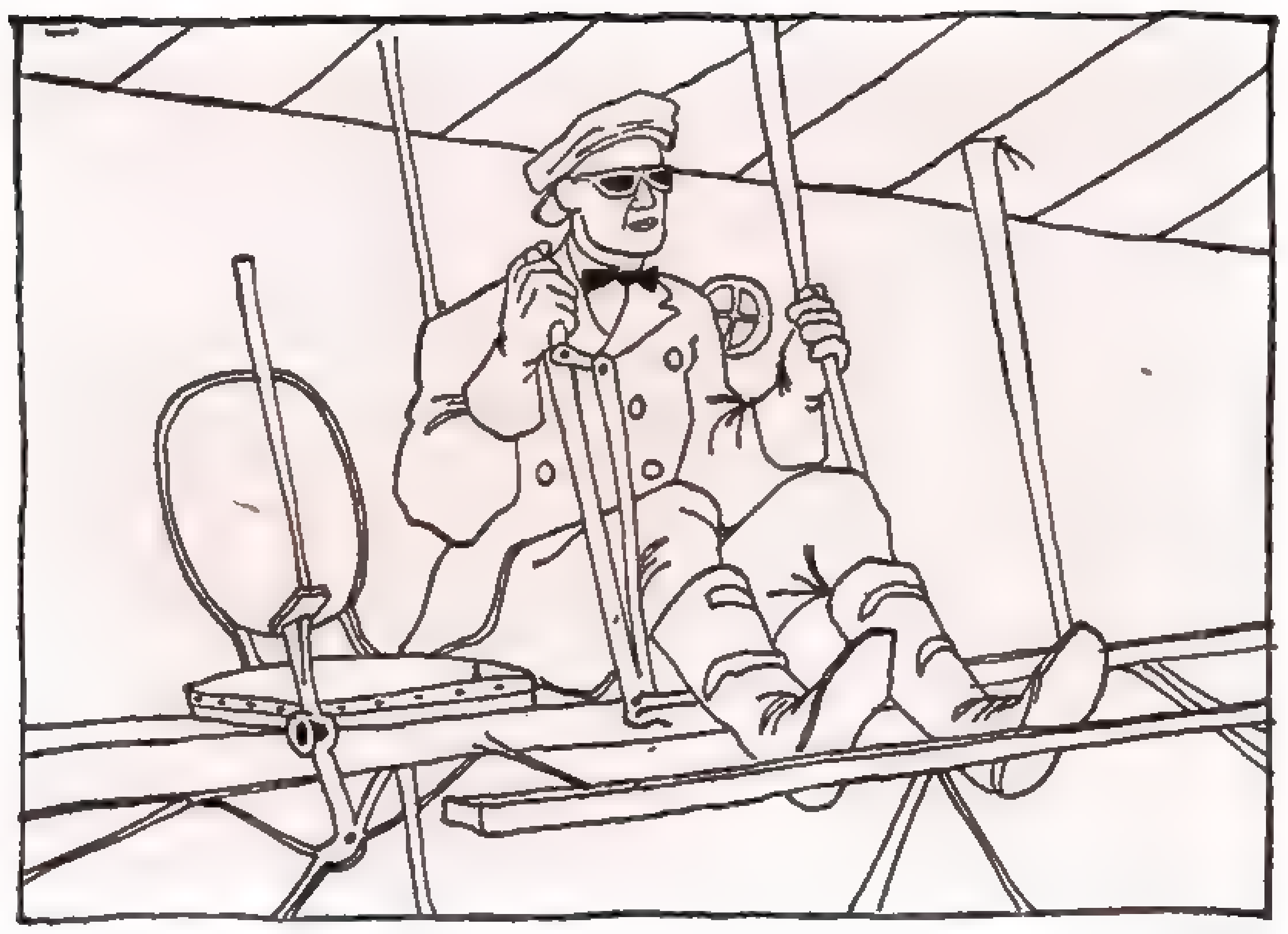
Who ordered these ghostly processions, who got anything out of it? There was no evidence of money going into the till. Olcott seemed satisfied that William Eddy went nightly to the “circle” room because he couldn't help it. His own will was set aside. Something out of the great unknown directed his actions. Eddy was an illiterate. He had never had a month's schooling, and his conversation showed it; and yet in the “circle” room the audiences listened to glib exchanges in six languages.

One linguistic bout was particularly a puzzler. It was Olcott's thirty-seventh night. The fifth spirit visitor of the evening was a Russian. He emerged from the small closet dressed in Caucasian jacket, outer long coat, baggy trousers and leggings of yellow leather. A woman in the audience recognized him at once as Michalko Guegidze, a servant of Mme. Witte, of Koutais, Georgia. She spoke to him in the language of Georgia and, among other things, asked him to play *Lezguinka*, a Circassian dance, on his guitar. Promptly to the newspaper came a letter from a reader in Philadelphia. The writer, M. C. Betanelly, a Georgian, had known the servant Michalko when alive. Furthermore, in the whole of the United States there were then only three Georgians, and he was in touch with the other two. They were not then in Vermont nor had they ever been there.

None of the newspaper articles were written from the spiritualistic standpoint, but two types of explanation of the Chittenden manifestations were discussed. One theory maintained the visible spectral forms were created out of subtle particles in the atmosphere, and that these had a positive, if evanescent, material existence. The other explanation denied spirit actuality, contended that the ghost forms were seen because the natural senses of sight, hearing and touch were under “psychological” control.

The discussion of theories was the reporter's single departure from straight news. If William Eddy “psychologizes” any particular one of his audience, he does all, he wrote, “for all see the same forms, hear them speak the same words, and witness the same actions.” As for the other theory: If what he had seen were phantoms of the mind, but temporarily solid and substantial shapes, created by a farmer's will, then, said the news sleuth, “William Eddy cannot only read our thoughts but see the pictures of our deceased friends as they are impressed on our own memory, and conjure up shapes that duplicate them in dress, appearance, manners and conversation. Can this uneducated man at will speak any language he chooses, recall family names, observe secret actions so as to refer to them, and without time for preparation, delude visitors arrived just before the hour of assembly with the spectres of those nearest and dearest to them—?”

Olcott's sign off is one of admirable detachment from journalistic omnipotence. He leaves “each reader to digest the facts, and form a belief for himself.” #



Wilbur Wright himself sang the great Lady an aeronautical hymn of praise

When the Aeroplane First Saluted Liberty

by LOUIS SIDRAN

All of New York City was alerted that September 29th in 1909. The city was about to witness a sight that would make history—the first aeroplane flight over American water. At the plane's controls would be that fabulous and intrepid co-inventor of the flying machine, Wilbur Wright, himself.

Epic-making as the flight now seems, it was scheduled as only one of the many mammoth thrills in the gigantic million-dollar Hudson-Fulton celebration to commemorate the deeds of the Dutchman who first explored the river which bears his name and the American who startled the world by proving that steam power could move ships.

New York had pulled out all the stops for the big show. The warships of six nations lay at anchor in the Hudson River alongside our own renowned White Fleet, which had taken part in the great victory over Spain and the subsequent tour of the globe. The city was decked with flags, spouted fireworks and shone like a great white jewel all night as giant spotlights played on its skyscrapers. This was no ordinary week of whoopee and odes to excelsior. By conservative estimates, fully one-twentieth of the men and women in the United States were jammed onto Manhattan Island for the celebration.

Six years had passed since Wilbur Wright and his brother Orville had done the impossible at Kittyhawk. Those six years had brought recognition and honor to the somber-faced brothers from Dayton, Ohio. President Taft had pinned gold medals on their chests. They had flown before Edward VII of England and Alfonso of Spain. Victor Emmanuel of Italy had expressed interest in their plane. At this very moment, while Wilbur was readying for his flight around the Statue of Liberty, Orville was in Germany conferring with the Kaiser.

Now it was up to Wilbur to give the tremendous crowd the thrill it sought. The stage was set; everything was right. The sun was bright and clear, and light rains earlier in the week had settled the dust. The word had gone out that when the weather was right, signal flags would be displayed from the towering Singer Building downtown and from the Metropolitan Tower at Madison Square. Those flags now flapped in the spanking twenty-mile wind. This was the day, and people by the thousands had come pouring off the elevated line and the streetcars on Broadway and Third Avenue. Brooklyn Bridge crawled with spectators. The New York and Brooklyn shores were black with people.

All eyes were focused on the parade ground on Governor's Island, where Wilbur Wright made a last-minute check of his plane as it faced west on the short runway. Those who were placed high could see a white spot—the aeroplane itself. It wasn't much of a plane to look at, and actually appeared crude compared to the plane in which the Frenchman, Bleriot, had recently flown across the English Channel. Bleriot's plane was now on exhibit at a downtown department store, and you didn't have to be an expert to prefer its modern lines to the cumbersome squares and angles of the Wright plane. Worse yet, the latter didn't even have any wheels and took off like some kind of a carnival coaster, rolling along on a truck until it had enough speed to get up in the air.

Nevertheless, Wilbur Wright was a confident man as he readied his plane for the flight. Maybe it wasn't much to look at, but there wasn't a flying machine in the world that could top it in performance.

Now it was about time to take off. His own best mechanic, Wright tested the wire stays that braced the framework of his flimsy-looking machine and glanced at the springy, curving skids in front. He reserved special attention for the gearing chains which led from the engine to the shafts of the two propellers mounted in the rear. The 200-pound water-cooled engine was heavy and clumsy, even for 1909, but it could give him forty-two miles an hour. He looked across the water and a frown knit his usually immobile features. That twenty-mile wind out of the west was being broken into puffs by the tall buildings downtown.

"This is as good as the day will get," he said. He glanced at his watch. "Quarter past ten. Might as well go."

He buttoned up the jacket of his dark-colored business suit, clamped bicycle clips on his trousers, took off his derby and put on a golf cap. Then he buckled on his goggles, edged in among the rods and braces and took his seat on the forward edge of the lower wing. Sitting right out in the open air, his feet resting on sockets in a strut, he looked like a harness driver in a racing sulky, grasping two long levers instead of reins.

"Okay. Ready? Let her go!"

The motor spat loudly and then coughed out a series of explosive bangs. The propellers caught and whirled, blowing the hats off the spectators standing immediately behind the plane. The plane roared along on its truck, still attached to the rail. It picked up speed, reached thirty miles an hour, sufficient to move up on its own. Wright released the catch, freed himself from the truck and soared away.

The featherweight structure took the air and glided out over the East River. Wright warped the wings ever so slightly and circled the islet, slowly spiraling up to an altitude of about 200 feet. Then he straightened out, level and true, for the flight over the harbor to Bedloe's Island and the Statue of Liberty.

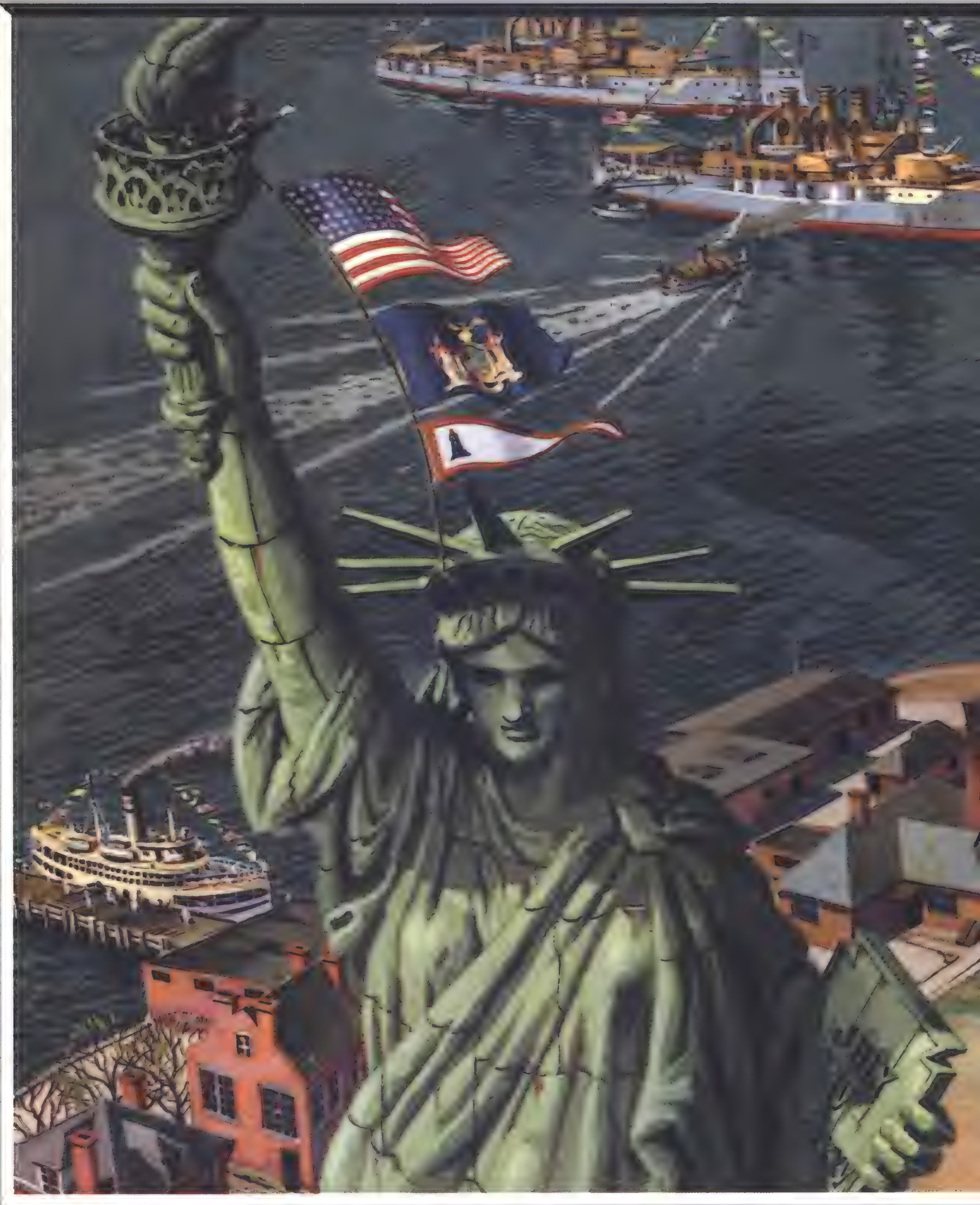
All of a sudden, the sight wasn't so thrilling after all. Here was a daring man flying about in the air—high up, certainly, but not nearly so high as a tall building. He wasn't doing any spectacular stunts. He was merely floating in an outsize box kite. And before you knew it, he had made the turn about the Statue of Liberty and was heading back. A fine performance, surely. But now that the weird contraption had nosed down in its clumsy way and was skidding to an awkward halt on the open ground, you thought to yourself that the whole thing had taken only six-and-a-half minutes and you turned to your neighbor and said, "Well, we've seen something, but it was a long way to come for that."

Almost too soon, there was Wilbur Wright stepping out of his plane, taking off his goggles and golf cap and putting on his very prosaic derby hat. The show was over. You had seen history and you could hardly be blamed for wondering why history had turned out to be something of an anticlimax.

Five days later, Wilbur Wright climbed into the flimsy plane again to make a flight even more remarkable than the one he had made at the celebration. He flew ten miles up the Hudson and back over the impressive grandeur of the majestic fighting ships, still rolling lazily at anchor in the river—unaware of the portent in that ugly little flying machine. ⵌ

A NOTE ABOUT THIS PAINTING

To achieve the unusual perspective he wanted, Mr. Goff worked from a model of the Statue of Liberty he borrowed from a Hollywood studio. In addition, he was lucky enough to find an old photograph of Bedloe's Island which showed the layout of the parade grounds and barracks as they looked only nine years after Wilbur Wright made his flight. You may think the plane is flying in the wrong direction, but it isn't because the wide end is the front and the propellers are mounted in the rear. Incidentally, Liberty's torch was still solid bronze in 1909, and it wasn't until 1916 that Gutzon Borglum rebuilt the flame entirely in glass and with this master stroke gave the great Lady her bright and perpetual symbol of light and life.



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WHEN THE AEROPLANE FIRST SALUTED L

(Wilbur Wright's flight around the Statue of Liberty, Septemb

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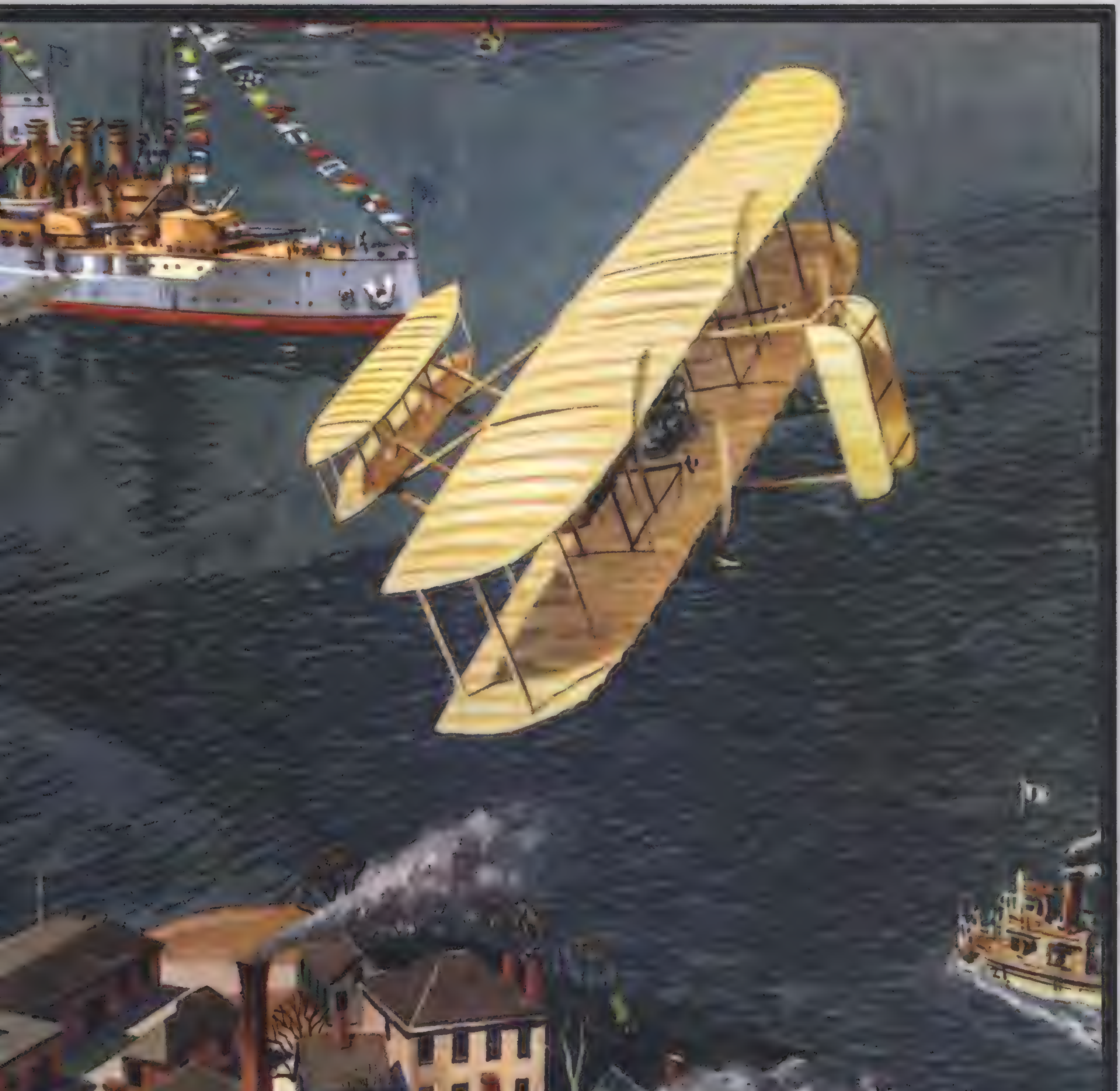


NE FIRST SALUTED LIBERTY *by Harper Goff*

flight around the Statue of Liberty, September 29, 1909)

PAINTED ESPECIALLY FOR ESQUIRE

says the
Esquire girl

"He told me if men ever paid any attention to a lot of frivolous objections like that, the human race would have perished ages ago."

The Vitamin Girls

Our more demure glamor queens are being challenged by Hutton and other disciples of the not-so-gentle man-getting school

by HUBBELL ROBINSON, JR.

Maybe the movies brought you up—they did me—to believe that sloe-eyed girls like Gloria Swanson, Corinne Griffith and Bebe Daniels were the ultimate in glamor. Or maybe you grew to man's estate while Joan Crawford, Loretta Young and Claudette Colbert were the reigning queens of wide-eyed loveliness. You may even be young enough to have looked on Paulette Goddard, Greer Garson or Ingrid Bergman as the embodiment of all that makes men dream awake.

It doesn't matter now. You can forget all of them. The movie producers have double-crossed you. They've put forth a new kind of glamor girl who bears about as much resemblance to the girls who made us wishful as your Aunt Sally does to Forever Amber St. Claire.

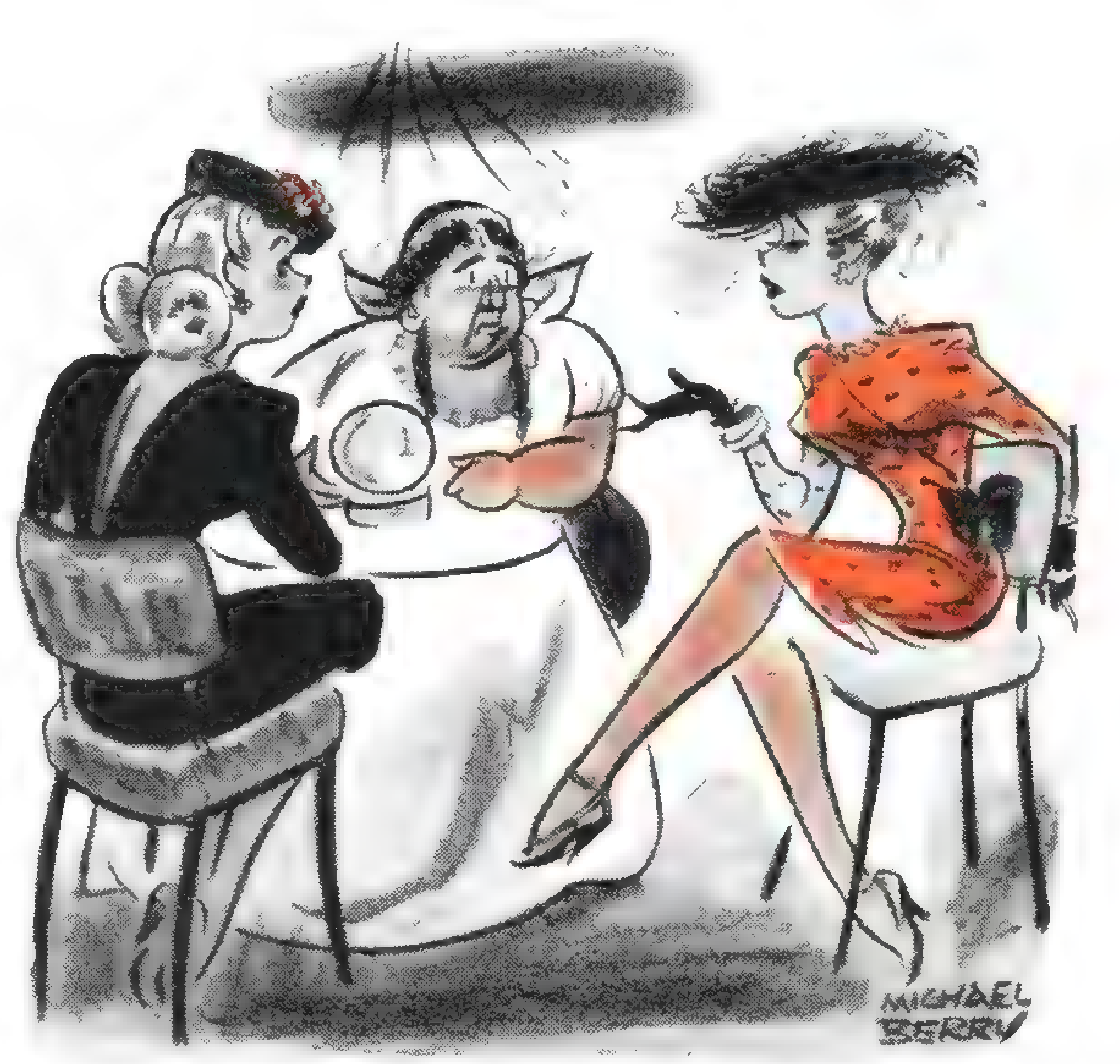
The new dream girl is a leather-lunged, vitamin-charged hoyden who tears through life with the delicacy of a bulldozer. She's as gracious as a currycomb, as subtle as a pratt fall, and as languishing as a hurricane. She puts her arms around a man, but only to give him a bone-breaking clap on the back. She asks for kisses with a wistful "Pucker up." She's as dainty as a sock in the eye. In short she's our new debt to, or claim for damages against, the movies.

Foremost, now, of this intimidating crop of glamor girls is Betty Hutton. Miss Hutton's prowess was first made clear in 1942 when she bowled over movie exhibitors. In their annual poll they picked her as the "Star of Tomorrow." They proved to be good pickers and "tomorrow" is here. On a recent personal appearance tour she set up new box-office records in practically every town in which she played. Even in Boston she rolled up a gross of 60,000 dollars in a week.

You who were brought up soft may not be able to understand her magic at the box office, but you can't deny it. Her performances are the most amazing exhibitions of physical endurance yet observed in these United States. They combine a violent tumbling act, a hog-calling contest, a burlesque show and an old-fashioned political harangue in which the demagogue turns belligerent and dares the audience to take issue with him.

Miss Hutton doesn't perform for an audience. She performs at it. She yells at it, screams at it, shakes her fist and all the rest of her at it, and roughhouses the spectators with her vitality. She attacks them so furiously they never have a chance to relax, to think, to analyze. At the end of it she is limp, her hair is over her face, her clothes are in disarray. The audience is limp too, but, heaven help them, they've had an experience.

However, she can do other and more restful kinds of acting. In *The Miracle of Morgan's Creek* Miss Hutton departed from her gymnastic routine. Under the skillful guidance of Preston Sturges, she was a restrained, sensitive, extremely moving and effective heroine. Some of her work in the more recent *Here Come the Waves* adds substance to the suspicion that she has more strings to her bow than the hypervitality which has been her stock in trade. But it is the handstands and cartwheels, gyrations and caterwauling that have made her a star and give promise of keeping her one.



"Would you mind asking that tall, dark, handsome man she's going to meet if he has a friend?"

A review of Miss Hutton's latest picture, *Cross My Heart*, says Paramount has plans to convert her into a conventional glamor girl. If they have, they kept those plans secret in *Incendiary Blonde*. In this item Miss Hutton does her own acrobatic stuff, all of it, in the way she's always done it. Any resemblance to a glamor girl is purely coincidental. I've seen Miss Hutton in action both on the screen and off, and it's my hunch the status quo is fairly certain to remain.

Through the past twenty-five years the most popular sirens of the cinema provided in a single five-foot-two, eyes-of-blue package all the romance that the average male could stand. If our young men are moved from now on to choose their mates from the likes of Miss Hutton, they'll have to be a far hardier and more durable lot than their fathers. Our G.I.s returning to the ways of peace—if the courtship of Hutton-like houris can be called peace—had better keep up those twenty-mile hikes with full pack. They'll need all the endurance they can muster.

As evidence that the vogue of robust femininity is not isolated, take radio's bouncing Joan Davis. She came from St. Paul, Minnesota, where her father was a train dispatcher. If he had been a train caller his offspring could have doubled for him nicely. Instead, she chose the theatre. She toured vaudeville circuits for years as the distaff side of the team of Wills and Davis. There was no indication that at one score and ten plus she was to become one of the nation's most applauded entertainers. She played in a few motion pictures, none of them deathless. In 1941 she started on a radio show with Rudy Vallee and John Barrymore. Then Mr. Vallee joined the Coast Guard. The final curtain rang down for Mr. Barrymore. Miss Davis became the star of the show, and carried it to heights of popularity her predecessors never touched.

Last spring, Lever Brothers, mindful of her hefty radio appeal, offered her a sizable increase in her weekly fee if she would come to them. Miss Davis would, and did, and this year she will play for Swan Soap to the tune of 1,000,000 dollars a year. Sweet music! Out of this she has to pay her writers, supporting cast, announcer and orchestra, but she will still end up as one of the Treasury Department's best patrons.

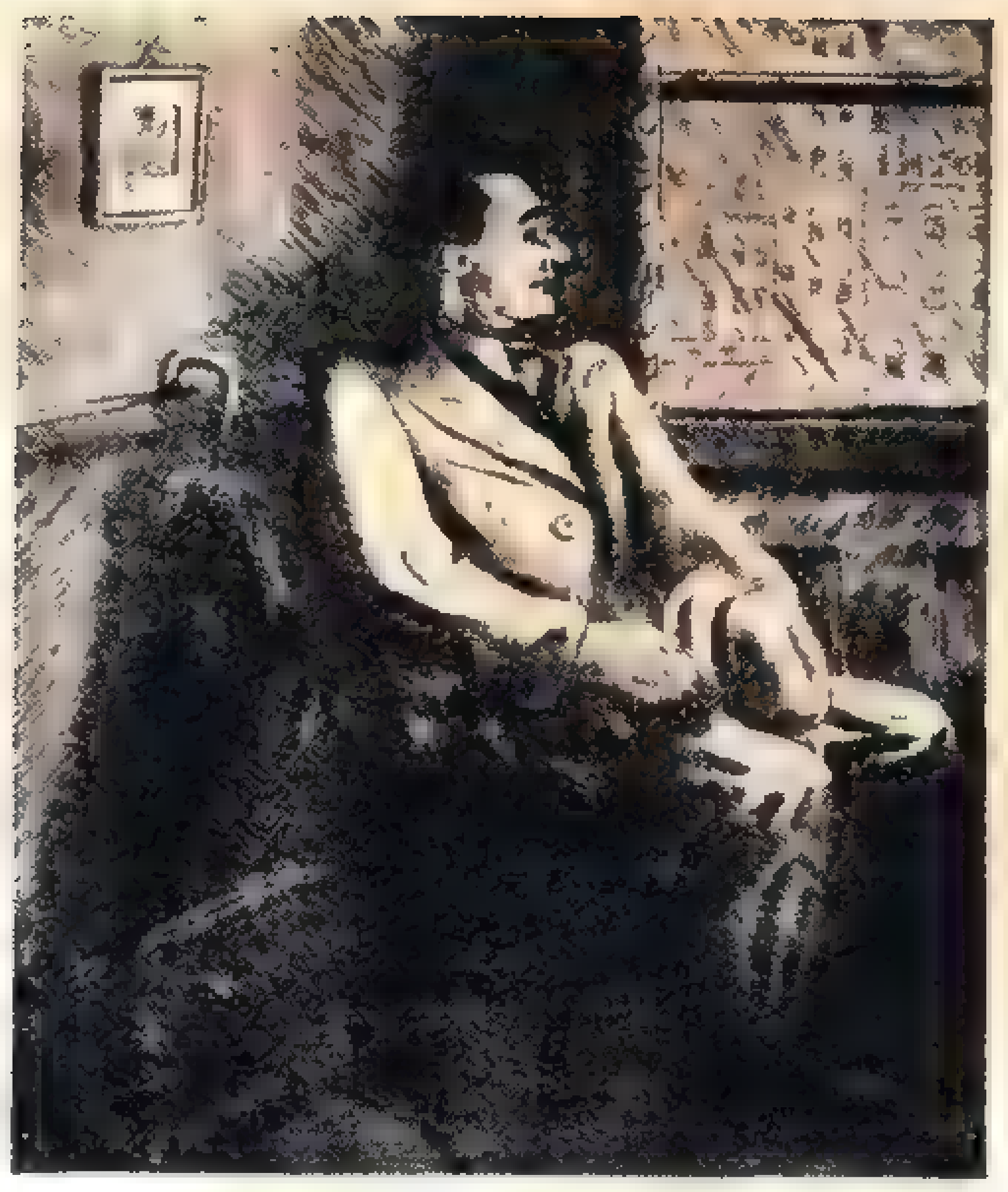
Miss Davis has developed to an art the characterization of the frustrated old maid determined to get a man by fair means or foul. She is also adroit in flinging a well-turned and scathing jibe. She pumps herself into the microphone and out of your loud-speaker with a shattering impact. There is nothing coy about her attack. She is blunt and overpowering and resorts quite frankly to every trick that her years in vaudeville taught her about how to wring a laugh from an audience. Miss Davis shouts, she stamps on the floor, throws a half nelson on her sparring partners and generally creates an atmosphere of pandemonium. If she had a pie handy she'd certainly throw it. Audiences love it. Hers is now one of the most popular radio programs on the coast-to-coast networks, according to a generally-recognized national poll. Any way you measure it Miss Davis must be reckoned a thumping success as a comedienne. And she is a

(*Continued on page 168*)

For four years he lived through days and nights of the terror which was the disease of Europe—and her only source of hope

The Breath of Fear

by LASZLO DORMANDI


BACON

Before I turn the corner, on my way back from the café where I usually go, I stop to look in at the window of the hardware shop. Day after day, for four years, I have done this. I could close my eyes and call out a list of its contents: plastic eggcups, glasses, plates, gravy boats, boxes of scouring powder, tubes of glue, spools and cookie molds sewed to a piece of cardboard. Through the window or half-open door I can see customers inside. The display of goods is always the same.

My powers of observation are in no way determined by conscious effort; sheer force of habit has deeply engraved every object in my memory while my thoughts are busy elsewhere. I have only to lean forward a little to peer into our street and in this way, before I go any farther, I can make sure that nothing out of the ordinary is going on in our peaceful, middle-class neighborhood; in particular that there is no automobile or mob of people in front of our house. Only when I have seen that all is quiet do I make up my mind to turn the corner.

But this is only a first, hasty impression of the lay of the land. I may be cautious, but they are crafty, much craftier than I. If they have found out my name and address and have come to look for me, they will make themselves inconspicuous. They will park their car several houses away, and their agents will be flattened against a neighboring doorway or mingled with the passers-by on the street. Surely they won't organize a spectacular arrest and make an example of so unimportant a person as myself. Hence I can draw no reassuring conclusions from the fact that there are no unusual goings-on in front of the house.

Meanwhile, as long as I stand looking into the shop window I am fairly safe. It is unlikely, considering my quiet life, that any of them knows me personally or has ever seen my photograph.

Of course they may have an inside helper in the house, someone standing at a window to give the alarm as soon as he sees me: "There he is, down there, with the wide-brimmed hat!" But this is not likely.

At least that's what I think, but how can I be sure I am right? You can never tell how you may unwittingly have incurred the enmity of your neighbors. Perhaps one warm evening I had the radio turned on too loud when the window was open. The fellow I kept from sleeping now has a chance to put me on the spot and get me out of the way.

I don't say that it's necessarily so but it's quite possible. I know myself the pent-up anger that gives no outward sign of its existence. On the street when I am in a hurry I rage inwardly at the careless fools who cross the sidewalk just in front of me and thoughtlessly obstruct my way. It may be a pair of lovers with their arms about one another or it may be a family. I have to make my way around and there are a couple of precious seconds lost. Common sense does not soothe my rage and I give them a murderous look as I brush past. For an instant I may even go so far as to wish they were dead.

With this awareness of my own feelings I certainly shan't count on the good will of my neighbors. For one thing I am a foreigner. Those who have come to arrest me will intimidate them: "If he makes a getaway you'll have to pay for it!" Why should my neighbors protect me when every foreigner is suspect? How do they know that I'm not collaborating with the invaders? Perhaps I'm helping to track down real patriots.

All these fragmentary thoughts are streaking through my mind at lightning speed as with a sigh I tear myself from the shop window and venture beyond its protection. Lately I do not always think things through; they seem to break off in the middle like faulty threads.

These four years in hiding have done in my nerves. I grow tired for no good reason and then my mind is a blank. My imagination is alarmed by the merest trifle. I know perfectly well that I am off my trolley but I simply can't help it. While I am in a café, if someone at the next table looks at me attentively, I pay my bill, get up and leave. Sometimes for no good reason I take a side street because I think I am being followed. I quicken or slacken my pace; I enter a shop and buy some useless trinket so as to put my imaginary pursuers off the trail. Why should anyone follow me? There is nothing unusual looking about me, and only my accent betrays the fact that I am a foreigner.

In front of number twenty—our house—there is nothing at all. A little this side of it, about five doors up the street, a black car is parked. But it's a car I have seen before; it must belong to one of the tenants or to a visitor. I should be used to it, yet every time I see it my heart skips a beat. Nowadays isn't every car suspicious?

As I approach the car I take on an air of indifference. I want to show that I have no connection with this car at all. What have I to fear, anyhow? People and cars? My conscience is easy. Let's see, how does a man act when his conscience is easy? First of all he is unhurried, he swings his arms carelessly and he may whistle. Since I am no good at whistling I shall hum. I dig feverishly into my memory for a tune, any tune, but preferably an old, prewar one. I have a way of humming in the street quite unconsciously, a bad habit, really, because it does attract attention. For the moment not a single tune comes into my head.

I am only a few steps from the car when at last a tune comes to mind: *J'ai deux amours . . .* quite old enough. One day not so long ago, while I was trying to look my most nonchalant, I caught myself striking up a tune which I could have heard only in a radio broadcast from abroad. I was not only humming it; I was singing the dangerous words, almost distinctly.

I pass beyond the car. Its shiny black body

BURR SHAFER

"He never could hold a job—now he's been discharged from the Army!"

draws my attention like a magnet and I forget to go on humming. On the back seat someone has carelessly tossed a heavy grey wool blanket. I notice it because it is knitted from the same soft wool as my scarf. Anyone could not fail to see that this wool comes from a country at war with the invaders. Several times I have been on the point of cutting out the tiny silk label. I know that it is absurd to hesitate. When I go out to a café I lay it across a chair. But what if someone should notice it and ask me where I got it?

When a man is in hiding he must watch for the tiniest detail. As soon as I get home I had better ask my wife to rip the label from my scarf.

Out of the corner of one eye I look at the handsome car. I can't help thinking that for four years I have not ridden in an automobile. There's no denying that I feel a certain envy of those who still drive. But they always come to arrest their victims in a car around two or three o'clock in the morning, usually between Saturday night and Sunday. One of my friends never sleeps at home on Saturday night.

But what's the use? There's no use overdoing one's precautions. If they're looking for me they're bound to find me in the long run; they'll come back the next day and the next, a dozen times if necessary. There's no escape from their bulldog grip.

As I look away from the car my heart skips a beat. Two soldiers in the grey-green uniform of the invaders are bearing down on me. If I hadn't lost an eye looking at the car I should have seen their shadows approaching.

"A couple of years will take that smug look off his face!"

Now it is too late for me to avoid them. My feet are treading mechanically, there is a lump in my throat and a film comes over my eyeglasses. When I am afraid I break into perspiration. This only makes me more afraid since it's a dead give away. A man whose identification papers are in order and whose conscience is easy has no fear.

Now we are abreast of each other. I do not see their faces but only their trousers from the belt down and these I see through a mist. "Tap-tap; tap-tap . . ." Their boots strike the pavement heavily. I know the rhythm of their steps as well as that of my own heartbeats. They seem to take two steps at a time: "Tap-tap . . ." then a short pause and again: "Tap-tap . . ." At night the tapping reaches my bed and causes me to wake with a start.

How idiotic of me! Why should I be afraid of soldiers? Plain-clothes men of the secret police look out for suspicious characters like myself. You can tell them by the cut of their suits and the odd way they trim their hair, shaved on both sides and in the back, with only a tuft of it left on top. Usually they carry a briefcase under one arm and a revolver loose in an overcoat pocket. But they make use of women as fronts, and also, it is rumored, of children. Ever since I heard this I have been startled every time a child stops me in the street to ask what time it is.

The day before yesterday, just opposite our house an agent of the secret police knocked out a young man. I saw the whole thing from my window. They were going by in a car and just as they were turning into the avenue they collided with a mail truck. The prisoner tried to take advantage of the confusion and make a getaway; his guard pulled a revolver from his pocket and hit him over the head with it. When people started to collect around the scene the guard showed them his badge and threatened them with his gun. The guard was all alone and obviously scared. There was quite a crowd around him, but the crowd was scared too and didn't dare touch him.

For over half an hour the young fellow lay there on the sidewalk. He kept groaning: "Help, help!" I could hear him from my window. A priest passed by, and the onlookers made way for him; he knelt down beside the wounded man and prayed. Later there came a detachment with guns in an armored car. They dispersed all those hanging about, put the wounded man on a stretcher and carried him away. He may have been dead by this time. He had been silent for quite a while. All I heard was the voice of the secret police agent as he rasped out orders.

I studied his face through a pair of opera glasses to engrave his features upon my memory. In case he should be the one to come for me and I should run into him on the street. He was a stocky man with a commonplace face; his features were not particularly brutal. Probably I wouldn't notice him if I met him under ordinary circumstances.

"Tap-tap . . ." The soldiers' steps have died out behind me. Only now do I realize that I have stopped dead in my tracks, still humming Josephine Baker's *J'ai deux amours*. I blush and cease humming. If I lose my head this way over a trifle I had better stay at home for a few days until I have myself under control. Imagine my taking alarm at the sight of a couple of soldiers strolling from their barracks to the corner café!

Really I'm an insignificant fellow, neither old nor young, just one of the crowd. The trouble is that I'm a hopeless coward. My only consolation is that others are cowards as well. The day before yesterday none of the onlookers budged. No one tried to knock down the policeman or help the wounded man.

The *concierge* is sitting in front of the door knitting a sweater, probably for her little granddaughter. From time to time we receive a package from the country, and the *concierge* can see the postman bringing it in. We always give her something—flour or sausages or a bit of cheese. When we pay our rent we give her a larger tip than is customary. It isn't out of generosity or because we're well off. No, it's simply because we are afraid of her, although we know she is a good woman, and that she likes us and can't stand the invaders.

As I pass in front of her I raise my hat quite formally and say: "How do you do, Madame." My wife has told me that the *concierge* has shown appreciation for my courtesy. Like all those who are not sure of themselves, I am overly polite. It's quite possible that I raise my hat a trifle higher than before the war. If anything were to happen her attitude would be very important. Suppose they were to come to look for me. She could say that she never heard my name, that I had gone away leaving no forwarding address or even that I am not at home at the moment. I don't dare ask her to do any of these things lest I arouse her distrust. All the same, she might think of them for herself.

But, to be frank, I can't see the *concierge* risking her neck for me. The scene I witnessed the day before yesterday has left its mark on me; people are usually cowards. More than one person of my acquaintance was in the crowd. But when the wounded man on the sidewalk begged for help not one of them moved a muscle. If only one had shown initiative they could have swept aside the policeman and saved their countryman.

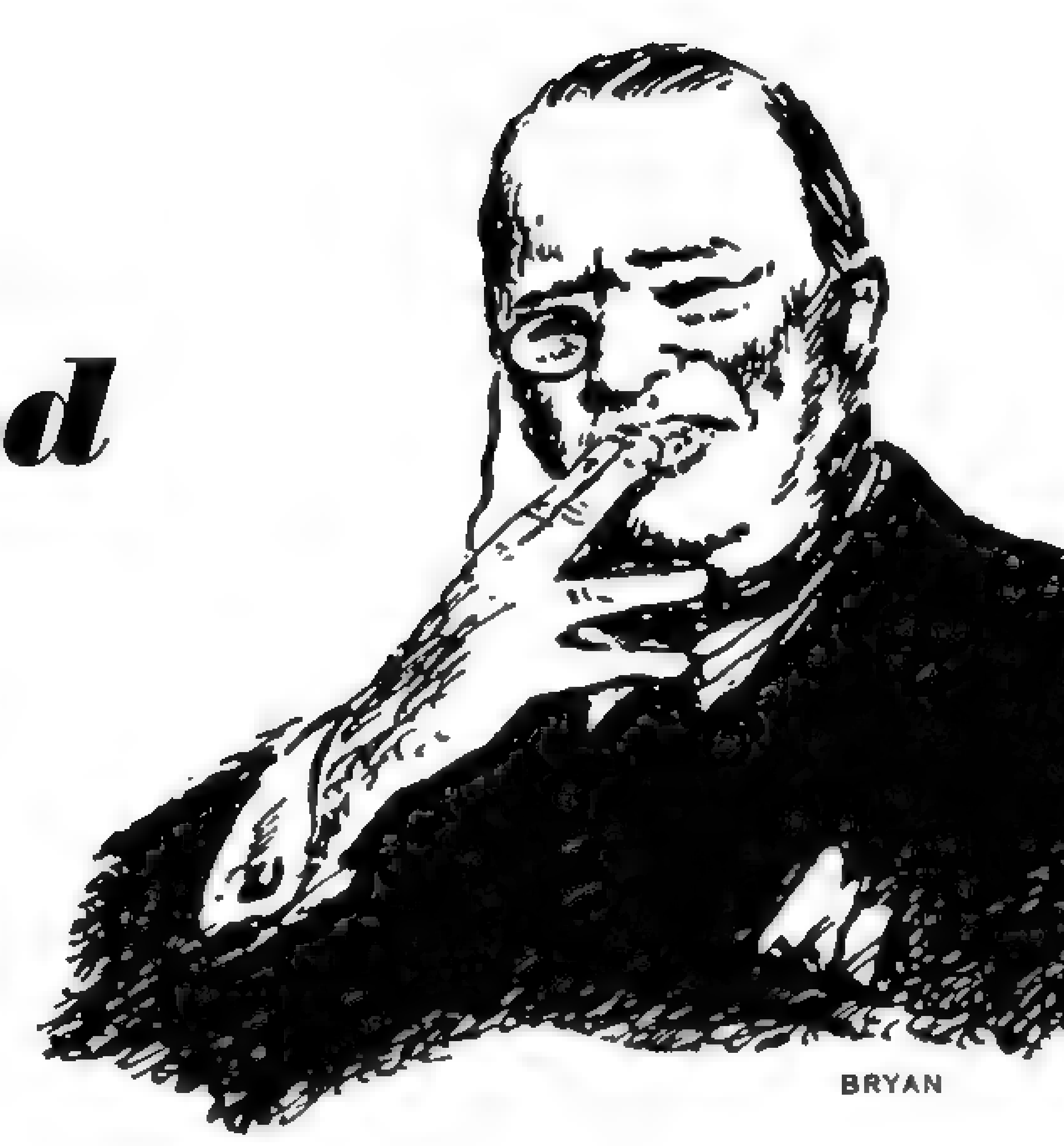
The *concierge* lays her knitting down for a moment and answers my greeting with a friendly smile. If they had come to look for me while I was out or if someone were in my flat at this moment she would surely take me aside and tell me.

I live on the sixth floor, and the lift has been out of order for some time. Although my lungs are none too good and I am out of breath by the time I am halfway up, I am far from sorry. When the lift is running it can be heard all over the house. Whenever I used to hear it get under way I would put down my pen and wait anxiously. Every time I was sure it meant that someone was coming to look for me. This would happen ten or twenty times a day, not to mention the hours just before dawn. In my mind's eye I followed it from floor to floor. What a relief it was when it stopped at the fifth! Even so it took several minutes for my nervous tension to relax.

If the lift did come to our floor where ours was the only flat, I would feel my cheeks grow pale and my heart beat faster. When the door closed and a humming noise signified that the lift had started up, the wildest notions raced through my brain. I would look at the paper cutter on my desk. Surely I can wound one of them. The knife has a good point and a

(Continued on page 187)

Thoughts on Heaven and Hollywood



Mr. Coburn doffs his monocle to challenge for an Oscar in M-G-M's *The Green Years*

by JACK MOFFITT

May is a month sanctified by Mothers' Day in some movie theatres of California. Every mother in the Golden State is admitted free on this glad occasion—if she is sixty years old or over. Nor need generosity stop here. As soon as the Bureau of Vital Statistics figures out the percentages, loge seats may be given mothers over ninety, providing they apply between five o'clock and seven-thirty. All an elderly gentlewoman will have to do is present her birth certificate to the doorman. If this has been lost, a character reference from the clergyman who baptized her will gain her admission. Any old lady who fakes her age will be prosecuted.

"If the picture's any good, it'll be wonderful," remarked one aging granny. "But if they're planning to hook us with another turkey like *Yolanda and the Thief*, it hardly seems worth while hangin' on."

Fortunately, Hollywood is able to offer more convincing inducements to longevity. One of the best is *The Green Years*. If your mother lives in less generous districts than California (or if she is unable to meet the age requirements), you'd better take her to see this at your own expense—even if you have to dip into principal. Neither of you will be bored by it, for A. J. Cronin's novel has been brought to the screen with good taste and literary discretion by producer Leon Gordon and M-G-M. Of course, there was some cutting. Because this invariably infuriates the parishioners of the lending libraries, we will have a short digression upon the mathematics of cinema adaptation.

Some time ago, a little magazine (published by one of the book guilds to plug its own selections) printed a rather sharp communication from Mrs. Orlando T. Lutz, of Sandusky, Ohio. Mrs. Lutz expressed the hope that the silver sheet, which she regarded as a notorious garbler of the higher learning, would not alter one word of *The Black Rose* when making the film version. Before Mrs. Lutz employs the aid of any Sandusky genie or Ohio fairy godmother in this matter, I would like to caution her about her wish.

The Black Rose is printed on 403 pages of closely-packed type. One of these pages will make two-and-a-half sheets of screenplay, producing a script of 1,007½ pages. But that's not all. *The Black Rose* abounds in pageants, sea fights, land fights and riots. When translated into scenario terms (with close-ups of Tartars being skewered in the gizzard by scimitars, and Technicolor lingerie of medieval camels), at least 200 extra pages will be added.

Now the script is 1,207½ pages long, and Darryl Zanuck hasn't got his name on it yet. This, together with all the other credits (including the composer who tunes the yaks' cowbells and the name of the man who dresses Gene Tierney's hair), will add ten more pages and bring us to a grand total of 1,217½ pages—enough foolscap to crown all the fools in Christendom. From this you can expect the censors to cut seven-and-a-half pages—immoral glimpses of Mongolian dancing girls' thighs, double-meaning gags from the lips of Roger Bacon, and remarks by the Grand Cham of Tartary—offensive to the women's clubs of Taswell, Indiana.

A single page of script amounts to a minute and a half of running time in the theatres. From this it will be seen that Mrs. Lutz is yearning for an epic that will keep her glued to a plush seat (with no time out for intermissions) for about thirty hours and twenty minutes—or a day and a quarter. While this is going on, what's to become of Mr. Lutz and the children? Who will get their meals and comb their hair? The problem will have national repercussions, too, for if *The Black Rose* is filmed in its entirety, the government will have to detail the Coast Guard to milk the cows of Ohio while the population goes to the movies. Think it over, Mrs. Lutz!

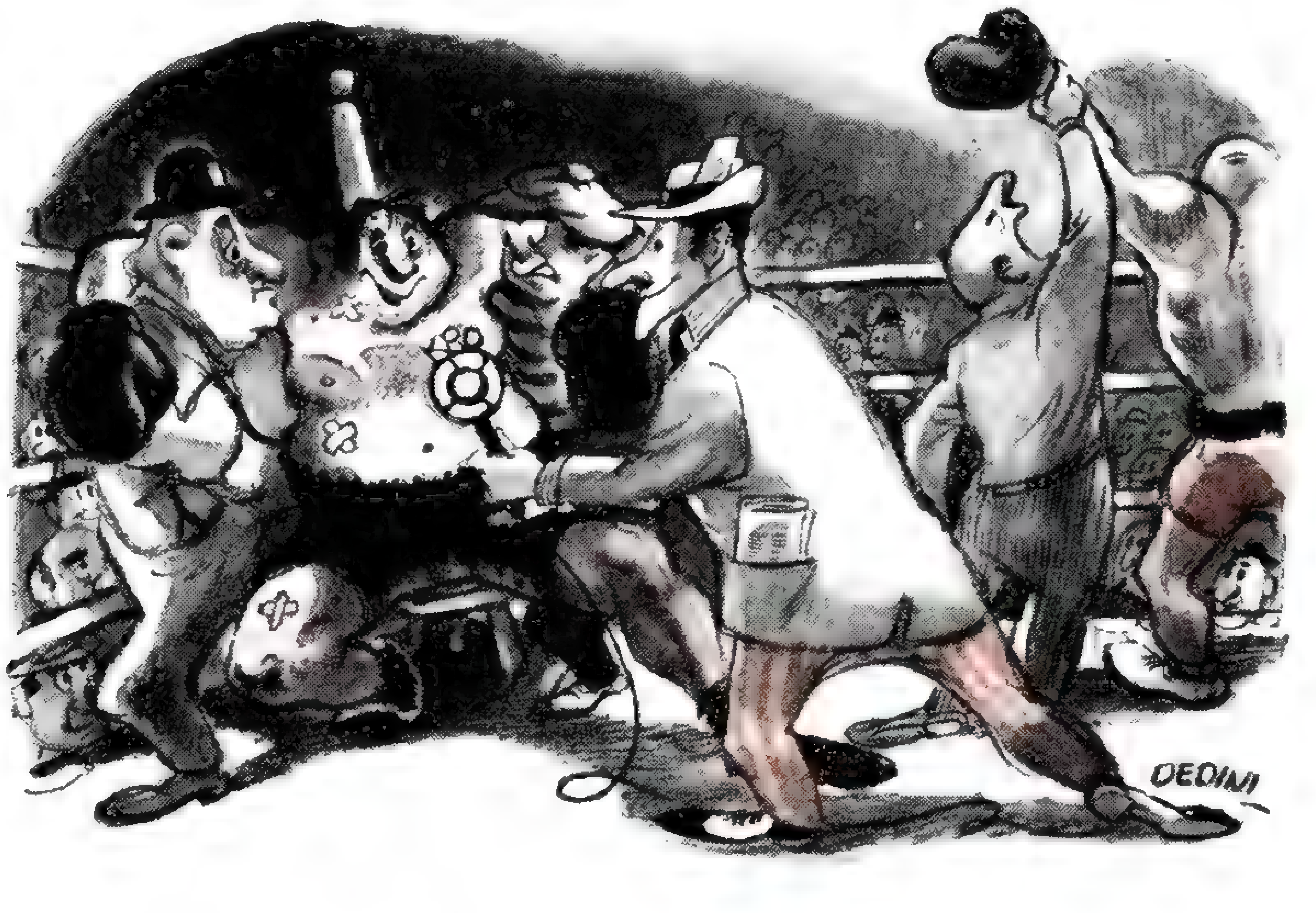
Thus we see that if Leon Gordon hadn't abridged some parts of *The Green Years*, it could not be recommended for Mothers' Day. Unless Louis B. Mayer, a Republican national committeeman, persuaded President Truman to switch to the Aztec calendar, Mothers' Day would be over before the film was.

Old ladies will forgive Mr. Gordon his editing, because the picture offers them splendid opportunities for studying a fine old gentleman—Grandpa Gow, as portrayed by Charles Coburn. The proper study of mankind is man. And whether it's proper or not, man still is a very popular subject in the curricula of women. Mr. Coburn makes him more so.

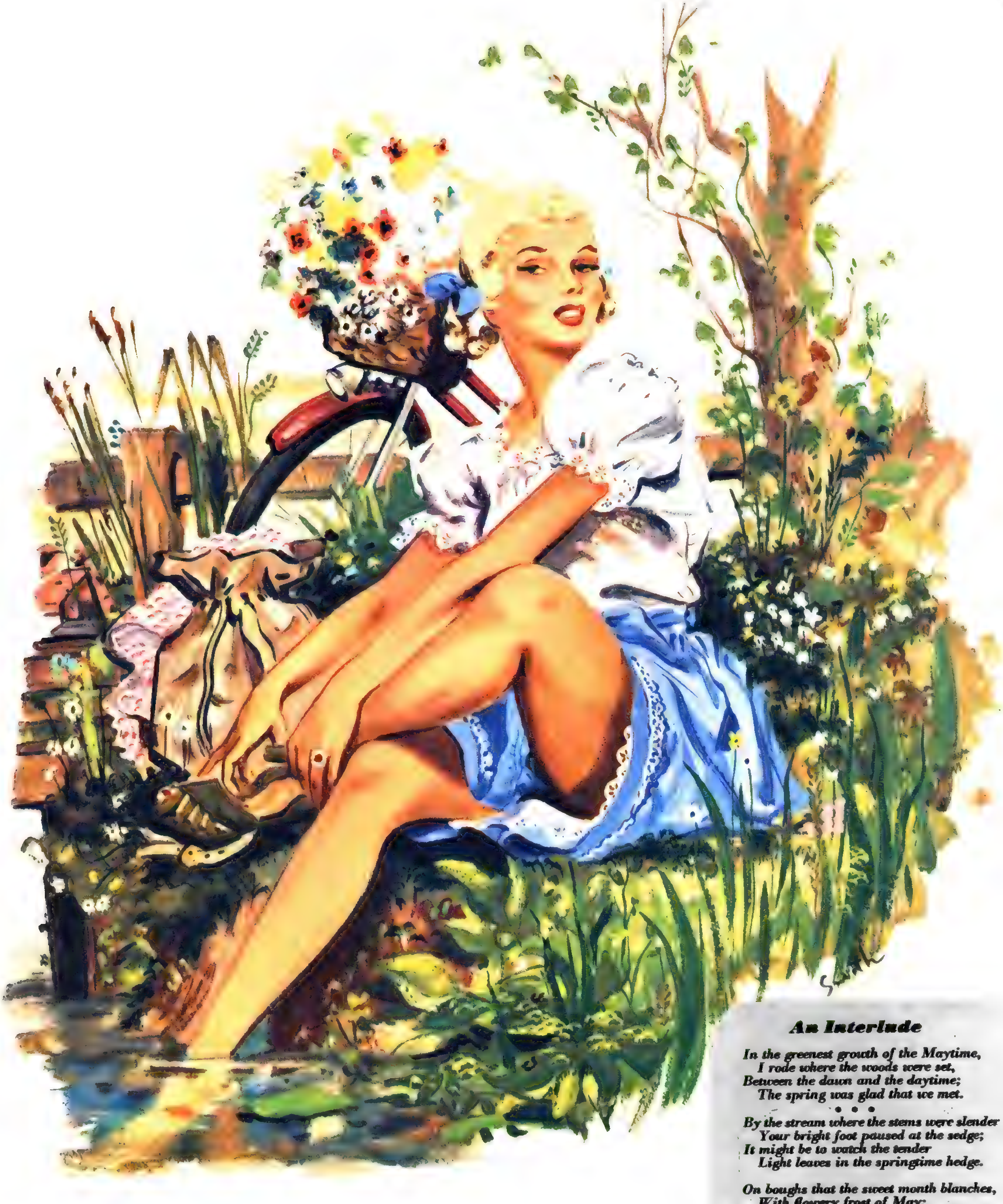
The story tells of Robert Shannon, a Catholic boy, who is sent to Scotland to be brought up by Calvinistic relatives. As the narrative progresses, we see how the child struggles with his dour kinsmen, first to preserve his faith in the religion of his Irish father, and, later, to realize his potentialities as a man. In both conflicts he is sustained and heartened by the rollicking sympathy of Grandpa Gow, who is more of a pagan than a Catholic and more of a philosopher than a Protestant.

Grandpa gives the lie to all those short-memoried optimists who go about burbling that "school days are the happiest times." The green years of youth are a painful period, when life is governed by dictatorships that are often unsympathetic and incompetent. Every fool who has made a failure of his own life feels privileged to harass the adolescent toward success. The most encouraging part of childhood, says Grandpa Gow, is that it doesn't last forever. Old age is in the offing, and for a man of experience and mental resources, this can be a blithe affair. Though penniless, Grandpa manages to have a high time.

Mr. Coburn is terrific—not to say monumental. His nightshirt looks like the smock of Gibraltar. Usually one of the smartest dressed men on the screen, he appears in a wardrobe that would be rejected by a missionary barrel. It reveals the startling topography of the Coburn figure, and should emphasize the benefits of tactful tailoring to all pear-shaped readers of Esquire. Heaven knows what blandishments were *(Continued on page 151)*



"I just want all my friends to know I'll be in Belleview Hospital and will appreciate visitors"



Springsong—1946

As J. Frederick Smith sketched this lassie cooling her heels, he was in a distinctly pastoral mood. "There she is," he murmured dreamily, "Spring in person." We were about to ask him what the gag was when we realized that there wasn't any. There she *was*. Fred was right. (He's just been released from the Army, you know, and so is a natural philosopher.) And thus with a bow to Mr. Smith, his brush and his sense of this magic season, we bring you Beauty, flowers, and in spite of atomic fission, Hope.

An Interlude

In the greenest growth of the Maytime,
I rode where the woods were set,
Between the dawn and the daytime;
The spring was glad that we met.

• • •

By the stream where the stems were slender
Your bright foot paused at the sedge;
It might be to watch the tender
Light leaves in the springtime hedge.

On boughs that the sweet month blanches,
With flowery frost of May:
It might be a bird in the branches,
It might be a thorn in the way.

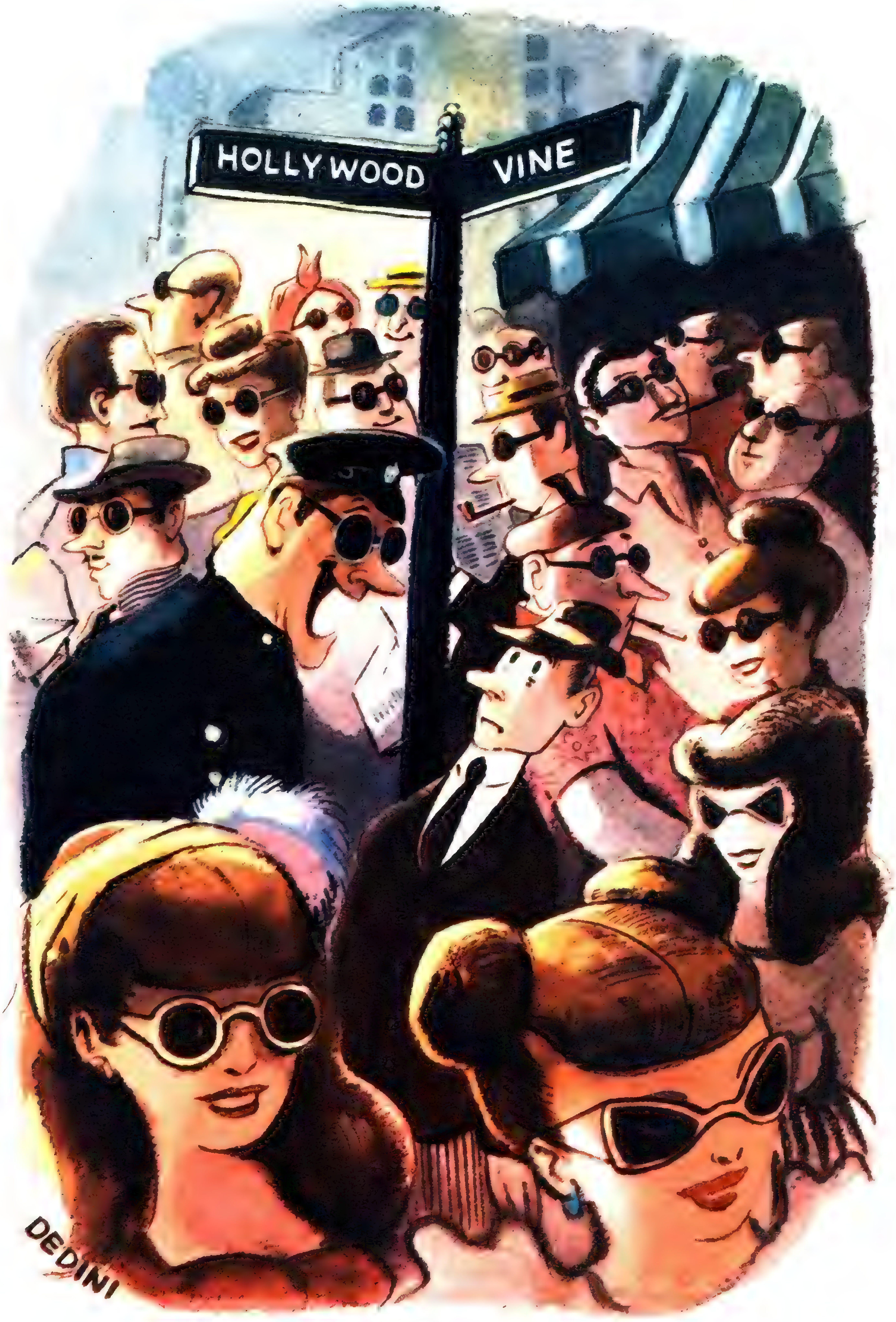
I waited to watch you linger
With foot drawn back from the dew,
Till a sunbeam straight like a finger
Struck sharp through the leaves at you.

And a bird overhead sang Follow,
And a bird to the right sang Here;
And the arch of the leaves was hollow,
And the meaning of May was clear.

• • •

And the best and the worst of this is
That neither is most to blame
If you've forgotten my kisses
And I've forgotten your name.

—Swinburne


HOLLYWOOD
VINE
DEDINI

"*Stranger in town?*"

Whirling rotors pique the imagination, but remain a dream for the average man

What Happened to the Helicopter?

by WILLIAM WINTER

COLONEL H. F. GREGORY, then chief of the Miscellaneous Projects Branch of the Army's Materiel Command, was coming in for a landing at Wright Field. When he called the tower for permission to land, the operator said, "Sure, but where are you?" Whereupon, Gregory, who had been hovering directly over the tower roof in his Sikorsky R-4 helicopter, suddenly popped out of his hiding place to the astonishment of the tower operator.

Gregory's little prank is typical of the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't field of vertical flight. Ever since the day in May, 1940, when Igor Sikorsky, the great airplane designer and manufacturer, jammed on his upturned fedora and lifted his helicopter from the ground in its first public demonstration, the man in the street has been in a dither. Though Sikorsky was taking justifiable pride in demonstrating an idea that he had first tried at his Kiev home in 1909, the spectacle of the man in a fedora sitting calmly at the controls of his helicopter conjured up visions of roof-top landing fields, aerial commuting and backyard flying machines.

Quick to see the commercial possibilities of the whirligig, a motley crowd of opportunists scrambled on the bandwagon. But the immediate nation-wide acceptance of the helicopter by the man in the street scared the wits out of the helicopter people, who felt that the machine was not yet ready for a commercial debut. Ever since, we have been treated to the remarkable spectacle of high-power publicity men trying not to get publicity. To liven the screwball situation, the noisy helicopters would not be shushed. The Navy landed them on platforms on ships in convoy, the Coast Guard pulled spectacular rescues with them and the Army used them to pick up airmen stranded in the inaccessible forests and mountains of India. Helicopters even played a part in the bombing of Japan. What, then, is the truth about the helicopter?

Any flying machine that can rise and descend vertically, hover over one spot, slow down and stop, and fly sideways or backwards obviously has a great future. The helicopter, unfortunately, does not have behind it forty-odd years of trial-and-error evolution like the airplane. It has serious "bugs," but thanks to pioneering done on the airplane, engineers are tackling these difficulties with an aggressive confidence.

Yet, the basic principle of its operation is so simple that, in the fifteenth century, Leonardo da Vinci was able to sketch it and to make the following notation: "This instrument, made with a helix, is well made, that is to say of flaxen linen of which one has closed the pores with starch, and if turned with great speed, the said helix is able to make a screw in the air and to climb high." But many a heart has been broken and many a fortune lost trying to make that simple idea work.

The Sikorsky-type machine has a big three-bladed rotor whirled by a motor inside the fuselage or body. To prevent the machine from revolving in the opposite direction, Sikorsky dreamed up one of his largest contributions in the field of vertical flight—a small tail propeller which does not push or pull in the usual fore-and-aft direction, but instead pushes against the side of the machine. By controlling the thrust of this little tail propeller in flight, Sikorsky could keep his machine headed where he wanted it. To travel in a chosen direction, he used a control that caused the whirling rotor to incline by increasing its lift at a given point in its rotation, thus tipping the machine and sort of sliding it along.

A helicopter is extremely difficult to fly. Where the airplane can be flown "hands off" because of its wheel or stick control and rudder pedals, the helicopter requires constant use of both hands and feet! Your right hand works the stick that tilts the rotor, controlling the direction of flight. Your left hand works the pitch control (the throttle is a grip on this second stick) which changes the angle or "bite" of the whirling blades. This "bite," and consequently the throttle setting, must be changed constantly for climbing or descending. Your feet work the pedals that adjust the little tail prop, keeping the vehicle from turning like a pinwheel in the air. Colonel Gregory once described this process as something like trying to stay on top of a huge rubber ball.

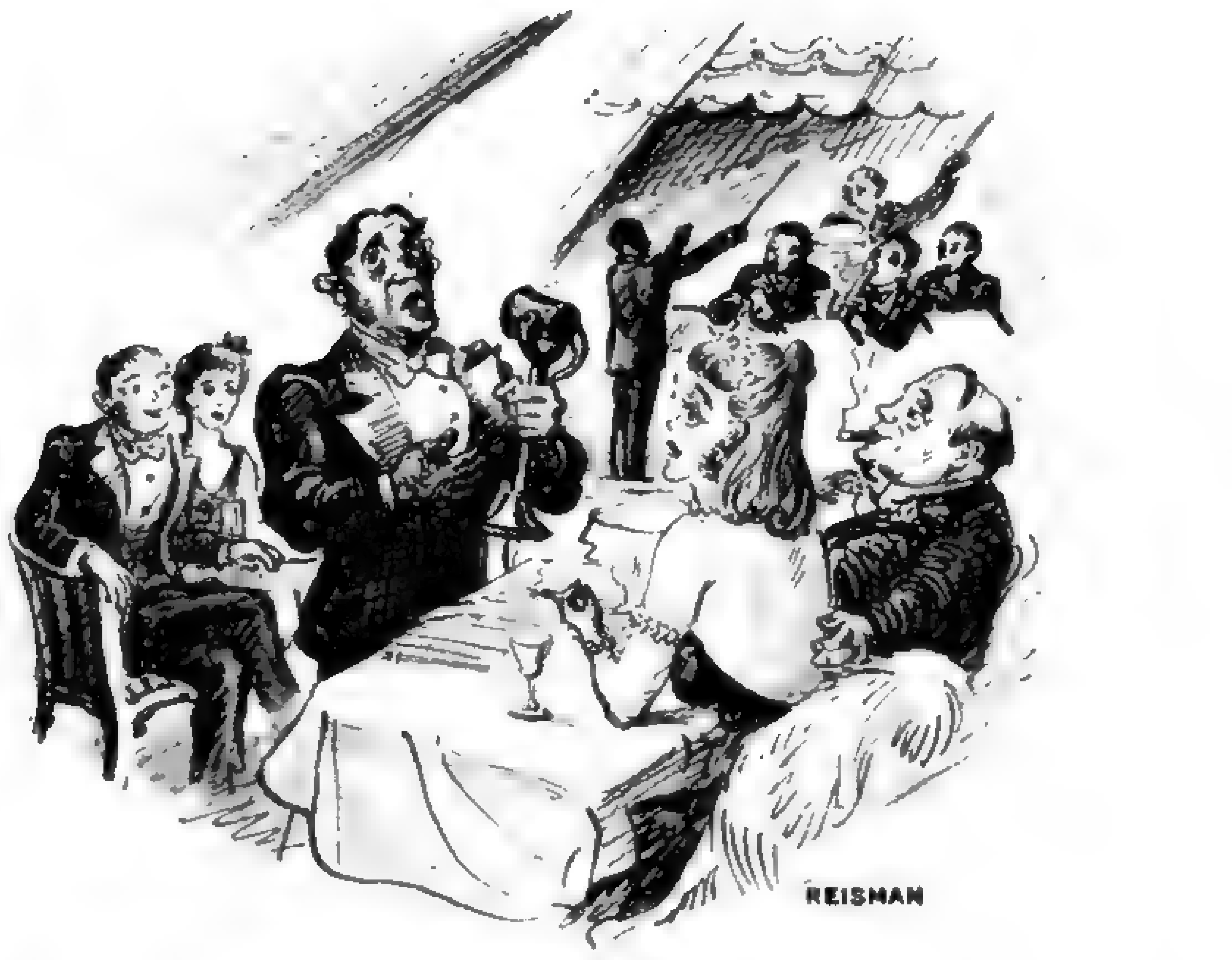
The fact that helicopter controls operate differently from standard airplane controls embarrasses many a pilot who learned to fly on conventional aircraft. For instance, a landing in an ordinary airplane is accomplished by pulling back the control stick during the last few seconds of flight. This stalls the machine so that it makes sure contact with the ground. But pull back the stick on the helicopter and the machine rises. Once, when Charles Lindbergh was learning to fly the helicopter, he approached a field, forgetfully pulled back the stick as he had been doing for years, and promptly was whisked up and back into a field behind him.

You can solo a light plane in from five to twelve hours, depending on the make, but you would need about forty hours for the helicopter. While most airplanes have three controls, and a few have two, the helicopter requires four.

The helicopter is complicated. For aerodynamic reasons each of its rotor blades must be hinged to the hub so that they can "cone" or rise upwards. In addition, each rotor blade must be pivoted at the hub. In the event of engine failure, the rotor must be capable of "autorotation," a sort of "freewheeling" or windmilling condition, where the blades continue to whirl because of the blast of the wind. Autorotation permits the craft to descend like an autogiro, whose "windmill" is not connected to a motor at all. But the rate of descent of the helicopter with power off is close to thirty feet per second. Very little is known about the concentration of forces on the complicated rotor assembly, largely because in the helicopter gears, ball bearings and other parts are put to new uses. The rotor is given to vibration and, so far, it has been neces- (*Continued on page 190*)

"I'd like to see McCarthy's face when he wakes up!"

Last of the Minstrels


REISMAN

Wherever you find Tommy Lyman singing, you'll hear an experienced voice that retains the color and charm of youth

by HERB GRAFFIS

Elders of the congregation who have been, as Mr. Runyon says, around and about, are amused at hearing the younger generation of pub hoppers proclaim, in terms of violent enthusiasm, their discovery of the sweetest singing of the saloon nightingales.

Sprightly persons in their twenties or thirties gush panegyrics lauding a little man who strolls from table to table in a crowded bistro about the size of a single bowling alley. But before the younger devotees announce the name of their new found idol, the patriarchs are turning their own eyes inward on their memories and recalling their own delights when they thought that they had made the original discovery of Tommy Lyman.

To the veterans of many a night of song and frolic on two continents there is no suspense in awaiting the name of Lyman when comparative newcomers to the inner realms of night life are hailing the perennial monarch of the minnesingers. The names of radio singing stars are household words. Lyman is always a name the night-prowling cognoscenti headline in their appraisals of talent.

Do you think there's any tragedy or frustration in that limitation of the Lyman fame? Shed no tears. Lyman doesn't. There are millions who couldn't tell the Kohinoor from a glass doorknob. There are other millions to whom a rare stamp worth many thousands of dollars would be only a small old piece of paper. And still more millions who, if they'd come across that first edition of *Tamerlance and Other Poems* would toss it out with other waste paper that had been constituting a fire hazard in the attic. So it may be your youth or cultural tough luck that you haven't listened to Lyman, instead of having your ears assaulted by the bleats of the hordes of graduate hog callers who fill in the air between the performances of radio's comparatively few actually superb vocalists.

Tommy is the last of the minstrels. Not the blackface boys, but the minstrels who wandered from castle to castle singing verses of the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, the *Aeneid*, the *Morte d'Arthur*. Now it's Tommy, from table to table, chanting softly the folklore, the honky-tonk ballads, the newest of the popular numbers, who preserves the minstrel tradition.

He's the premier troubadour of the torch song, that sentimental sort of a lay that made the old-time girls in the back room dribble tears into their drinks, causes the sophisticated deb to blink and loose her dull, hard look, and which softens the heart of the predatory male and makes him want to hold hands and be a pushover for a penthouse.

One night late last summer, Mr. and Mrs. Smith roamed into a small saloon on east 54th street, New York. No other lovers of our time have been as celebrated as Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Smith isn't their name, but it's an old family custom of royalty to go incognito to enjoy themselves among the commoners.

As the Smiths wriggled into their seats against the wall the other customers of the place whispered and stared briefly, then again became the enchanted listeners of the small thin man entreating some phantom damosel, somewhere, to be his *Melancholy Baby*.

Thus did Eddie and Wallie Windsor come back to hear Tommy Lyman. Theirs was among the many romances that have been keyed to the carols Tommy has sung from smoky little dives on the Pacific coast waterfront to fabulous house parties on the prewar Riviera. And, by the way, *I'd Climb the Highest Mountain* is the Windsors' favorite in Lyman's repertoire of some 1,800 songs from the old torch classics to new numbers he's trying out for composers, publishers or producers.

The divinely lyrical John McCormack was another who pronounced Lyman his favorite saloon singer. In the glittering bygone nights, John would go from his own performances in Chicago to the Arsonia Café in the badlands of West Madison Street to hear Tommy. Chauncey Olcott, too, was a Lyman fan back in the times before even the crystal sets brought music through the air. McCormack and Olcott used to lament that Tommy didn't have the volume to sing in opera and give the Irish top billing over the Italians and French. Lyman retains the rare purity of his tenor voice, but he never was able to get it much stronger than a stage whisper.

That lack of volume made it necessary that Tommy have intense artistry in putting across a song. He is not of the temperament to call for silence as solemn as burial at sea, which condition is demanded by some of our current swanky saloon vocalists of august reputation. He had to be so good the drunks would quiet down and even waiters would tiptoe around, fondling glasses and dishes as gently and noiselessly as soap bubbles.

In the rough and tumble pre-mike nights Tommy sometimes lost his patience and slugged a boisterous patron who was interfering with the concert. The second stage of his development as an enter-

RAVITZ

***Eddie Foy, Jr., in* The Red Mill**

In their revival of Victor Herbert's beloved The Red Mill, *Paula Stone (daughter of Fred) and Hunt Stromberg, Jr. (son of the motion picture producer) surprised themselves and Broadway's smart money with a long-run hit. The sentimental old melodies, such as* Because You're You, *have proved to be nostalgic manna. Lucky star of the show was Eddie Foy, Jr., hailed as the greatest comedy find of many seasons. "Where've I been? Right here," says Eddie, with some bitterness, remembering the lean years of vaudeville and the meager movie parts after the old act folded following the death of his famous father. Now he's bringing new splendor to the name of Foy, and may even drop the "Jr." With him in the photograph are fellow troupers Jackie Lindberg, Georgia Reed and Dorothy Bauer.*

tainer came when he learned to finesse other customers into applying a knuckle rubdown to persistent disturbers.

Then, as a polished performer, Tommy Lyman found he could shoot down the babbling competition with a few words that stung and seared. He has a blistering vocabulary without profane words. He won't permit whistling or singing from volunteer accompanists while he's at work. But he's gentle about warning those who are unacquainted with his policy. He's been around too long and comes out too often as top man against tough opposition, physical and verbal, to regard it as any triumph to humiliate anyone who feels melodious because of the Lyman inspiration.

But, if the patrons don't behave as art lovers should, they're risking being the target of a piercing remark that eventually will be used by other café entertainers in quelling the obstreperous.

The Lyman range of language is a wondrous thing. In conversation with his intimates he's never been known to use one word when ten would do, and eight of the ten words are fancy enough sounding to make Father Divine gasp in awe. He has enriched the patois of Broadway with similes. "Give it the Otis," meaning "lift the check" is among the Lyman lines that now are commonly accepted substitutes for orthodox words of the mother tongue. "Carrying the torch" is another.

Lyman never has had a paid press agent. That's probably the main reason he's never been persistently and sensationally proclaimed as the daddy of all the crooners. It isn't that Tommy has anything against press agents. He simply wants to play his hand all by himself with no expert kibitzing.

In the twenties, when Tommy was making Harry's New York Bar the headquarters of Americans in Paris, he had in Ernest Hemingway and Floyd Gibbons, two of the most able and enthusiastic volunteer press agents any singer has had. They were paid in song, but Tommy would have sung anything they wanted cheerfully and free because they rated right with him.

Elsa Maxwell, when she was conducting those glittering and fantastic parties in Europe between wars, engaged Tommy as the top entertainer. Lyman was the one the ultra-sophisticated party-tossers had to have. It was those private performances that prepared for Tommy's engagement as the featured performer at the Florida Club in London, probably the most exclusively patrician night club operated since the rise and fall of the Roman empire. American and European performers were eager to get the Florida Club's first booking. That booking was the show-business equivalent to being received at the Court of St. James. Lyman was the unanimous first choice of the Club's talent-seeking committee.

Some might have strutted at rising from singing in the back rooms of Butte mining camp saloons to being the Florida Club's initial headliner and the chosen pet minstrel of Europe's playful nobility. It was strictly in stride for Lyman. He is not one to slide or push his way into personal relationships with his customers. He has a horror of being patronized or obligated to anybody.

He was an ambitious bantamweight back in the days of Johnny Coulon, Kid Williams and Johnny Ertle. His features still show proof that he was overmatched against lads who could throw battering punches.

Tommy had come by fisticuffs quite naturally. His daddy was a union agent when traumatic conversion was a favorite method of evangelizing the reluctant ones into the ranks. There still is folklore of Lyman, *père* around Chicago. He was a lone hand in his operations. After concluding his treatment of those who had been laggards in appreciating the benefits of union membership, Pop Lyman would visit their bedsides with gifts of cigars, beverages, groceries and items for the wives and children. It was often considered, on philosophical second-thought, good fortune to have been slugged by Tommy's pop.

Tommy can't remember who it was who batted pugilistic aspirations definitely out of the Lyman career plans. But it happened in Butte, Montana. After Lyman had recovered, he agreed with the suggestion of Augustus Heinze, the copper king, that Tommy sing at political rallies. Heinze had heard Tommy singing for the fun of it in the grog dispensaries of that lusty camp. He'd heard Tommy quiet the brawling throngs and chant them into tranquil moods. It was Heinze who was responsible for Tommy's turning pro.

The most widely publicized of today's troubadours agree with *Variety's* judgment; "Tommy can still knock off the others." The affable Crosby, the shy Sinatra and other top-billed virtuosi, in the evenings of their busmen's holidays, head for the little place where Lyman is singing. The better they are, the more enthusiastically they hail the artistry of the hard-faced little minstrel who was singing for big money when many of today's stars were gurgling mammy songs.

Young stars and aspirants, whether of stage or radio, on the advice of canny impressarios, come to cram the tiny hall of the Lyman recitals. Billy Rose says he sends singers to hear Tommy to learn how it should be done.

Variety's New Act notice on him is dated April 22, 1921, when he sang at a Friars Frolic. And this gospel organ of the show business says: "Even then he was known on Broadway as a performer who could entice customers down on the lower East Side at 'one o'clock in the morning.' That was at Jimmy Kelly's old joint." That's not bad for an entertainer young folks are always "discovering." The marvel is that anybody could think they'd made a find of Lyman all by themselves, when he's been extolled in fervent phrases by such widely-read heralds as Winchell, Runyon, Sobel, Walker, Saroyan and the late Odd McIntyre.

How's he doing financially by having a better trap? Tommy's take is sizable. It covers his daily requirements and there's enough left over for him to engage in unnumbered charitable pursuits. Many a horse he's saved from going on reduced rations and many a bookie he kept from the fate worse than death, meaning work. He has had his share of those rare days at tracks when you catch lightning in a bottle. But in that, like other of his operations, Lyman is no hand at making public confession of his noteworthy private conduct. By accident, and never from Lyman, does one learn of such surreptitious philanthropies as his support of the widow and children of a colored fellow who was the gent's room factotum at a spending society night club where Tommy chanted.

Since he's eased up on making his contributions to the improvement of the four-legged breed, Lyman gets his fresh air and exercise by visiting cemeteries in which are planted some pals of his kaleidoscopic career. Tommy's Gaelic sentiment accounts for his simple belief that a good guy never dies. The rest of his religion he believes in applying practically instead of talking about.

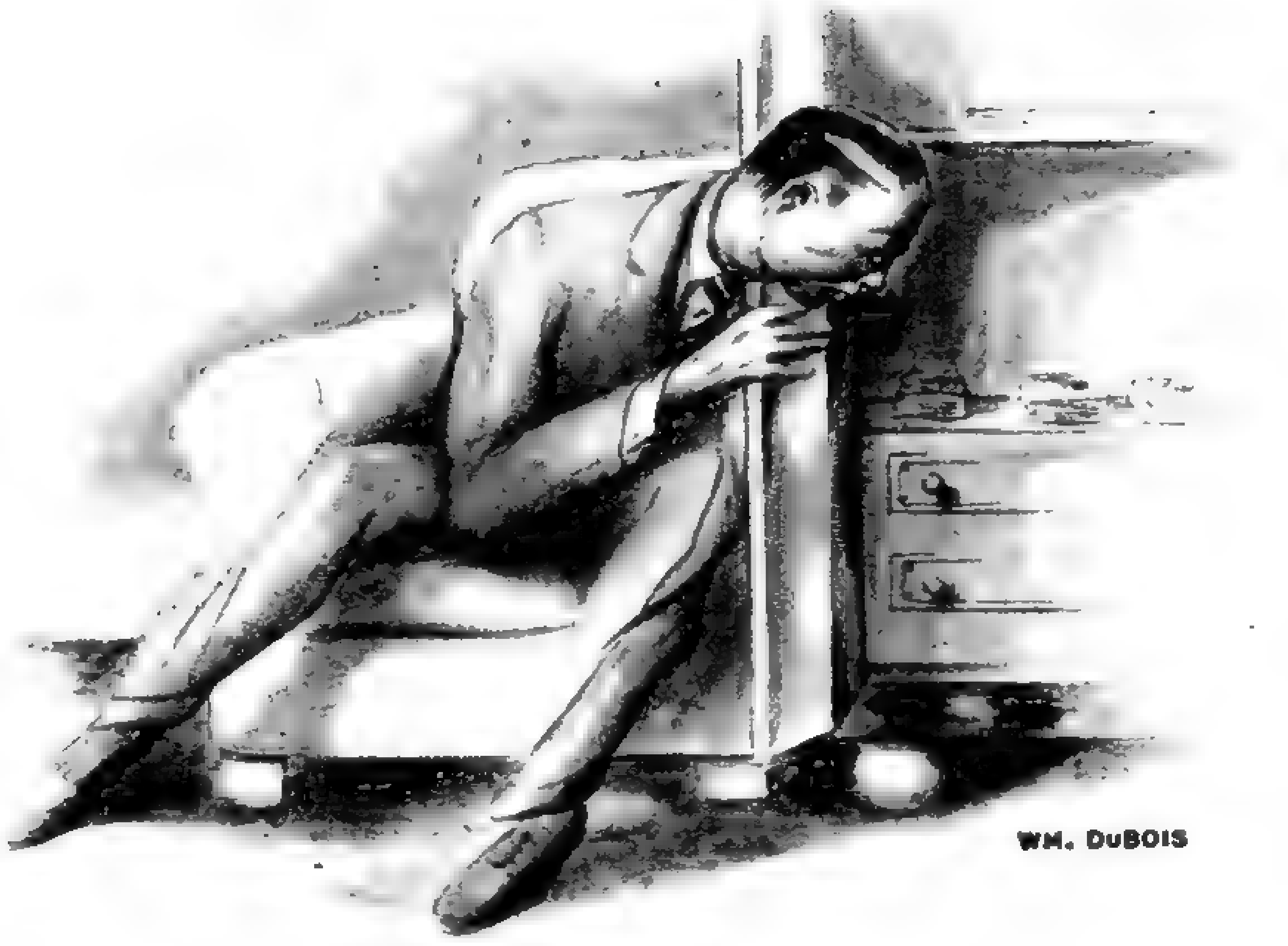
Lyman should have confidence in the imperishability of the spirit. He's kept his own spirit and voice fresh in a hard, hard trade, where most of them come and go quickly. So tonight in some smart saloon where there's Lyman, there's the same spring in the song there has been countless nights before when Tommy has been caroling. Maybe Tommy really isn't the last of the minstrels, but he's certainly the one who has lasted longest in sweetest voice. ##

CARPENTER

Katharine Booth, one of Hollywood's nebulae

There's a slight deception in that languorous look, for copper-haired Katharine is a crisp Minnesotan with more than her share of verve and ambition. Graduate model and full-time movie starlet, she also carries a schedule which embraces dramatic tutoring, biking, bowling and the reading of biographies. The M-G-M contract was effected via publicity pictures taken with a hopeful actor; for reasons self-evident, the actor was overlooked, and Katharine signed. On the absorbing male question, she declares: "Men make wonderful companions and friends, especially when they let me have my own way." Miss Booth is the proud possessor of one of the smallest waists in Hollywood (a scant 21 inches), and her other vital statistics are sterling—standard too: weight: *120;* height: *5'5½"*; bust: *34"*; hips: *33½"*; eyes: *blue;* hair: *auburn.*

The whole business would never have come off if Webster hadn't left the safe door unlocked and then taken the key with him



Never Another Word

by HENRY SEATON

I CAN'T blame Webster; besides, he's always been pretty decent to me. The ghastly business would never have happened at all if he'd just followed the golden rule: Never take the key out of the safe door when the safe is unlocked. Follow that rule, and you save yourself many a qualm. If the key isn't in your pocket, well then, the safe door is probably unlocked, and you can do something about it.

Webster's office is in Unity Street; I'd gone there with the intention of taking lunch off him. As usual, Miss Saunders was sitting at her typewriter in the outer lobby. Not a bad line in confidential secretaries; pale gold hair, lazy blue eyes—fathoms deep—inviting lips. Nothing, there, to suggest indispensable efficiency. No, it was the hands, well-shaped and well-kept, capable of manipulating the flimsiest carbon copies—or anything else, for that matter—with the nicest precision. A mirror hung conveniently on the wall opposite, beneath which her hat and coat occupied the only other chair.

"Is Mr. Webster in?" I inquired. She raised her face with a look of wonder that she should be asked such a foolish question. Her head moved perceptibly, which I took to mean, "You're wandering up the wrong path; you'll have to pay for your own lunch today."

"Then, can I use his telephone?"

"Of course." She drew a key from her pocket, moved expansively across the lobby, and unlocked the door into his private sanctum. As I passed through, her expression changed to one of plain boredom. I could use the telephone, or go to the devil, or both, as far as she was concerned. She didn't bother to close the door.

The telephone stood on the left of the writing desk. I dropped into Webster's chair, and raised the receiver. A safe stood beside the desk, the lever controlling the wards within easy reach. I haven't an idea why I put my hand on it—a purely nervous action, I dare say. It wasn't till the wards rolled back under the pressure of my fingers, that I realized what I was doing.

The number I wanted was engaged, so I put the receiver back and, as I did so, the safe door swung open. A packet of money was inside; I saw that, at a glance; neat little piles of banknotes. Friday morning—payday, without a doubt. But, fancy forgetting to lock the safe—a piece of carelessness, unlike Webster. I'd tell him so, if he came in . . . or would I? If he were to come in just then, I should feel damned uncomfortable—prying into something essentially private; rather worse than being caught searching one of the drawers in his desk. No, I wouldn't tell him anything of the sort. Far better to say nothing. No harm done.

I pushed the door shut and reversed the lever. The door into the lobby was ajar, and everything was quite still, till the clack of a typewriter started up somewhere. I put through my call—successfully, this time—and glanced at the clock. A quarter past one; Webster evidently wasn't coming to the office before lunch, and I was keeping Miss Saunders from hers. She was in her hat and coat, standing in front of the mirror, drawing on her gloves. She never turned round as I passed out.

* * *

My pied-à-terre is situated in the doubtful salubrity of the Balham Road. I had just finished my supper when Webster turned up. He'd paid more than one visit to my humble quarters in a clumsy effort to show some sort of interest in my well-being. This was accounted for by the fact that he's a distant cousin of my father's, to whom he owed the whole of his education and a start in life of which he'd taken the fullest possible advantage.

"Come in and sit down," I said. "I can offer you a bottle of beer." Webster's a tall, heavy man with a clever forehead, flabby cheeks and a small sensitive mouth. It wasn't till he spoke that I realized he was in a state of nerves.

"No . . . no thanks, I won't drink anything," which was unusual. "I wasn't in when you called this morning. In fact, I didn't reach my office till the middle of the luncheon hour." Then he paused. and seemed at a loss.

"Well, it doesn't matter very much, does it?" I put in.

"No . . . no, I suppose it doesn't. At least . . . you used my telephone, didn't you?"

"Yes, I hope you don't mind my doing that?"

"No, of course not. You didn't use anything else, did you? I mean, you didn't touch any of my things? There was an important document in one of the trays on my desk. I ought, really, to have put it in the safe overnight."

"It's not missing, is it?" What was he driving at?

"No, it's not missing. You didn't, by any chance, touch the safe? I mean, you might have put your hat on it."

I burst out laughing. "No, I assure you I didn't do anything like that. I didn't touch your precious safe."

"Ah!" he breathed, as though a weight had been lifted abruptly off his chest. "You're certain of that—quite certain?"

The lie was out—a harmless one enough. I wasn't going back on it.

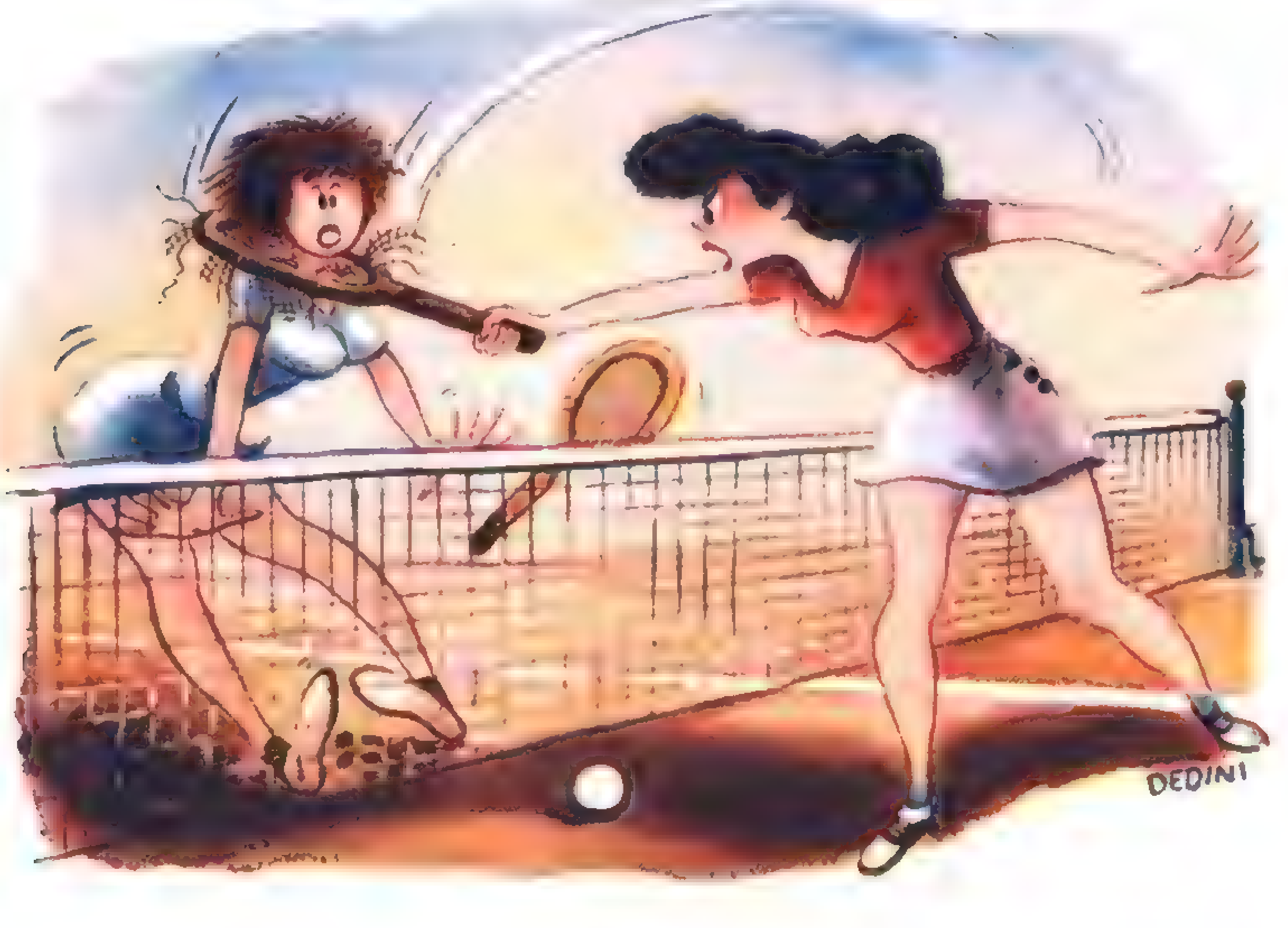
"Quite certain," I said, convincingly.

We sat staring rather stupidly at one another. Then he said: "You mentioned a bottle of beer, I've changed my mind."

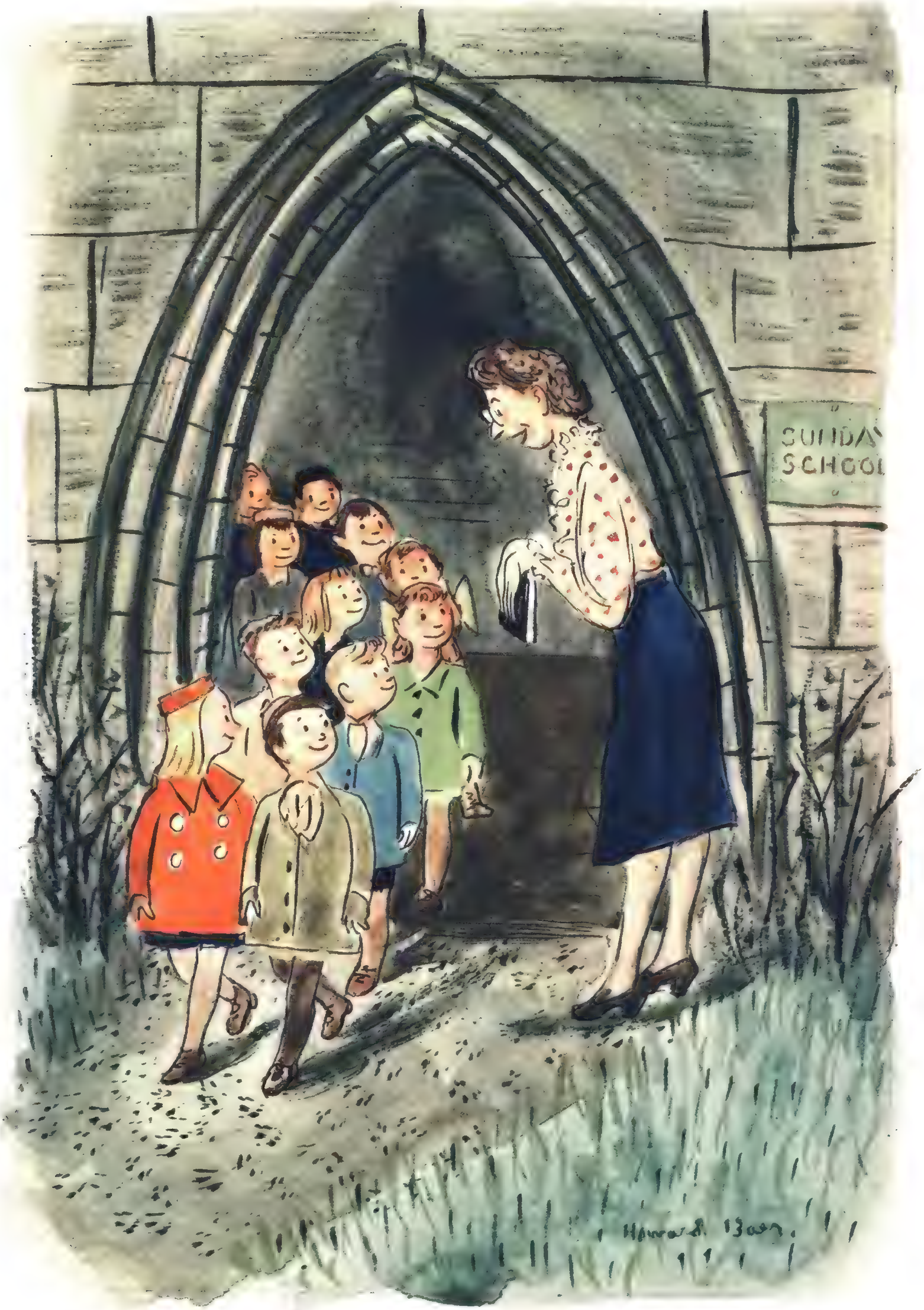
It was a large bottle, and I poured it out into a long tumbler. It took him five minutes to drink it down and explain why he'd been in such a state of nerves.

"I came back to my office in the luncheon hour," he said. "I told you that before. The staff wasn't there, so I let myself in. I was annoyed at finding that document on my table, and I went to put it in the safe. D'you know, I'd forgotten to lock it last night. The staff pay

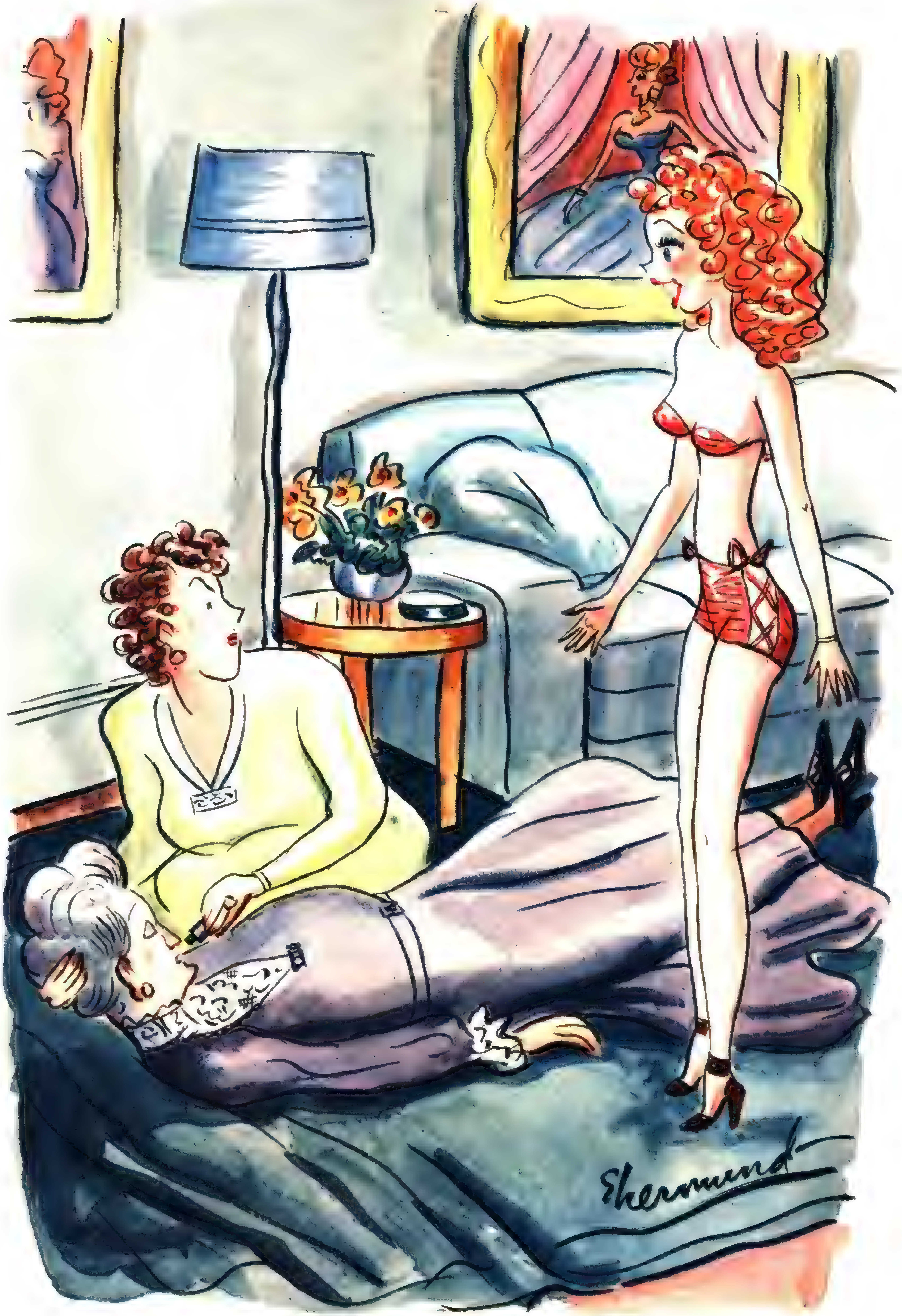
(*Continued on page 194*)



"Congratulations!"


SUNDAY
SCHOOL
Howard Baer

*"Did the whale swallow Jonah—will Jonah escape? What will happen?
Don't miss next Sunday's thrilling episode"*



"All I said was, 'Granny, how do you like my new bathing suit?'"

The Plateau of Despond

GREENHALGH

England is tired and cynical in victory, a nation of people who always hoped for the best, but in the end settled for less

by CHESTER MORRISON

Around the gaunt, stained concrete bulk of the BBC building in London, runs a narrow, railed boardwalk. Pedestrians go along it to shield themselves on one side from the traffic of Portland Place and on the other from the brick blast walls of the building.

They hug the soiled walls of Broadcasting House and pay no notice to the gaping vacant lot, filled now with the dried stems of weeds, where one day the BBC will write another of its stone poems—concrete poems—in which the living rhymes will be the same pale, nervous performers who send their tired art now, as through the war, into the Provinces, the Empire, the Liberated Countries and even to America. Broadcasting House is an ugly monument to the trustful simplicity of people who always hoped for the best and in the end were content with less. Broadcasting House sent programs to cellars in Norway and France where people listened in secret and hoped that what they heard was true. The programs began and ended with a kettledrum solo, the like of which no kettledrummer will ever have again, except when his orchestra is playing Beethoven's Fifth.

It's a good symphony, even when compared with some that are better. Heard in a secret cellar, it's tremendous. Especially when it has been explained that the Fate Motif, by sublime coincidence, is exactly the symbol for the letter v in the Morse code.

Bump-ump-ump-BOOM, Beethoven wrote in his deafness, intending God knows what. Dit-dit-dit-dah, said Samuel F. B. Morse, or one of his successors, intending only practical usefulness. And into the cellars of Norway and the emptied homes of England the BBC sent Beethoven's kettledrums and the static of Morse. And the BBC said three dots and a dash—three quarter notes and a half note—were the symbol of victory, hope, freedom, blessedness, and salvation.

Even now, on the broken walls of Europe, the black or red paint of true believers spells out through the rain and the mud the dot-dot-dot-dash of the hopeful days which seem now so much older than they are. And at a turn in the railed boardwalk that runs around Broadcasting House, a fat Maltese cat sits, watching the people hurrying in and out. Once I saw Bea Lillie trip over that cat.

When this essay appears in Esquire, I shall be back home. Broadcasting House will still seem to itself as solid as ever, but to me it is a cat that once was a lion—a cat only temporarily disturbed when one of the world's great realists stumbled over it.

When London was my home and I used to live around the corner from Broadcasting House, sometimes Smith would serve at our table. He is a round, elderly, puckish gentleman's gentleman, with a flaxen toupee and the innocent eyes of a mischievous choirboy.

I remember how he once put down the silver serving dish (bought up at the auction of a blitzed hotel) and lifted the lid that covered a mound of ragged boiled potatoes. "Looks like the rats been at 'em," he said.

He offered us stewed rabbit. If all the stewed rabbit London has eaten in the past few months could be resurrected as one rabbit, it would shame all the other grotesqueries in Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade. We chose the boiled fish instead. "Don't know as I blame you," said Smith, "these rabbits is all bombed-out tomcats anyway."

He paddled back toward the kitchen on his small flat feet, and the tails of his Prince Albert coat swung as he walked. They swung back and forth across his wide, round bottom, and I think that they swung in rhythm—Bump-ump-ump-BOOM.

In the lobby of the place where I lived, the walls are less bare because of paintings that show what the Lake Poets framed in rhyme—Nature, Pure Love, haystacks and the mysteries of water. Above them all hangs a crystal chandelier whose carved glass beads obscure the feeble electric light.

One day the man who had come to put a new washer in the plumbing brought his little daughter to bear him company. She brought her boy friend and they sat together in a corner of the lobby—two whispering seven-year-olds, believing almost everything they were told. She was Eve, and she wanted to put things to the test. The boy friend was not curious at all. It will take another war to start him asking questions. But Eve raised a grubby hand toward the glass beads that were big as her fist and challenged a tenant.

"They ain't real diamonds are they, Miss?" she demanded.

She was not quite sure. She wanted to believe. The passer-by said the beads were not diamonds. She said there weren't any diamonds that big, and even if there were they would be in the Tower with the rest of the crown jewels where it costs sixpence to have a look, even if the crown jewels were there, which they are not.

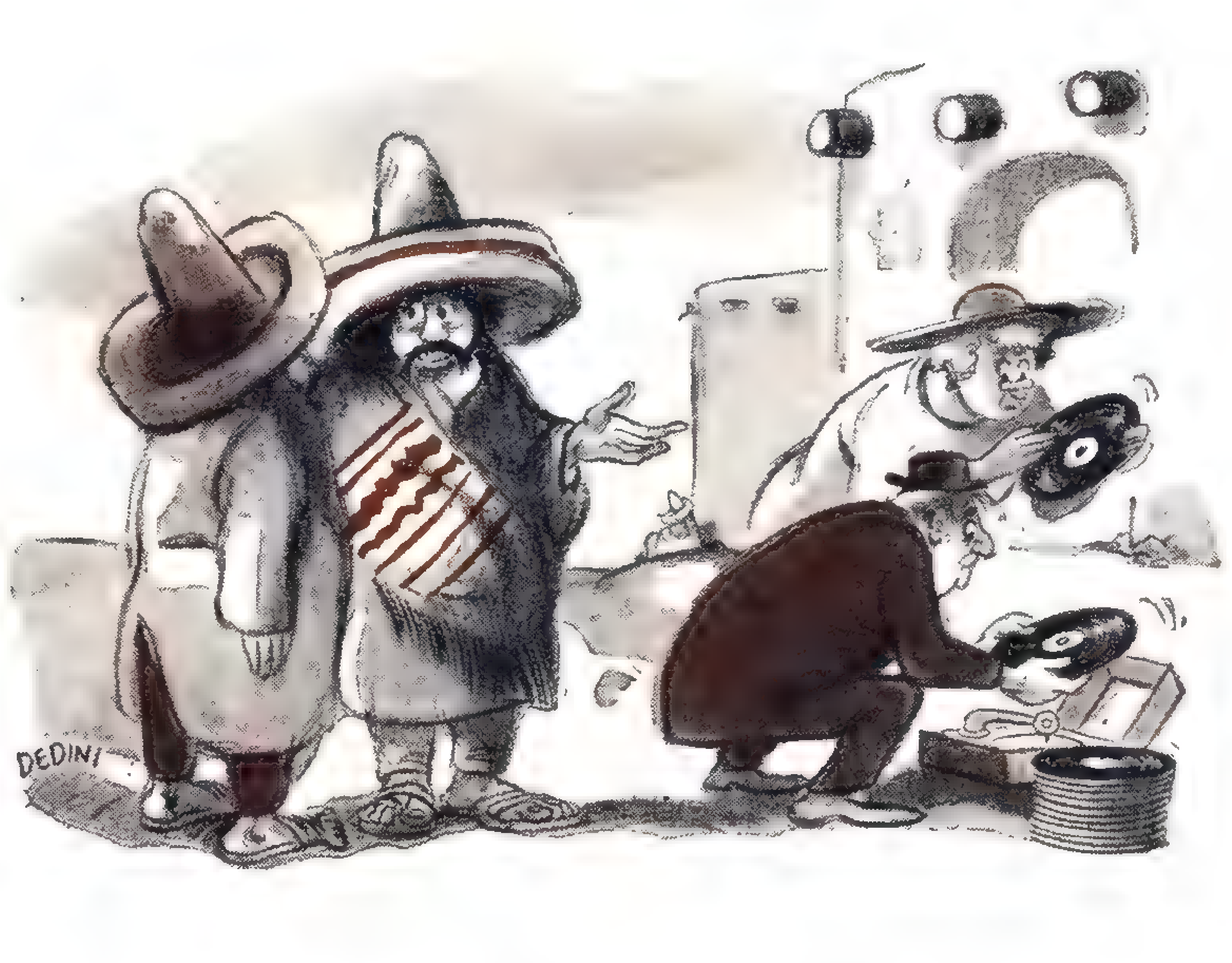
"You see?" said Eve to her boy friend, "I told you they weren't real diamonds."

Lucky Eve, whose instinct told her at seven that nothing is that good. She must wait now until she is seventy to tell some other child the essence of her wisdom. But how does one pass such things along? If you want to, and if you're not particular, you can hear the hammering of Beethoven's Fate in the Warsaw Concerto.

I don't know how it is at home, but from what I read in the papers and hear from Senators and other such world travelers, it may be difficult to imagine in America the strictures that have become an all-but-natural way of life in England.

It may be difficult to imagine the disagreeable, spindly, white-faced children who were born in war and live now in a peace baffling even to grown-ups. But the children seem to accept these times as another piece of nonsense, as we used to accept schoolroom geography. It may be difficult to imagine the children of the Non-protein Age, but nobody believes the old geography either. Dakota is not a State any more; it's a flying machine.

Sometimes I have felt like the old lady of seventy, talking to



"They're looking up the reply to our question"

the child of seven. I know the ups and downs of time and place. They do provide bases of comparison. And because I am a newspaperman, I have thought the old compulsion of translation was still important. Then I have watched what happens to people who read newspapers and listen to the radio.

I remember when seventy per cent—or was it a hundred and seventy?—of our newspapers were anti-Roosevelt. I see the newspapers of Paris or Brussels, at least one for every fly-by-night political party; the newspapers of London cheering Toryism or Socialism, but I know they ain't real diamonds. The shattering music of a year ago has been transmuted to "bah-bah-bah-BLAH."

What I don't know yet is whether there is any more real meat in a three-inch steak (England's newspapers imply that in America every man, woman and child eats three-inch steak three times a day) than there is in Smith's bombed-out tomcats.

It shakes me to see the British food ration: a piece of margarine scarcely big enough to take a thumbprint; a piece of cheese that wouldn't tempt an able-bodied mouse; a jug of jam not quite as big as the drinks they used to serve at the Old Province Tavern in Boston; a loaf of bread whose substance yields to the touch but does not give, and approximately one pound of meat.

All that is to last one person for a week. That is, if there is a place to cook the chops and gas to cook it over. People here are upset because the men at the gas works are striking for eight dollars and twenty cents a week instead of the usual eight.

But I too used to believe what I was told. I used to believe that if you sent a pretty card at Christmas it was just the same as sending two grand pianos. They told me it was the sentiment that mattered. I don't believe that any more. I'm hungry, too.

Once upon a time—it seems long ago now—a whole army moved through unbelievably hostile country on nothing but bully and biscuit and tea and sentiment. Looking back on that performance, I begin to think that armies don't travel on their stomachs. They travel on ideas.

Some of the men who made that army are back in England now. They have taken down the banners from their chests, and they tell lies about the Good Old Days as old men everywhere always have done. This is the stage of their bewilderment. It is too early for resentment, much too early for resistance, and only in the farther distance is the time for revolt.

But before that time comes the music will sound again—the brave, stirring music the people used to hear in secret, and hearing it, believed. I wonder what Beethoven was getting at when he set down his Bump-ump-ump-BOOM. Maybe he was just writing a tune. ##

What happened in Belgium didn't carry much weight for the ex-pilots sweating out interviews in the personnel office

We Live in Fame

by GEORGE W. THORPE

HEASLIP

THERE was nothing Air Crew about Dyer, or Kennedy either, when I ran into them in the Government employment office—more accurately, the anteroom to the inner sanctum of an official of Personnel Division, Department X, Washington, D. C.

As a matter of fact, it took me a few minutes to place Kennedy. I knew Dyer of course—in spite of his odd, hybrid appearance. He was wearing an old field overcoat, with the bars off, and a dirty brown felt hat pulled down over his eyes. Still, he never had looked a pilot, even in his helmet or "mission" hat and fur-collared B-10 jacket, but more like some kind of methodical pencil pusher. A supply officer, perhaps. Now he was just a very undistinguished civilian, ex-service (from the field coat) *and* a pencil pusher, I found.

Kennedy, nondescript in a leather jacket, no necktie, a pair of blue civilian trousers, and hatless, could have been a truck driver or a college boy at the fashionably sloppy stage. Finally, from his bomb-group insignia on the jacket, I traced him back to Belgium where I had met him after he finished his tour of missions.

I slid into a vacant seat alongside the two pilots. About half the thirty or forty chairs in the anteroom were occupied, mostly by men with discharge buttons; some still in uniform, some partly, like Dyer and Kennedy, with a military coat and civilian pants or vice versa.

"You guys ever check out in a primary trainer?"

Kennedy snapped his head around, and looked at me hard. A puzzled expression ran through his eyes; then, recognition dawning, he grinned.

"Yeah. You were at B-53."

"No, Brussels, B-58," I corrected.

Dyer laid down the pen with which he was filling out an application blank, reached around Kennedy, and hit me hard on the back.

"How you doin', fella?" he demanded.

"Been doin' any flying?" asked Kennedy.

"Hell, no. The airplane isn't here to stay."

"Yeah, I know . . . say, I got my commercial. But it don't do me a damn bit of good." Dyer pulled from his wallet the printed flying permit of a civilian commercial pilot.

"You mean you can't get on with TWA or Eastern?" I questioned, half-facetiously. "I hear they're running a swell reconversion course for combat pilots . . . teach you to fly straight and level. That way you don't spill any of the passengers' soup."

"Say, is that right?" Kennedy spoke as if in amazement. "Did you hear that, Dyer? They teach you to fly straight and level and everything. Let's put in for that, what do you say? We can't go wrong!"

"Yeah, that's swell," the other came back, "and I bet that they get you home in time for supper."

A pretty young thing with two-toned blonde hair strolled through the door leading into the next room.

"Irving," she intoned in a bored voice.

A man in a sailor's pea jacket jumped up quickly.

"Grossmyer . . . uh, Grossheimer," she summoned next.

Irving and Grossheimer followed the receptionist through the doorway. No one spoke for two or three minutes. Dyer doodled with his fountain pen on the margin of an extra application form. Kennedy, with his thumb, snapped open and shut, open and shut, the cap of his silver-plated cigarette lighter.

"Well, you boys getting readjusted?" I inquired.

"Oh sure, sure," Dyer answered expressionlessly.

"Working?"

"I'm a clerk down here in the Government."

"I'm not doing anything," volunteered Kennedy. Then quickly and a little defensively, "Well, I'm driving a hack just to keep out in the air. And I ferried a fellow down to Florida and back. In a Stinson. A hundred dollars and three bottles of bourbon. Pretty good bourbon."

The blonde receptionist re-entered the room, called off two more names. A young discharged soldier with two rows of issue ribbons bounded eagerly toward the door. He was followed by another applicant who wore a civilian suit that was several sizes too small for him, and who had a discharge button in his lapel.

Kennedy spoke up irrelevantly, "This readjustment isn't so tough. I got conditioned to it after I finished combat . . . up at headquarters in Belgium."

I asked when he had finished his tour of combat missions.

"Let's see. I converted from Libs to Forts the last week in July '44, and finished up on one of those Brest milk runs just thirty days later. August 26 it was. I remember because that's the day Worowski bought it."

"Was that the Worowski I met you with in London?" inquired Dyer.

"Yeah, that's him."

"What happened?" I asked, interrupting a silence.

"Well, you know how Brest was by August '44. No fighters and not too much flak. This Worowski had a new boy flying his wing. Turning off Initial Point this character didn't bank enough, or didn't turn at all, or something. He and Worowski locked and they both went in. Nobody got out.

"Yeah, I remember that mission, all right." Kennedy interrupted another silence. "It was my last one. We had to put in thirty-five by then. I was sweating it out, naturally; and I was plenty lucky too.

"The group was all split up coming back in. My number two man and I were flying in cloud, about 15,000. Never did see the ground until we hit the English coast, except for one break. It was right over the Jersey Islands. Right there my tail gunner—he was always on the ball—called up on the intercom and said I better throw out some chaff and take some evasive action because ack-ack was popping away down below. Well, I did.

"You know how it was," he broke into his own story. "It always made the guys feel better to take evasive action no matter how thick it was. Anyway, just then, sure enough I saw the ping-pong balls coming up and Reynolds got it. Just disappeared. He was flying pretty tight on me, too."

"Must of got it in the bomb bay," remarked Dyer.

"Yeah."

The blonde from the inner office framed herself in the doorway again. She droned off three more names and walked over to the application table. Bending over she whispered, half laughing, in the ear of the man seated there. As she spoke she reached down and fixed a stocking, twisting it to straighten the seam.

Through the doorway came the matter-of-fact questioning of an interview. "Have you any qualifications other than pilot? The field's overloaded . . . now, technical inspector . . ."

Dyer pushed his hat back on his head, stretched out his legs, and gazed at the ceiling. His face, I marveled, now showed only faintly the burns of the crash at Bisterne. I was curious to know about his legs, but said nothing. I decided to wait until he stood up, then watch how he walked. Doc Jeffers had said at the time only a miracle could save his left leg and even his right might be stiff for a while. Still you couldn't tell.

All that seemed a hell of a lot more than eighteen months ago, I thought. Probably the relative calm after that frenzied summer made it seem that way. But things like Dyer's smash stood out now as milestones, even in the maelstrom of work and emotion of invasion days.

I was handling a flying control unit at the time, at Bisterne, a little pierced-plank strip down near the English south coast.

That particular day had been hectic enough. We'd already gotten off and homed four or five missions of P-47s. They were patrolling mostly—my particular group, I mean—flying cover for the invasion fleet. It was right around D-Day. Maybe a couple of days after.

I was on the flight line in our little mobile truck-tower listening out on VHF on our group frequency, sweating the boys back in again. One of my sergeants called attention to somebody calling on C Channel. At first the voice came in very weak. It grew louder, as the plane approached. It was a P-47 with a strange call sign, from some other group, and the pilot evidently was in trouble. It was a dull day, with poor visibility and about a 1500-foot ceiling. He was in cloud, flying on instruments, and was pretty well shot up.

"Hydraulics out . . . frag bombs I can't get rid of . . . instructions," came Dyer's muffled call.

Since fragmentation bombs detonate on contact, I advised him to bail out. With hydraulics out he'd have to belly her in, and the bombs were almost sure to go. I called back and told him to head her out to sea and jump.

"Can't. Can't get out. Got it in the leg from some flak ship." The pain reached out in his voice.

"Come on in then."

There was nothing to do after alerting the fire fighters and ambulance but wait.

Soon the expected engine-throbbing called out of the greyness to south of base. Louder. Then the fighter loomed out of the cloud bank, making a straightaway approach, lined up a little to the right of the metal strip.

"Hey, he's coming in wheels up," someone yelled. "Flaps down, though."

Although I knew Dyer's hydraulics were out and he was probably coming in for a belly landing deliberately, I fired him a red flare just in case he had overlooked the wheels in his pain. He might want to come in on his wheels and try to stop by groundlooping, rather than face the certainty of the frag bombs detonating in a belly landing.

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CORKA

"Do you suppose I could get an extra print to send home for Mother's Day?"

He pulled up and made another circuit, but it was unnecessary.

"Okay, okay, I know they're up; I've got to come in," screamed from the radio speaker.

Dyer wasn't a happy boy by the time the doctor and I got him away from that airplane. One cluster of bombs had detonated as he bellied her in, riddling his left leg.

We dragged him across the grass to the waiting stretcher and ambulance. He was out of his head.

"God damn you guys, watch that leg . . .!" he howled. "Tried to jump out of her twice. Couldn't make it. Couldn't get out of her . . ."

I looked him up in the hospital the next morning. He was calm then, under morphine. They hadn't decided whether to operate. I lost track of Dyer after that . . .

"Cantrill . . . James Cantrill."

The receptionist stood in the doorway.

A bald-headed man in an ETO jacket scrambled to his feet and headed for the interviewer.

The man at the application desk called in a stage whisper to the receptionist, "Hey, Belva, tell Mac to get me some more forms, will you, hon?"

Kennedy broke a long silence. "Did you hear how Dyer got his job? He had an interview with one of these straw bosses down here, his third, I think. They asked him what he was qualified for. He told them he could fly. 'Have you an instrument card?' they asked him. Well, Hotshot Charlie was feeling ornery, so he said 'No, I just used to make out the Form 1.'

" 'Oh, so you're skilled in clerical work. Well, there are several openings in that line.' So look at him. Form clerk, Dyer. Nice work if you can get it." Kennedy sat back and laughed loudly for effect.

"You make it sound so cute, Daddy," said Dyer with a smirking grimace.

The blonde again stood framed in the doorway.

"Dyer," she summoned.

"Off we go into the wide, blue yonder . . ." Kennedy sang.

Dyer placed his right hand on the edge of his wooden seat alongside his right thigh, and pushed downward, half-raising himself from the chair. His left leg did not bend. Then he gave a little upward spring on his right leg, caught the back of the chair for support, and stood erect. He did not use a cane.

Then he turned to Kennedy, smiling. He patted Kennedy tenderly on the cheek, twice, then slapped him with his open hand.

"Go to hell," he said softly.

The receptionist, at the end of her patience, spoke sharply. "Now look here, Dyer, if you don't want this interview, just say so. Mr. MacGregor's a busy man."

With a slow rising and falling motion as he forced his unbending left leg before him, Dyer made his way silently after the disappearing girl. Just before passing through the doorway he wheeled on his right leg and winked.

"We live in fame, or go down in flame . . ." ##

Shake the dead weight out of your pack before you tackle the wilderness alone

Into the Woods Without a Guide

by HENRY TETLOW

SOMEONE has said that it is not the man out in the woods who is having the fun; it is that man at home planning his trip who is really having himself a time.

Experience has shown that it is quite practical to go into the woods without a guide. I have traveled over a good deal of northern Ontario and Old Rupert's Land in a canoe with one other man, and we have yet to hire a guide. If you know your stuff and carry the proper gear, you can do better than all right in the woods. Without guides, the cost of a couple of weeks in the woods becomes a matter of railroad fares, of initial investment in some equipment that will last for years, and a few dollars a trip for grub.

Obviously the smaller your pack, the more fun and less work you will have. I developed my outfit through years of elimination and offer it as a sample of how little you need to take into the woods with you.

Let us start with the canoe. Mine is an 18-foot, 85-pound "prospectors' " canoe. This type is bigger, heavier, more seaworthy and comfortable than a "guide's" canoe. With it we carry three paddles—one for each man and a spare which is lashed securely under the gunwale. Our only other transport equipment is a padded hickory yoke, for carrying the canoe on your shoulders, and a hank of sash cord.

The yoke will strike seasoned woodsmen as a sissy's contraption. They will tell you to lash a tump line to the brace bar that stiffens your canoe amidships for portaging. Don't you do it. Get one of these yokes, clamp it to the gunwales just where it will balance the canoe nicely on your shoulders and leave it there for the trip. With the canoe loaded on your shoulders, you can carry one of the pack sacks at the same time by means of a tump line over your head—total combined weight from 150 to 180 pounds—without much practice or muscle training.

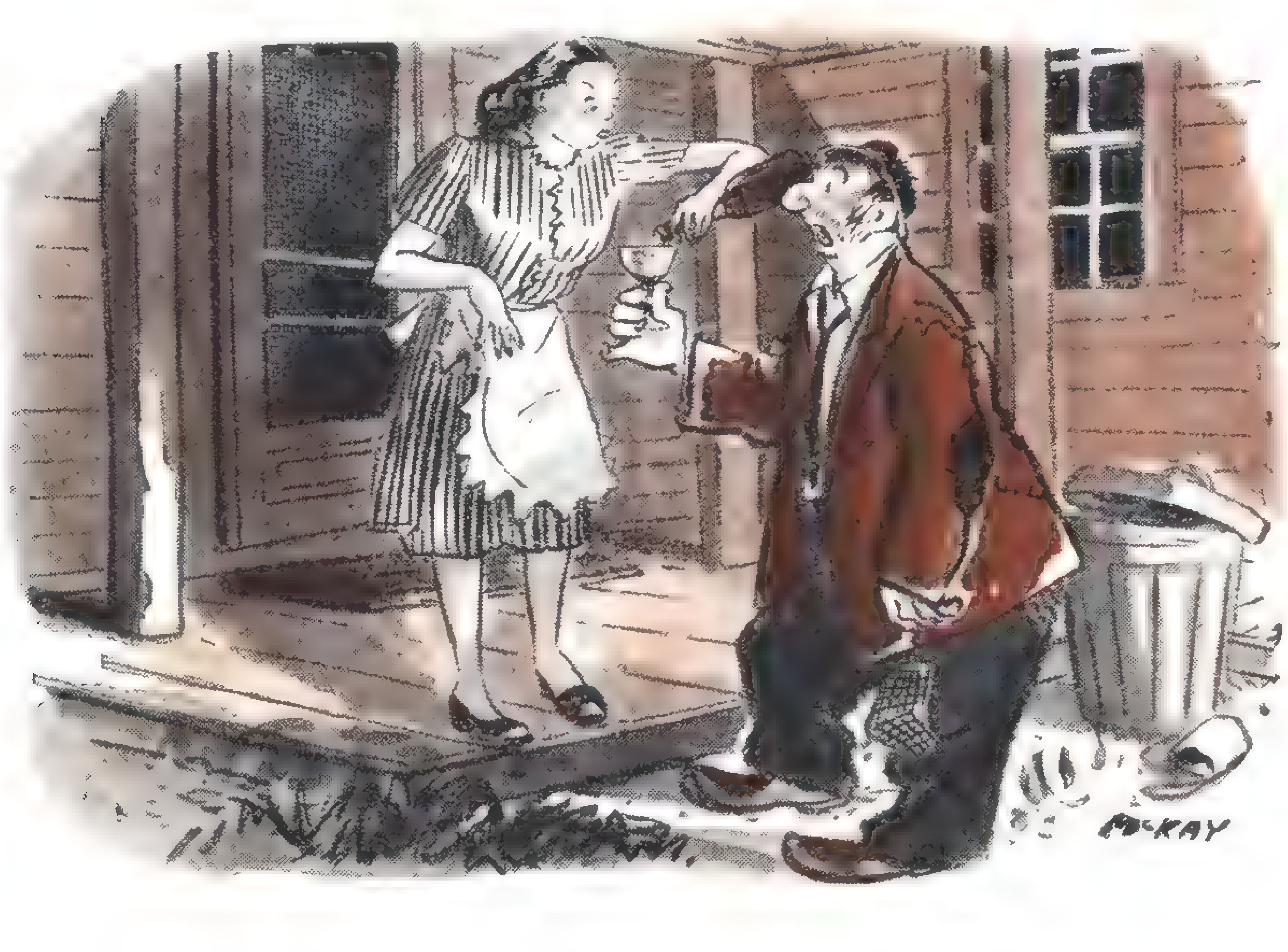
The sash cord, cut into two equal lengths, is made fast to the bow and stern of the canoe and is used for "lining" up and down the rapids that can or must be so navigated.

If you prefer, you can take along some liquid amberoid for patching rips in your canoe canvas. But I have found that a strip of four-inch adhesive tape makes a reasonably satisfactory patch and serves many other useful purposes.

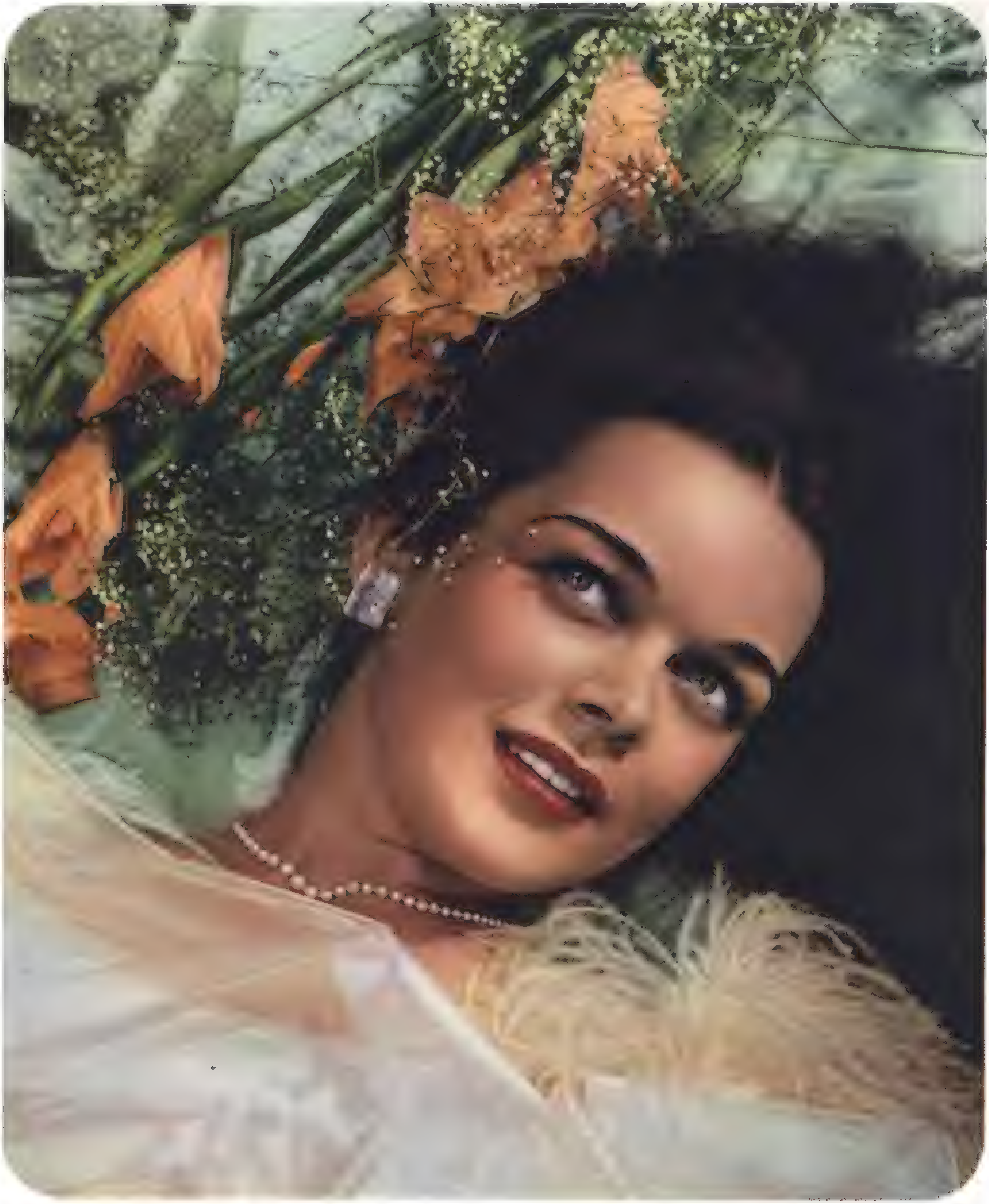
You need a tent. Mine is a balloon silk job for two men, with ground cloth and mosquito bar sewn in at the open end. It weighs about three pounds and rolls up to carry in a bag. The tent bag is important, for almost any morning when you strike camp your tent will be wet, and without the bag you would get your bedding all sodden.

The ground plan of my tent is shaped like a kite. Perpendicularly it is A-shaped, standing about three feet high at the front and sloping to one foot at the rear. A tent of this design conserves weight and sheds water effectively. In camping where the ground is too shallow for ordinary tent pins, just twist a short stick into the pin loop and weight it down with a stone. This tent is supported by two light lines running from the fore and aft ends of the ridge line. These lines are fastened around the handles of the canoe paddles, four to six feet away from the tent, then tied to near-by trees. By standing the paddles upright, your tent will be taut and snug.

As eiderdown sleeping bags are lighter and warmer than blankets, you'll find them more desirable. Warmth is important, because the hottest summer night can be *(Continued on page 175)*



"Sauterne? Am I in for a fish dinner again today?"

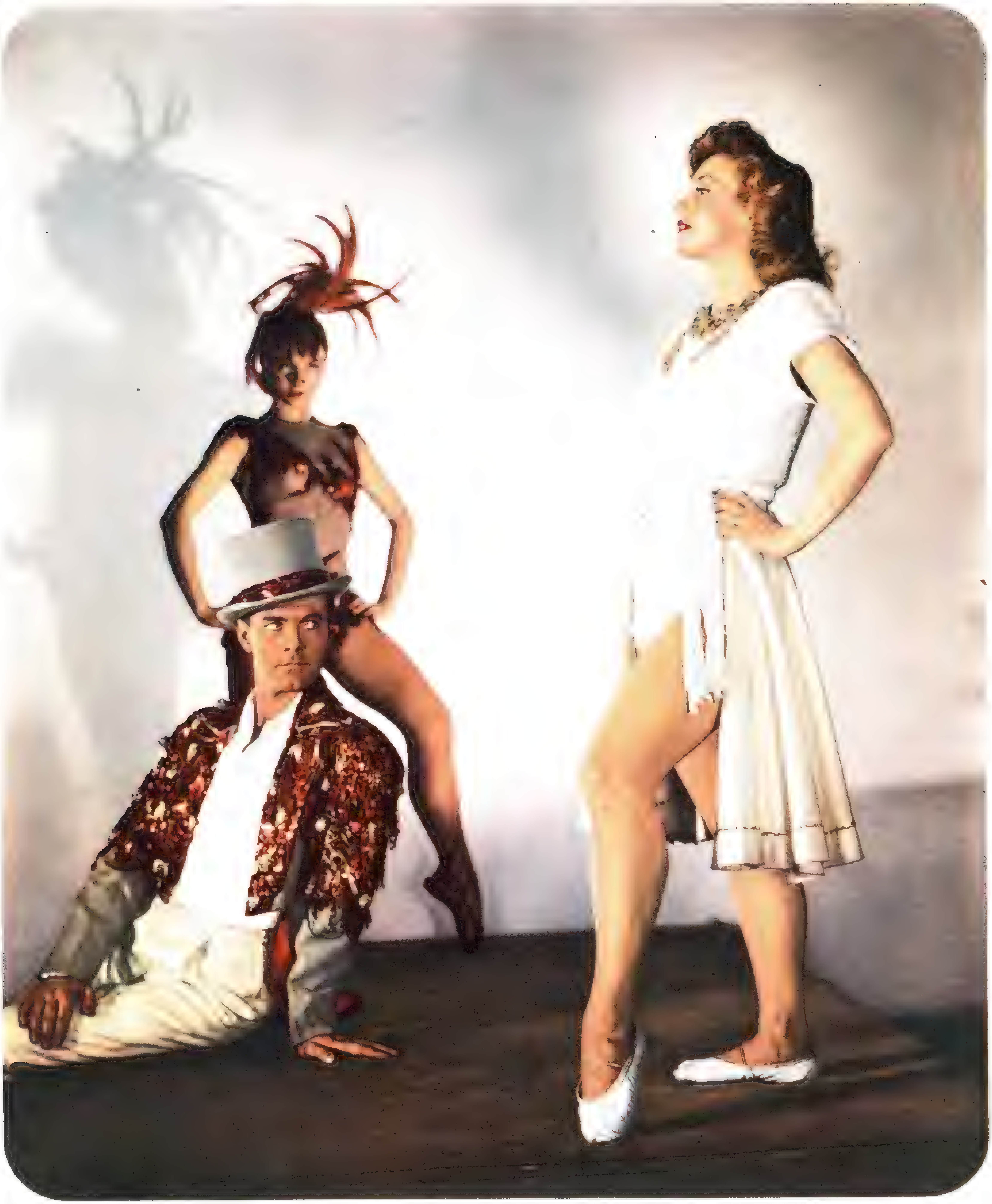


AMERICAN BEAUTY

Dorothy Partington

Photograph by Peter Junco

This blue-eyed brunette with the bloom on her cheeks has made it possible for many veterans in East Coast hospitals to feel they've met in person the Miss Lace of Milton Caniff's popular G.I. strip, *Male Call.* Selected as the girl most resembling the delightful figment of Caniff's pen, she's gone visiting with the artist in American Theatre Wing units. And take it from us, the over-all resemblance is both startling and stimulating. Born on Staten Island, New York, she likes modeling, radio and television, but tags her ambitions as quite "normal," i.e. "—a nice home of her own with the right man." *Helpful hint to males:* "If you're going to be late, *telephone.*" Vital Statistics: *Height:* 5′ 4″; *Weight:* 120; *Bust:* 35″; *Waist:* 24″; *Hips:* 36″.



ARE YOU WITH IT?

Photograph by
Stone-Bauman Greene

Are you with it? is carny for "do you know the score?" It's also the name of the galloping musical produced in New York this season by Richard Kollmar and James Gardiner. (And "carny" is carny for "carnival show.") In this story of a young insurance man who misplaces a decimal and joins the carnival (Johnny Downs, *left*) and his girl who follows him (Joan Roberts, *right*) is found the sort of fun-and-frolic that keeps tired businessmen hurrying to the box office. Downs, of the movies, and Miss Roberts, of *Oklahoma!*, prove they're "with it" plenty when it comes to singing, dancing and engaging charm. In the back, lithe and lovely dancer Jane Deering, who descends upside down on a trapeze into one sequence.

The soldier reporters of *Yank* magazine covered the war where they found it and printed their findings where they were

They Fought for News

by LAWRENCE LADER

GREENHALGH

It had taken hours of searching through the ruins of Naples to find it. Just after the first U. S. troops had entered the city, six men stood in the cellar of the local poorhouse, staring at a large rotary press. One of the men said, "It's a good press. It's just what we want." They kept circling the press, uncertain what to do. One of them suddenly reached out his hand. The sergeant was quicker. He grabbed the man's hand. "Can't you see it?" he snapped. "Booby traps. The first guy that touches that press is gonna blow us sky high."

They stared at it uneasily. "What do we do now?" one of the men asked.

"What do we do?" said the sergeant. "Talk to it. Delouse it. I don't care. All I know is we got the only press in Naples and now we got to get it rolling."

That was the way they began in Italy. On almost every front it was the same. In the Pacific, they carried their presses to lonely islands. In the Middle East, they patched them together with wire and string. In Europe, they begged or stole the paper to print on. Somehow, they did it. Somehow, the men of *Yank* set up the first world-wide publishing operation in history and delivered the weekly issue to waiting U. S. troops on beachheads and in foxholes on every fighting front.

Back in 1942, people who knew the publishing business said it couldn't be done. They said it would take a budget of hundreds of thousands of dollars. *Yank* had 65,000 dollars. They said it would take years to set up twenty-one overseas editions in seventeen countries, that a bunch of privates and sergeants couldn't be turned into war correspondents overnight.

You couldn't tell that to the staff of *Yank*. You couldn't tell that to Walter Bernstein, a pint-sized sergeant from New York, who walked for eight days through the German-infested mountains of Yugoslavia to get the first interview with Marshal Tito. You couldn't tell that to Newt Oliphant, first correspondent to publish an interview with a Jap prisoner-of-war, or to John Bushemi, killed at Eniwetok taking some of the best battle pictures of the war.

In three-and-a-half years of publication, *Yank* faced every conceivable obstacle in every corner of the world. And the trouble began right at the start. Meeting in New York for the first time on March 10, 1942, Ralph Stein, Art Weithas and Newt Oliphant were raring to go to work on the projected dummy of *Yank*. They asked Army headquarters what office they could use. But no one had heard of them. No one even offered a foot of space for a desk. Finally Franklin S. Forsberg of Street & Smith Publications, who was on the organizing committee for *Yank* and later was to become officer in charge, came to the rescue. Street & Smith happened to have an empty office at one of their publications. The staff arrived for work the next day, and there, amid clouds of perfume and lace, *Yank*, lustiest of all weeklies, was born in the offices of *Mademoiselle*, the magazine for women.

When the first dummy was finished, reports suddenly came through from an unofficial GHQ in Washington that it would have to pass inspection not only by Secretary of War Stimson, but by Mrs. Stimson. The editors looked at the provoking curves of their pin-up girls and trembled. Obviously, certain pages would never pass. There was only one thing to do. In a frantic night of work, the editors laid out a whole new dummy minus the curves. It went down to Washington, was widely acclaimed, and then on its return to New York was quickly modified to suit the editors' purpose.

During the early days of 1942, the problem of distributing *Yank* was comparatively simple. Most of the troops were in the United States. But as divisions began to move overseas to Britain and the South Pacific, readers began to get their copies weeks, and then months, late. The Army naturally gave first priority in shipping space to guns and food. And even when *Yanks* got on board, ships were often sunk and complete issues wiped out.

The staff met the obstacle by starting the first overseas editions. Late in the Summer of 1942, Bill Richardson, who had been the first managing editor, and his assistant, Harry Brown, sailed for England. For weeks the New York office heard nothing. Finally, from the wilds of a British camp, came their plaintive letter. When they reached port, the two editors wrote, no one seemed to know about their mission. No one had even heard of a weekly called *Yank*. The only thing that the Army could think of doing with two stray soldiers was to put them on K.P. It took a long time for the New York office to get them out of the kitchens.

The British *Yank* finally appeared in November, 1942. From then on overseas editions began to spring up around the world like morning mushrooms. The Puerto Rican edition began publication January, 1943, followed by editions in Hawaii, Trinidad, Egypt, India, Australia, Iran, Panama, Italy, Rennes, Paris, Strasbourg, Saipan, Manila and Okinawa. The last edition appeared on September 7, 1945. Its dateline was Tokyo.

The establishment of each overseas edition was a chapter out of *Arabian Nights*. *Yank* men were dumped on beachheads and in captured cities with no more instruction than to get out the first issue and get it out fast. Sometimes, they were lucky. In Paris, they grabbed a press still wet with German ink. The Wehrmacht had been interrupted as they were running off the last issues of their own Army paper. But in the Pacific, printing presses were worth their weight in gold. For a long while, Hawaii had to supply the islands for thousands of miles westward until presses could be carried out, piece by piece, to Saipan in the Marianas.

In Europe, the *Yank* staff hunted desperately for civilian presses. The Middle East edition at Tel Aviv bought an old press made in Germany, used originally by the Arabs to print grapefruit wrappers, and rebuilt by a Jewish refugee mechanic. In Iran, the Persian Gulf edition had to hire Persian compositors who couldn't speak a word of English and set up each issue by sight.

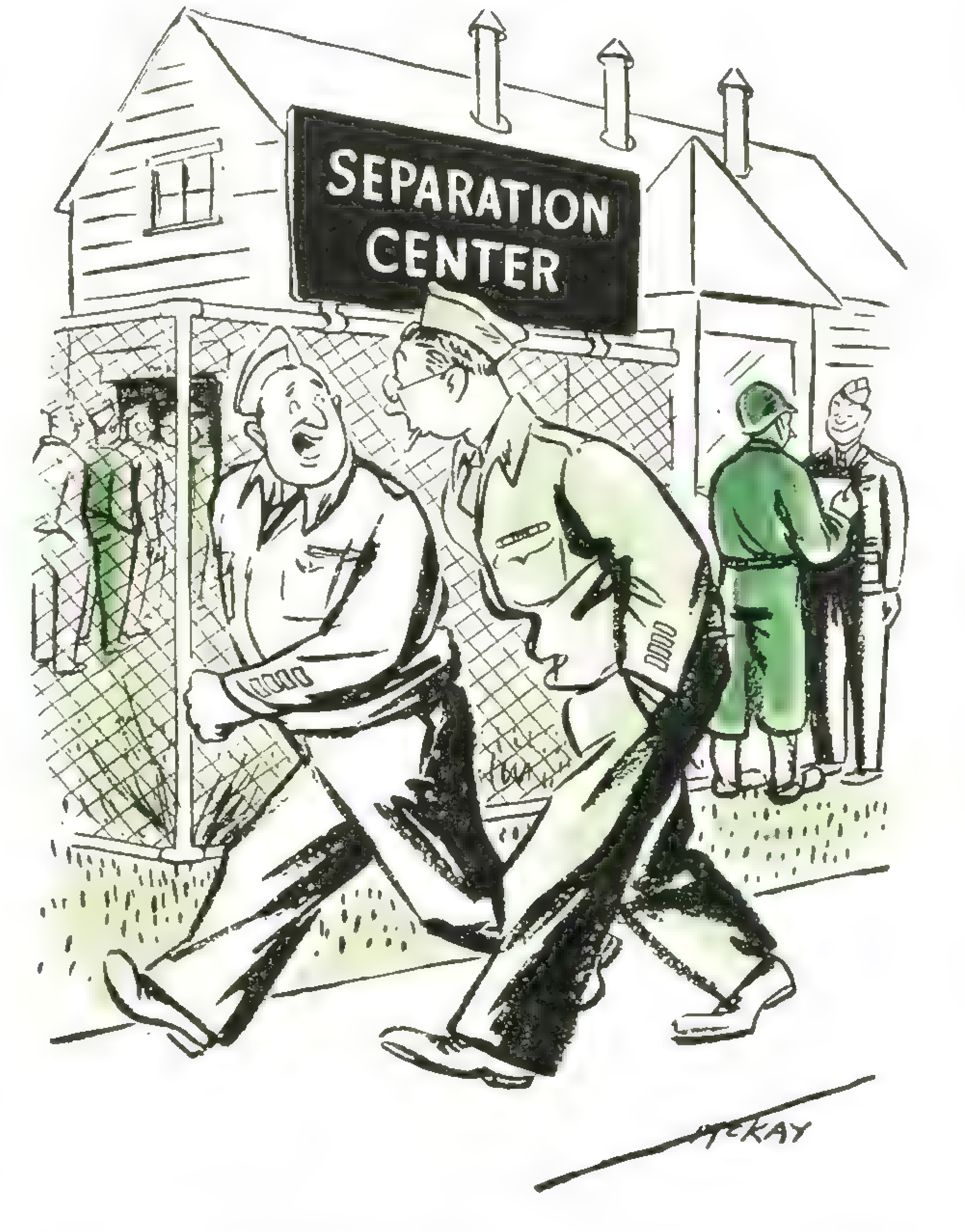
Printing equipment was often dreamed into existence. When two linotypes were shipped from New York to Teheran, one of the crates with the tools and construction guide disappeared en route. The editors, who couldn't even operate a linotype, put it together from

"No more for you, Arthur—you know how little it takes to get you intoxicated"

the lubricating chart. In India, the arc lamps, used for engraving plates, burned out. Knowing that it would take months to find replacements, the staff rolled the etching tables out-of-doors and made their plates with the rays of the sun.

The biggest problem in Europe was paper. There was almost none to be had. Once, after the paper stock for *Yank* had been unloaded by barge at Omaha beach, the tide came in and soaked the whole shipment. Luckily, Sgt. Bob McBrinn of *Yank's* production staff found a paper mill at Weissenfels, Germany, that hadn't been used for three years. He rounded up the former employees and set himself up as manager of the plant. The next step was to ship the paper to the presses. With every available boxcar being used to rush ammunition and food to the front, Transportation Corps officers laughed at McBrinn when he asked for help. Arming himself with a can of paint, he decided to find his own cars and went on weekly forays up and down the railroad sidings near Leipzig. When he found one that had been abandoned, he simply painted a huge *Yank* on its side. From there, it was simple to call the Rail Transportation officer and ask him to pick up a *Yank* boxcar.

In Paris one week it was so cold that ninety rolls of paper were frozen solid. McBrinn laid a huge tarpaulin over them. Since it was impossible to get heat of any sort or even buy wood for a fire, he took the wooden rolls from the end of the paper and built a bonfire right in the middle of them.



"I'm going to miss the calisthenics every morning"

But the worst headaches seemed to have been saved for the last. In Tokyo, the *Yank* staff had to find a printing plant with English type faces. Warrant Officer Earl Erickson and Sergeants George Baker and Lester Schoenberg went on a reconnaissance of the city. Actually, they had no official authorization to start printing. Just a day or so before, an enterprising group of war correspondents, with no other credentials than nerve, had tried to commandeer the Tokyo radio station from the Japs and had failed. But Erickson was smarter. He talked one of MacArthur's top ranking officers into writing a letter for him. It was full of ambiguities and, if contested, wouldn't have given him permission to plant a row of beans. By a stroke of fortune, some English type was found at the plant of the *Nippon Times*. Since the presses at the *Times* were not suitable for the printing of *Yank*, the pages were made up at the *Times* plant and carried to the Toppan plant for printing.

Moving in with a week's rations, the *Yank* staff barricaded itself in the plant and went to work. Only one Jap could speak English. He had to give orders and translate for the others. But on September 7th, the first run of 35,000 *Yanks* came off the press. Three days later, when U. S. troops marched into Tokyo for the official occupation, they were amazed to see *Yank's* familiar red-bordered cover in the hands of *Yank* men who were waiting at the side of the road.

The Japs at the plant were overawed by enlisted men who were running a paper for the whole Army. Deciding that they had to make some precedent-breaking move in return, they found enough meat for sukiyaki and threw a party for the editors. For background music, they played beaten up recordings of *Way Down Upon the Swanee River* and *Old Black Joe*, singing the words over and over again in English. As a climax, they linked their arms together and gave an enormous "Banzai," like Jap troops charging into battle. The *Yank* editors were petrified. "For a minute," Sergeant Baker reported later, "I was sure this was the end. But when I listened a second time, I discovered they were shouting 'Banzai *Yank*!' It was a tribute that really meant 'Let *Yank* live ten thousand years.' As far as we could discover, it was the first Banzai ever given in Japan that wasn't in honor of the Emperor."

Once the overseas editions were set up and *Yanks* began to roll off the presses, the circulation managers started to work. Especially in the Pacific, where islands were thousands of miles apart, their exploits in delivering *Yanks* to far-flung beachheads and bases became legendary. Out there, they still talk about Maurice Richeson the way men talk about Paul Bunyan in the northwest woods. Richeson's friends were too numerous to tabulate on anything but an adding machine. And because planes were the only means of getting from one place to another in a hurry, they almost always happened to be members of the Air Transport Command. Whenever a plane crew came in hungry from a long flight, Richeson was the only man on the island who could produce a box of Hershey bars. When everyone up to the colonel had failed to get the weekly ration of beer, Richeson produced it from nowhere. As a result, he flew casually around the Pacific while generals waited for a ride. At the Kwajelein landing, he stowed his *Yanks* on a high-priority munitions plane and delivered them to the beachhead. At Saipan, he brought *Yank* from foxhole to foxhole on D-plus-6. When he couldn't get to Tinian any other way, he transformed himself into an artillery plane spotter and rode his *Yanks* in on a Piper cub on D-plus-3. Wearing no other identification than a *Yank* shoulder patch on his shirt, Richeson cut red tape like a member of the General Staff. Actually, he held the grade of private.

Newt Oliphant, one of *Yank's* crack correspondents, developed his own technique of getting around the Pacific. Once, when he was interviewing Admiral Nimitz at Hawaii, *Yank* photographer George Burns, took a picture of him leaning over Nimitz' shoulder, pointing at a map as if he were running the war. Oliphant had a snapshot of the picture made and kept it with his credentials. Whenever he wanted to hop a plane at the Naval Air Transport Service office, he opened his credentials, and the snapshot just happened to fall on the floor. After one glance at it, the Navy gave Oliphant everything but the fleet.

But the greatest test that *Yank* faced was on the battlefield. The reporting its readers wanted most was by men who actually were on the beachheads and in the foxholes. *Yank* sent correspondents to every front. In the bitter drive up the coast of New Guinea to Lae, a *Yank* man was the first American soldier to enter the town. Joe MacCarthy, the managing editor, was the first G.I. into Athens. Howard Brodie sketched the full fury of the Guadalcanal campaign under fire and then went to Europe to do the same throughout the struggle there. Justin Gray fought with the Rangers.

When the Eighth Air Force was preparing for the Schweinfurt raid, most costly of the whole European war, correspondents were ruled out. But Walt Peters of *Yank* went along because he could shoot as well as write and he covered the story from the gun blister of one of the big B-17's.

Time and time again, *Yank's* correspondents were able to come back with the biggest stories of the war because they fought in them themselves. Dave Richardson was in Burma when General Frank Merrill was preparing his "Marauders" for their famous flank attack through the jungle behind Jap lines. He went along and was the only correspondent who could take it long enough to go all the way.

Quite a few correspondents were along on one of the last great operations of the war in Europe, the airborne crossing of the Rhine. Robert Krell of *Yank* was there. Trained as a paratrooper, he jumped with his old division. A few minutes after landing, he was killed.

Two other men from *Yank* died in action—John Bushemi at Eniwetok, Pete Paris on the beaches of Normandy. Eight others were wounded in Europe. They were part of a tradition. They were determined men who never faltered in bringing *Yank* to every corner of the world where U.S. troops were fighting.

For *Yank* was not just another weekly. In three-and-a-half years while circulation rose from less than 200,000 to 2,600,000, its red-bordered cover became as familiar to U.S. troops as the door of their own home. In lonely foxholes, it was a link with memories of the past. It was a picture of the Main Street they had left, of girls' smiles, of ball parks. It was a cartoon they laughed over for hours, a joke that made the round of the barracks. Above all, it was the story of the war they were fighting. It was part of the Army that no one in the Army would have wanted to be without. The men who made it will never be forgotten by the men who read it. ⵌ

The Legion of Honor is usually earned in bloody battle, but the lieutenant won his trying to get space on the all-French train

Train to Blois

by THOMAS L. STIX

WITH slight variations it's happened a million times. Mary came out of the kitchen, sat down in her favorite chair, lighted a cigarette. "Dinner will be ready in about ten minutes."

"All right," I said, got up and went out to the kitchen and started to mix a Martini. The telephone rang and Mary answered. I heard her say, "Yes" and then from the other end of the line . . . "Mom, it's me!" I stopped still. Mary gasped. I went close to her and put my arm around her. It was Tommy, of course, back from the wars. "I'll be home in about three hours. How's Dad?"

There wasn't much said and he hung up. Mary sat down. She smiled and then she started to cry. I brought her a Martini. She smiled, looked up at me and I said, "I guess dinner is going to be late."

* * *

The next evening Tommy and I settled down to chew the rag.

"How about all those ribbons?" I asked.

"Oh, that fruit salad? It doesn't amount to anything. The only one that counts," he looked down, "is the Presidential Citation and that was for the regiment. I was just one of the bunch. The only thing about this one is it was the last one FDR gave out before he died. No, these don't mean a damn."

I nodded.

"Say, Dad, I seem to remember a lot of medals you had. How come? You never told me."

"Not much distinction, Son, but quite a story. It was a long time ago . . ."

* * *

After the Armistice in 1918 Red Hogan and I cooked up a reunion at Blois. It promised to be a hell of a party and, well, I wouldn't have missed it. Red and I got a bit high planning it. I suppose if we'd been completely sober there might have been some discussion as to the date, the names of those we'd ask to come and the hour. These were very important details. As to the place, there could have been no question. We had discovered Madame Fouchard and she in turn had adopted us. For months we had spent our free evenings in the back room of her buvette. It was Madame Fouchard who first taught me about vintages, so that I could demand my '93 Vouvray with perfect calm.

Finally the appointed day came. Red and I virtuously, with leave orders in our pockets, dropped into Tours, en route to Blois. Red wanted to go on at once. After all, Blois was the place of the celebration. "Oh, come along, Tom, can't you forget your *femmes* even for one day? This is our '*Jour de Gloire*.' "

"It's not *femmes*, Red, it's Mary. She's not French."

"All right then, what train will you be down on?"

"Either the three or four-thirty, I don't know which. It depends on how busy Mary is. Don't worry, I'll be there when the first cork pops. Nobody will curl Madame's mustache before I get my kiss. See you later."

We separated, and I swung up the Boulevard to the American headquarters. There was a good chance that Mary would not be too busy to knock off for a few hours. We would dine regally at the Hotel de Londres. I remember sighing, "*C'est la guerre*," in an entirely unaffected manner. I could feel "*C'est la guerre*" without even translating it into English.

Mom was the colonel's field clerk then. Gee, she was pretty and efficient. She walked in the colonel's office and told him feelingly of this gallant officer who had served his country with so much distinction, and hoped to serve her equally well.

("Gee, Dad," Tommy interrupted me, "I didn't know you two were playing paddy cakes then. Excuse me, go on.")

The luncheon was a complete success.

I sauntered down to the station, at peace with the world and surfeited with France's greatest contribution to it. I asked for a *première militaire* ticket for Blois on the four-thirty train.

"But, *mon lieutenant*," expostulated the ticket seller, "this is an exclusively French train. Only Frenchmen and American generals are permitted to travel on it."

I looked hard, swallowed twice and without batting an eye, pushed forward my travel order. "General Pershing is at Blois. It is very important that I see him. He would never forgive me if I were not there tonight."

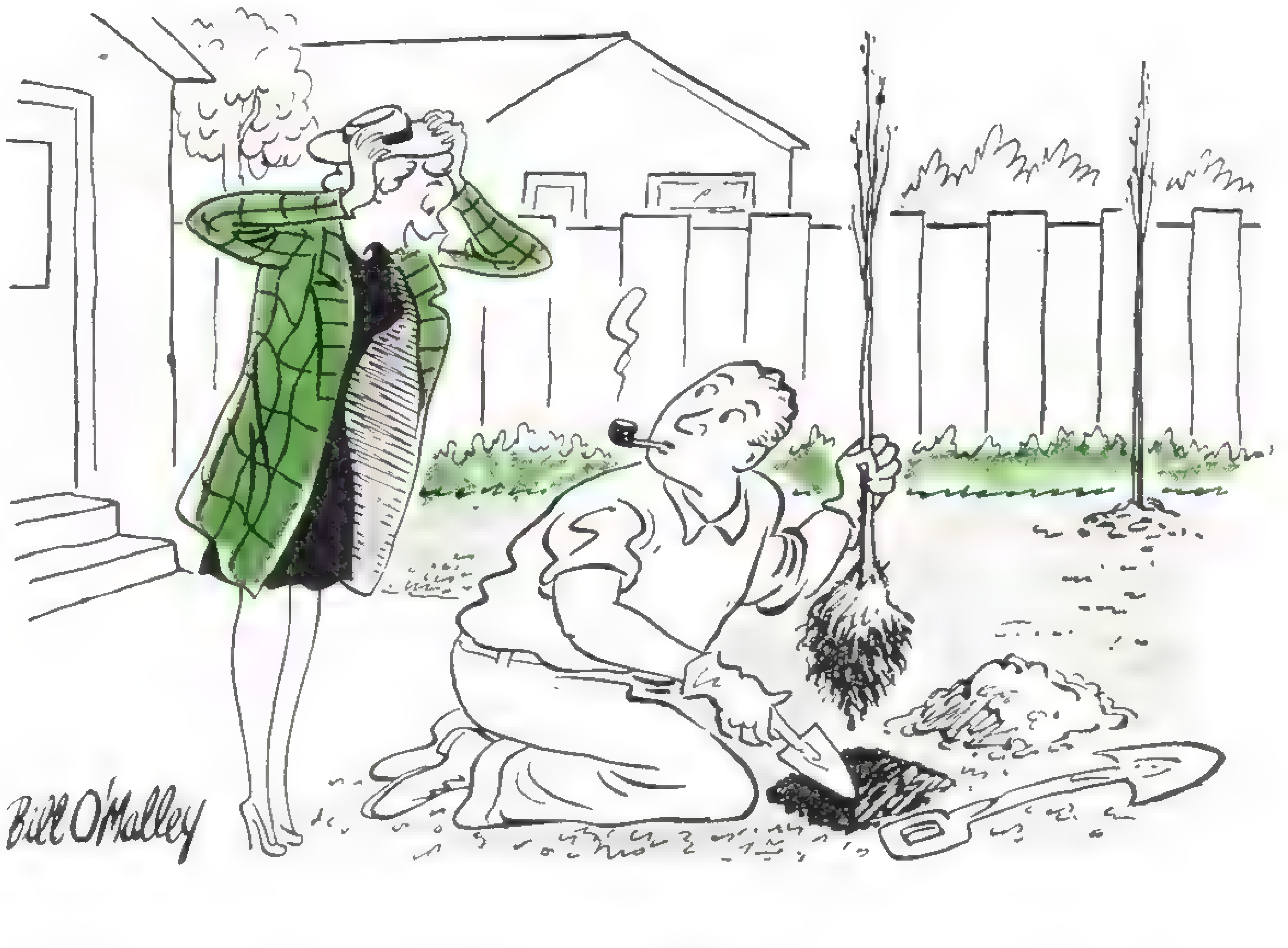
"*Tiens*, that is quite simple. Your auxiliary order, *mon lieutenant*."

I fingered through my papers and considered a commissary receipt for a carton of cigarettes as the most likely document. "*Voilà*," I said convincingly. My eyes met the Frenchman's. The ticket seller shrugged his shoulders ever so slightly and then shook his head. "That won't do."

I was desperate. I pushed a fifty-franc note through the window, in addition to the ten francs which would buy my ticket. But still the Frenchman shook his head. "They won't let you on the train. There's really nothing I can do about it."

Certainly something must be done. In an hour the last train would leave that would get me to Blois. The party, my own party, the party I had engineered would start without me. A ticket seller wouldn't let me on that train simply because I wasn't a Frenchman or a general. It was nonsense! Utter nonsense! Of course, there was always a chance that a staff car might be going to Blois. Maybe I could get a hitch.

Across the street was a small café. I would sit there, take one drink, perhaps two, and say a prayer. If prayers failed, then—I sat down at the table. This was no time for vermouth-cassis. This was a serious business. I ordered brandy. "Brandy for heroes," old Dr. Johnson had said. Stark tragedy engulfed me. There wasn't an American car on the Loire road. I drank my brandy and another with no enthusiasm. My eyes (*Continued in center of page 127*)



"I'm going right down and buy a hammock!"

No golfer has yet played a perfect game at Oakmont, Bill Fownes' rugged course

General Par's Last Stand

by O. B. KEELER

WM. DuBOIS

Par has two great allies in its fight to remain triumphant over the great golfers of our time—William C. Fownes, Jr., and Oakmont, his course near Pittsburgh which has never been conquered.

Fownes, president of the club and son of the founder, is the outstanding idealist in golf today. He believes in the old-fashioned definition of par: the number of strokes required for a hole or round played perfectly up to the green, with two strokes allowed on each hole for putting.

I keep getting more and more annoyed by the serenades of the current and younger set of sports writers, whooping it up for the busted scoring records around the P.G.A. loop. Where will it all end, and what of it? Fownes and his course enter here.

In 1945 the four-round stroke-play record plunged headlong down to 263, and then 261, and then 259, nearly thirty strokes better than the average of fours we used to consider a first-class pattern for such competition. I saw one of these records produced by Byron Nelson at the Capital City Country Club in Atlanta. It was a marvel of precision, and I felt I ought to be doing a spot of cheering, and did. And then, all of a sudden, a line blazed on the scoreboard of memory, and it wasn't a line connected with golf.

It was a military order, in the Other World War. An order delivered in the clutch, by Field-Marshal Haig:

"Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight on to the end."

Blunt, what? I remembered writing a column about it, at the time—and no suggestion of golf. And yet, in 1945, as I was thinking about the grand old game, and sort of feeling like blubbering about it, that tremendous command suddenly lined itself up with the Oakmont Country Club, and Bill Fownes and the Fownes family, and Emil Loeffler, and the four major championships I'd seen played at Oakmont. And next thing I knew, I was chuckling to myself. And thinking, well, boys, here's *one* layout whose ears you've not batted down with your mechanized golf and steel-shafted clubs and the good old wedge—and here's betting those eighteen positions at Oakmont will be held, close on to par, for a long time.

Not that there aren't several dozen other real golf courses in this country. After all, nobody has yet scored a phenomenal low in the United States Open, even in the tournaments the lads were playing before the war with the new implements and projectiles—the implements, incidentally, reduced from an unlimited set (running as high as twenty-five at times) to a maximum of fourteen, due to the sturdy collaboration of Bill Fownes and his mates in the U.S.G.A., and the firm agreement of the Royal and Ancient gentlemen of Great Britain.

Some way, this Last Stand stuff always seems to revert to the Messrs. Fownes and Oakmont.

No one has ever beaten Oakmont's 288 par for four consecutive rounds. So last August when the Sports War Bond Committee of the Fort Pitt Area in Western Pennsylvania and the Western Pennsylvania Golf Association decided to match Oakmont against Byron Nelson, Sammy Snead, Harold (Jug) McSpaden and Gene Sarazen, excitement ran high in Pittsburgh and its environs. Yes, it had run pretty high, south of the Smith & Wesson Line, too, where Lord Byron had pasted that dainty 263 on the scoreboard at the Capital City C. C., in Atlanta.

When it was all over Oakmont had triumphed. Nelson's score, the best of the four, was 295, seven strokes over par. Being sportsmanlike, we refrain from jumping about and cheering.

Of the seven championships of national rating played there since the Other War, I covered four as a golf reporter—the U. S. Amateur in 1925 and 1938, and the U. S. Open in 1927 and 1935. The other national affairs were the U. S. Amateur of 1919; the U. S. Professional (the P.G.A.) of 1922; and the National Intercollegiate of 1930. That is a pretty fair display of major-league golfing competition for one layout in a span of exactly twenty years—and the impression may be gained that Oakmont, while tough, is fairly popular with top golfing authorities.

And without access to the records of the collegiate affairs or the P.G.A.—both match-play competitions—I can find only *five* single rounds of medal play in which Oakmont par of seventy-two has been fractured, four times by a single stroke and once by a great seventy, the second of two qualifying rounds by the spectacular amateur, Gus Moreland.

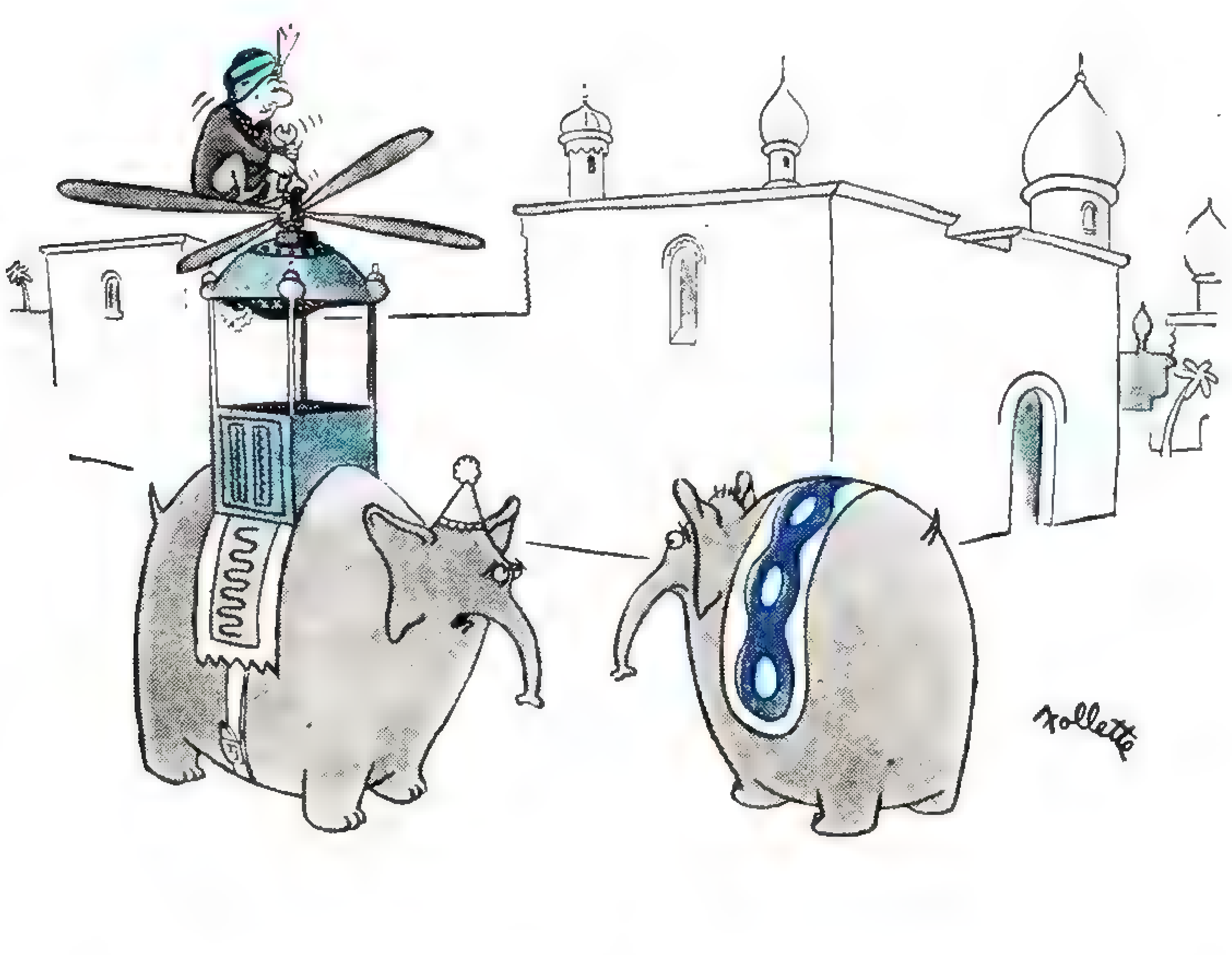
The other sub-par conquests in national affairs are these:

In the U. S. Amateur of 1925, the first of the par-busters cropped up in the youthful person of Roland MacKenzie, now son-in-law of Fownes, who captured the medal with cards of 71-74-145. This is better than half of the Byron Nelson four-round card of 295, made twenty years later.

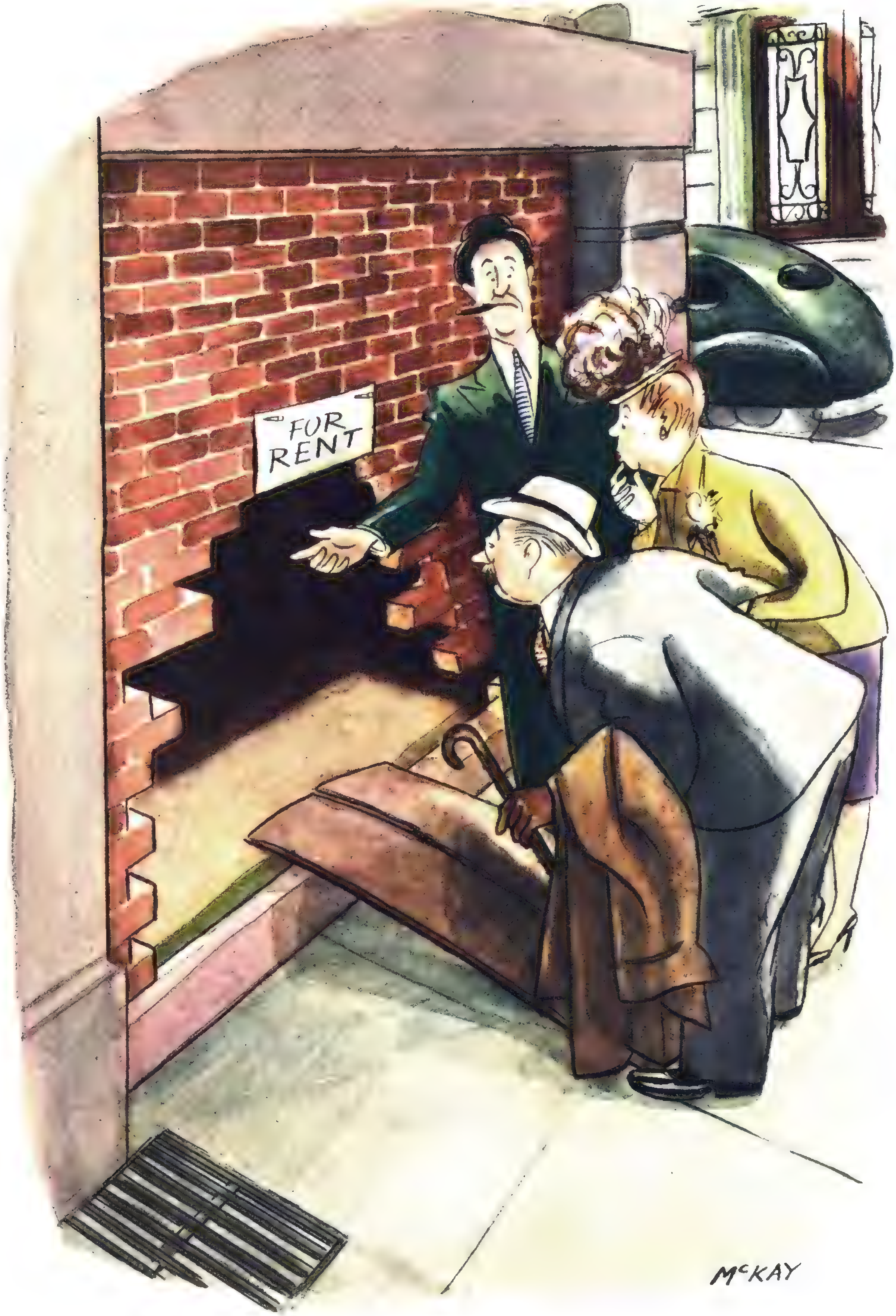
In 1927, Tommy Armour scored seventy-one in the second round of the U. S. Open and went on to a tie with Harry Cooper at a good, tough 301, beating Cooper in the play off. And in 1935, in the first round of the U. S. Open, a guy named Alvin Krueger, from Beloit, Wisconsin, caused cursing sports writers to rewrite their "lead" in the cool of the evening, by finishing with a seventy-one after they had once more established Old Man Par as invincible at Oakmont.

Outside the major-league competitions, Willie MacFarlane holds the Oakmont record for the best single-round and the best four-round score, with a sixty-nine in the third round of the 1934 Pennsylvania Open—a tie with Emil Loeffler, Oakmont professional—and a total of 294.

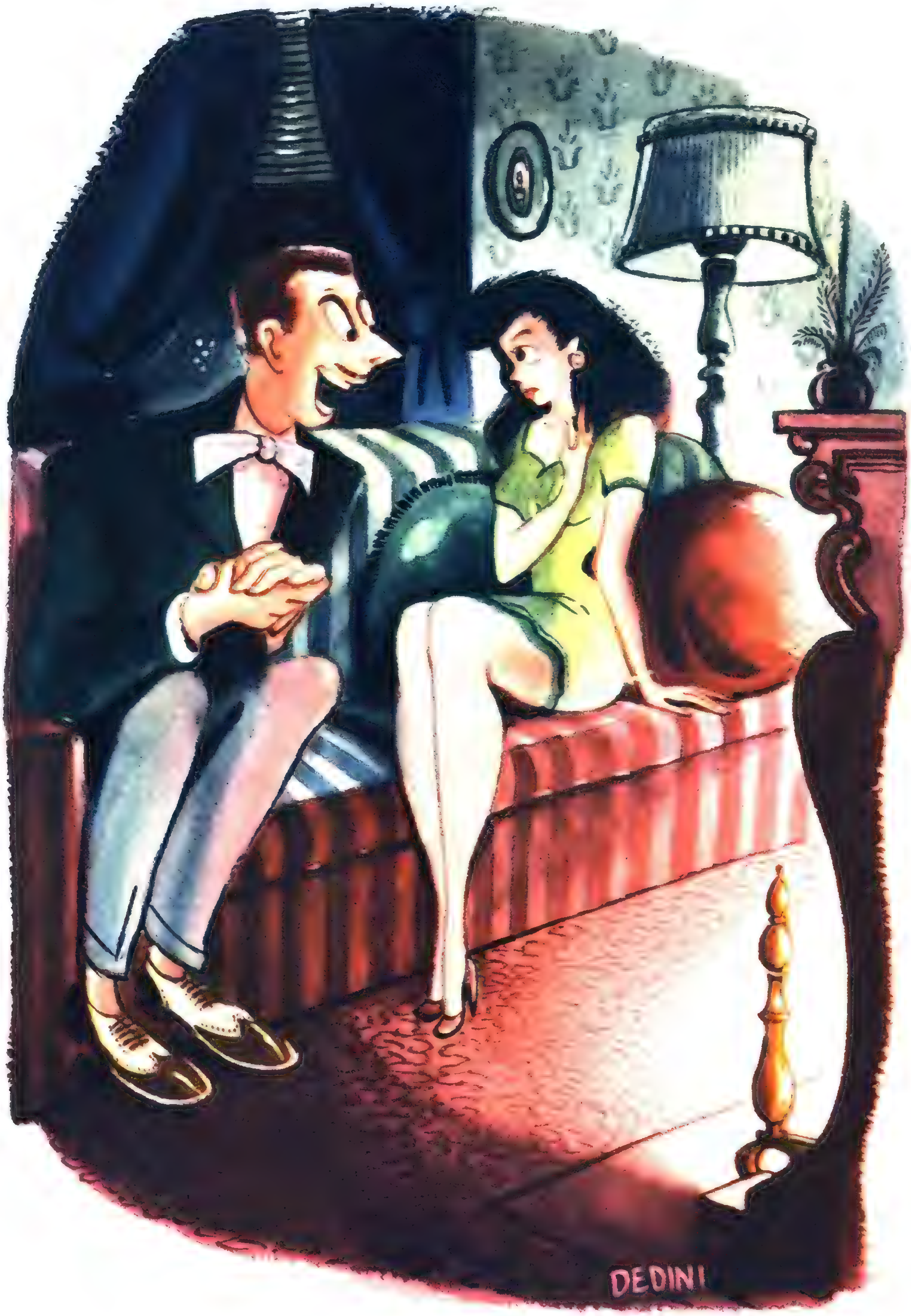
Let us now resume consideration of the tall and stately Fownes background towering over Oakmont's 7,100 yards, par 37-35-72, and 160 bunkers —with *ridged* sand in (*Continued on page 195*)



"Oh, I suppose there's a chance it'll work, but gosh! what if it should?"


FOR
RENT
McKAY

"We'll take it"



"What do you say we start in where we left off last night?"

HOFFMAN

It seemed to the powerful Jamaican there was no higher task this side of heaven than running the winch of the cargo ship

Leon the Winchman

by ROBERT P. HANSEN

THE hour was early, but already it was hot. Between Mr. MacCumber's shoulder blades a wet spot had appeared, and his collar was a limp mess. This morning the tropic sun had burst upon them out of the sea with its usual intense fury. Humid steam hung like a sodden curtain through the jungle that surrounded the small harbor. The whole morning seemed to be panting for a relieving breath of cool air which would never come.

First Mate MacCumber hated this Central American port of call. Once a month they stopped here to discharge cargo and fill their refrigerated holds with green stems of bananas. The small group of passengers did not linger in the hell-hot heat of the coast. Led by the unctuous purser and accompanied by the captain, they took the railroad, a narrow gauge, comic thing, to the cool, mountainous interior. MacCumber remained on the ship. His duties consisted of two and a half days and nights of work, without sleep and with no relief from the damnable heat.

And this morning he discovered he had no winchman for his foreward hatch. Probably the man had gone off to the newly-brewing revolution, a periodic thing against the government, or more accurately, against the banana company, which was the government. Or it could have been a girl, or the local coconut whiskey. MacCumber hoped it was the revolution and for once the rebels would win. They might set up something that was not a feeble farce, or perhaps—But this morning the mate had no stomach for small country politics. It was too hot; and besides, there was the immediate matter of a new winchman.

Out of the line-up of dock hands, Mac found four who could use English. One spoke the dialect of a Jamaican Negro, full of "ah" sounds, impeccably British and correct. He was a huge man, a towering black with great sloping shoulders and intelligent, sharp-cut features. His name was Leon. Mac selected him immediately. He took the man on deck to teach him the working of the winch.

The big Negro stood fascinated as Mac worked two levers which raised and lowered the cargo nets and swung the heavy boom. He watched and listened intently as the mate talked and demonstrated. Then he eagerly took MacCumber's place between the large drums of woven steel wire and covered both winch levers with his hands. Almost instantly he had the knack. Mac was pleased at the speed with which the big man learned and complimented himself on a good choice. For a while he stood behind Leon and watched. Then, satisfied the new man would do all right, he went off in search of the bosun to set the morning watch to painting and cleaning, perpetual tasks aboard ship.

At first Leon went slowly and carefully, taking his time. All that day and the next he worked happily at his new job. He was happy because he felt he had risen. No longer did he wheel a hand truck and horse cargo in the ship's holds and on the pier. Now he was a winchman and took cargo out by the sling load. With the small metal handles he could move more cargo than ten men at once could manage. He curled his fingers over the shiny knobs on the winch levers. Here was power. Here was mysterious electric power. He could switch it off and on and control it by backward and forward movements of the handles. Next to him, the two drums of wire coiled and uncoiled smoothly at his command. They made a tight whine when the sling was heavy and full, and a loose whirring when he sent an empty slithering holdward.

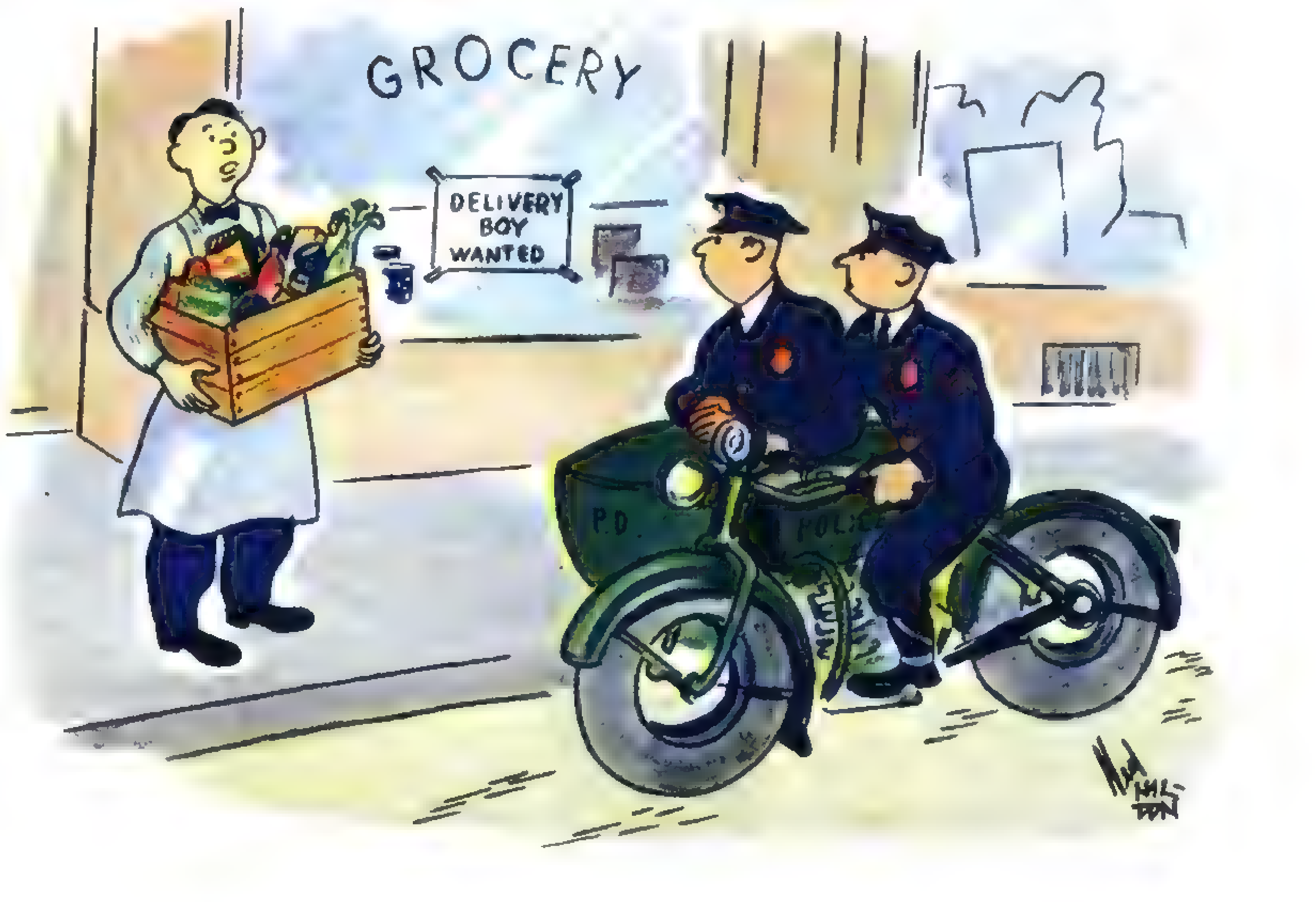
He looked up at the powerful boom which gaffed out from the thick mast, at the spider-thin, steel cables reeved through great metal blocks. He looked down at the turning drums of tight, greasy wire and at the control levers in both of his hands. He, Leon, who yesterday was a common wheeler of a hand truck, now controlled all of the power and energy that was in the drums and the cable and the boom and the purring electric machine which sent strength into his levers. He was running a winch and could look and see men sweating in the hold and on the pier. Leon the winchman. He was proud. He had risen. And soon he would be free to tell about it. Soon he could tell how this had happened, what Mr. MacCumber had said to him and how he stood here and managed the magic of the winch. In his hands was power which sang a taut, humming music through him. He was happy and full of what had occurred. He needed to tell someone; he wanted to tell his woman he was now a winchman, no longer a wrestler of cargo, but a winchman. He wanted to be proud with her and he wanted her to be proud.

The next night loading and unloading was finished. The ship rode next to the pier, heavy to the water line, her holds stacked with green banana stems. She sat there and worked up and down in the ground swell, strained at mooring lines as if she was full of impatience to be away. She rubbed the great woven bumpers against the tall pilings and against her own painted flanks in complaining dignity—something like a man who has eaten too much at dinner and is uneasy in his seat and anxious to be up and gone from the table.

The dock workers made a line before the one-room office at the end of the pier to be paid. Leon took his place in line. As he stooped his way through the door, he told his name to the perspiring white man behind the desk. He noticed Mr. MacCumber was there. The mate leaned over and told the paymaster that Leon was now a winchman and his pay should be changed, also the symbol next to his name. Leon watched as this was done. His money was counted out: sixty-five cents an hour, almost double the thirty-five cents an ordinary worker earned. Leon was proud to be a winchman.

And then another wonderful thing happened. Mr. MacCumber called him aside and told him, from now on, he was to be winchman for the other three ships which would arrive before MacCumber's ship returned again. Leon thanked the

(*Continued on page 216*)



"Hey, Sarge—want to make a fast four bits?"

The science that won games in the early days is now returning to the diamond, replacing the showmanship of recent years

Inside Baseball

by HUGH FULLERTON, SR.

BRYAN

The following article is for the record. It is one of the last to come from the typewriter of Hugh Fullerton, Sr., dean of baseball writers, who died recently at the age of seventy-two. —The Editors.

REFUSING, as many fans do, to admit for an instant that either of the teams participating in a series of one-hole cat, first-bounce-is-out contests ought to be called world champions, one raises the question of whether that sort of synthetic, Brooklynized baseball is what the public wants. The fact that this sort of play in recent years broke all attendance records, established a new high for gate receipts and new lows for playing, supports the theory.

Nothing is further from the truth. When two teams in a World Series in 1945 make thirty-seven "boners" in seven games—not official errors but sheer, dumb, ignorant plays—even the most prejudiced fan knows something is wrong . . . .

The truth is that baseball in its evolution, is starting another cycle which will lift it even higher in its development into the perfect contest. Scientifically, baseball today is about where it was in the nineties when the art of *inside baseball* ceased to be the monopoly of a few athletes and became knowledge shared by all players.

The history of our national sport shows that every rule (excepting the foul-strike rule) was made with the view of handicapping the pitchers and helping the batters. The foul-strike rule was the exception because it was adopted to stop interminable delays in play. Each time the pitchers have slowly overcome the handicap and become masters of the situation. The same thing is happening now. The pitchers are mastering the lively ball and the restrictions imposed upon them, and are forcing managers and players to relearn the art of self-defense. Fortunately for the sport, some of the clubs never have entirely forgotten the science of *inside baseball* and these teams—the St. Louis Cardinals, the Washington Senators, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the Yankee chain—have the advantage of a start in rehabilitation.

There is nothing in our national life that is as acutely American as baseball, nor anything in history which approaches the evolution of one-hole cat into baseball. A bunch of kids, shown the way by a mathematically minded youngster, took the yarn from an unraveled stocking, wound it into a ball, covered it with the leather from a worn glove, fashioned a bat out of a broken wagon tongue, and evolved the only perfect mathematical game ever invented by man. Unfortunately the inventors of the game left but scant records. General Abner Doubleday did not live to see the game he visioned become a national obsession.

The Civil War spread the knowledge of the sport over the entire North. Up to about 1890, a few super-athletes ruled because they outthought the majority. Then the science of *inside baseball* became general knowledge and for a quarter of a century was refined and perfected. Babe Ruth's era, with the lively ball injected into the sport to create synthetic home runs, led club owners to think that the fans wanted to see a game of over-the-fence. Now we are returning to what the old-time players called "the old Army game"—the science of getting the most runs out of the fewest hits.

I must have been a lucky kid. As a small boy I watched the men who had a few years earlier returned from the Civil War—and saw them teach their sons and grandsons the game they had learned in camps and fields. As a boy playing with and against men old enough to have been my father, I teamed up with two other kids in applying the rudiments of the sport to our school games. I came in contact with "King Kelly," perhaps the smartest and most daring player of his day, and with Charlie Comiskey, who had led the St. Louis Browns to four pennants, and with Buck Ewing, still revered as one of the greatest of catchers. I lived and traveled with Anson's great old Chicago White Stockings, and in that same era I chummed and roomed with the player who was the greatest genius of *inside baseball*, Herman Long. Through him I learned the science of the sport as understood by the Boston Nationals under Frank Selee—a team which probably was the greatest in history in both skill and brains. Still later I was privileged to live with and for years to be almost part of Frank Chance's famous Cubs.

It was during that era that I wrote, collaborating with Johnny Evers, a book on *inside baseball* which in various borrowed forms still remains the textbook of the game. That was an interesting experiment. I had written a series of articles and had tried to illustrate them with diagrams showing the manner in which skilled players, by shifting positions, lessened chances of balls being hit safely past them. I couldn't draw well, but managed the mathematics while an editor found an artist named Joe Chase, who also was a baseball bug. He worked out a series of very remarkable diagrams, showing

CARTER

"With malice toward none; with charity for all . . ."

Barry Fitzgerald, Hollywood's Father Fitzgibbons, awaits the cue for his weekly radio program, His Honor, the Barber. *Having doffed priestly movie robes, Fitzgerald has transferred his Irish charm to the radio, plays a small-town barber who doubles as judge, dispensing justice in his own offhand manner. He was irked to learn that radio involved more than racing to the studio on his motorcycle, reading aloud briefly, and racing back to his hilltop bachelor's cottage. After long rehearsals, he sighed, "I tell you, I shouldn't have done it." The 57-year-old veteran of the Abbey Theatre is so identified with his Academy Award priest's role in* Going My Way, *it's reported some movie patrons demanded a refund after seeing* The Bells of St. Mary's, *because the cast didn't include Fitzgerald.*

the ground covered by each player on every kind of hit. Evers and I got permission to use these in our book—and a year or so later I found all of our stuff neatly incorporated in a YMCA publication. Then a few years ago, visiting one of Branch Rickey's baseball schools in Florida, I had the pleasure of hearing Charlie Barrett lecture to a hundred or more kids, using our old dope.

My first recollection of baseball dates from about my sixth year on earth. I remember standing in the circus lot behind General McDowell's house and watching Captain Erskine Carson pitching (or rather bowling underhand) to Billy Harmon while Sam Frank tried to hit the ball. Captain Carson was a famous man in our town, a hero of the war between the states, who had been an athlete and had learned the game in camps in the South. In spite of his wounds he had organized a baseball team and taught the young men the game. He bowled underhand, cricket style, and it was astonishing what he could make a ball do in the air.

Modern pitchers could learn much by studying this type of mound work. I later watched A. G. Spalding pitch this way. Even when he was past middle age he was fast and could put strange twists on the ball. Clark Griffith, when a leading pitcher of the National League, occasionally used a form of backhand pitch with deadly effect.

Watching our town team I began to get the idea of the game, and was lucky enough to have as chums two fast, quick-thinking kids, Reddy and Banty. We played a game we called Scrub—a form of two-hole cat. Nine players took their positions and three batted. Whenever a batter was put out the players moved up a position, and the catcher became batter while the player who went out had to start at right field. Banty, Reddy and I discovered that the great majority of outs came as force-outs, and we decided never to hit the ball until the runners on the bases had a chance to reach home. We worked together so well that practically the only chance to get us out was to catch a line fly from our bats. Our great triumph came when we held the bats against the entire school for one week.

RAVITZ

Clarissa, as cast as a half-caste

In recent productions of The Desert Song *on both the East and West Coasts, Clarissa, as the exotic dancer Azuri, has had the customers whistling and stamping their feet, and joining in the chorus of the* Riff Song. *Nowadays she's happily scanning her rave clippings and also the fine print paragraphs of an M-G-M contract. Remove the spotlight and the dark make-up, and Clarissa becomes Claire Ellis. Denver-born daughter of an Army officer, she likes sailing and skating as well as flying (for which she has a private license). She began dancing at eight, and has studied ballet, modern, Spanish, tap and American Indian techniques during her family's peregrinations from post to post. Clarissa has blue eyes and light brown hair that's almost long enough to sit on should the occasion arise.*

I was playing with the town team before I was in high school. Oddly enough I wasn't a very good player, yet had the reputation of knowing more about the game than the others did. Nor was I a good catcher. I insisted upon catching for the joy of having the whole game in front of me and because I could direct play.

That was a busy epoch. Usually I played a game either with the school or the town team on Saturday, went to Cincinnati early Sunday morning, played with the Poplar stars or with the Libertys, and then managed to see part of the league games after we finished.

The smashing of the Players Brotherhood had wrecked baseball. Cincinnati had two teams, Mike Kelly's "Killers" in Pendleton and the National League team, managed by the banished Charlie Comiskey. I had luck. I practiced with and watched Mike Kelly and his wild crowd of drunks and has-beens, the great stars of the passing era. Occasionally the newspaper I was trying to persuade to take me on sent me out to report on Comiskey's team.

It was evident even to a green country kid that there were a lot of differences. Kelly perhaps was the most brilliant individualist the game ever knew, but not a good player. He invented and discovered plays, but there was little idea of teamwork except in the attack. I saw him make one play I never have seen since. The "Killers" needed two runs to win and runners were on third and second with one out; Kel was on second. The batter hit a hard bounder to right short. Kelly was running with the pitch and turned third before the runner going home was halfway to the plate. The shortstop fielded the ball and made a perfect throw home. Robinson slid in front of the plate and before the catcher could recover, Kelly had hooked a slide behind the base and scored the winning run.

MANY years ago when I began life as a fledgling sports writer, one of the men I admired from afar along with such heroes as Bill McGeehan and Damon Runyon was Hughie Fullerton. For if anyone knew and could write about the baffling inside of the game of baseball, it was Hughie. His reputation was further enhanced by his uncanny skill one year in predicting the outcome of a World Series game by game. Later on, I had the pleasure of meeting him and found that the personality that contained all this baseball lore was a sweet and charming one and that he was a fine old chap in addition to being a genuine sage of sport. —PAUL GALLICO

Comiskey played different baseball—team baseball. He had revolutionized first-base play. But few tried to imitate him. He was tall, fast and rangy, and he played far back in right field, leaving the fielder free to roam back and toward center. He had trained his pitchers to cover first base and his second basemen to come up to cover on bunts toward first—so that he practically added one man to the defense.

Soon after that I joined Cap Anson's famous old Chicago White Stockings and lived and traveled with them. I was aware from the first that Dahlen, the aging Pfeffer, and some of the others had signals and that they played more or less together, but I did not pay much attention to the teamwork until the famous testimony of Tom Burns in his suit against the Pittsburgh ball club.

When Tom finished as Chicago's great third baseman, Pittsburgh signed him to manage the club, and released him almost before he took charge because of alleged violation of an anti-gambling clause in his contract. Tom waited to the end of the contract and sued for the entire amount. Naturally we all wanted him to win. Anson was the star witness for Burns. "Cap" never pulled his punches. He testified that Burns was one of the best judges of ballplayers in the world, that he had every confidence in the judgment of Burns, that if Burns said a ballplayer was good, he was good.

The wily lawyer dismissed Anson and called Burns. He asked him about conversations he had had with a Chicago railroad man about teamwork on the famous old White Stockings. Burns remembered many such talks but none specifically until the lawyer asked:

"Mr. Burns, don't you remember telling Mr. ——— that you and Williamson and Pfeffer had a set of signals you didn't let Anson know about because he was such a damned old lunkhead he couldn't understand?"

Burns had to admit the statement while Anson turned purple.

The boys laughed heartily over that—and it led me to inquire more closely into the secret inside signals used on the team. My best chum was Billy "Bull Head" Dahlen, a fine player who had succeeded the great Williamson as shortstop. Dahl and I used to like to sit around evenings with steins on the table, while I cross-questioned him about inside team play. Frequently Jimmy Ryan, a veteran of Anson's troupe, joined us and added his evidence, and sometimes old "Pipes" Pfeffer, the "King of Second Basemen," joined us and told of inside plays used by the old teams.

It was evident to me then that as far as Chicago's team went there was no comprehensive system. *Inside baseball* was developing slowly. A pitcher and a catcher figured out

(*Continued on page 210*)

From American Lakes and Streams

True anglers never outgrow the elemental wallop of a flashing fish on a taut line

by DAVID M. NEWELL

Many anglers got their start in the game with the lowly little pumpkinseed, which is the first fish shown in this beautifully-executed series of color studies by Charles Liedl. Just the sight of this pert little chap takes me back to a Michigan lake and an old ramshackle dock that jutted out into what we called Turtle Cove. I remember lying there on my belly, breathless, while that goggle-eyed sunfish decided whether or not the worm which wiggled on my hook was the real McCoy. And I'll never forget the shivers that played around the back of my neck when I felt the darting and tugging of my first fish.

The true fisherman will still get pleasure out of the chubby little pumpkinseed or his cousin, the bluegill sunfish, for everything is relative in fishing. The man who whips a 500-pound marlin on a heavy salt-water outfit can still have fun with sunfish—if he's a true fisherman. He'll use, of course, a very light fly rod, a light line and leader and a tiny bug—but he'll have fun.

Taking any kind of a fish is not merely the obtaining of so many pounds of edible meat. There are a lot of things involved: dark hemlocks and spruces marching down to rocky shores; the smooth, liquid sound of a canoe paddle in quiet water; the clean smell of the north woods. Of course, the thrill of landing a fish like the fighting smallmouth, which comes from the depths to challenge the angler's skill, is a definite part of the picture but it is only a part. Getting close to sky and water and the silence is what really counts.

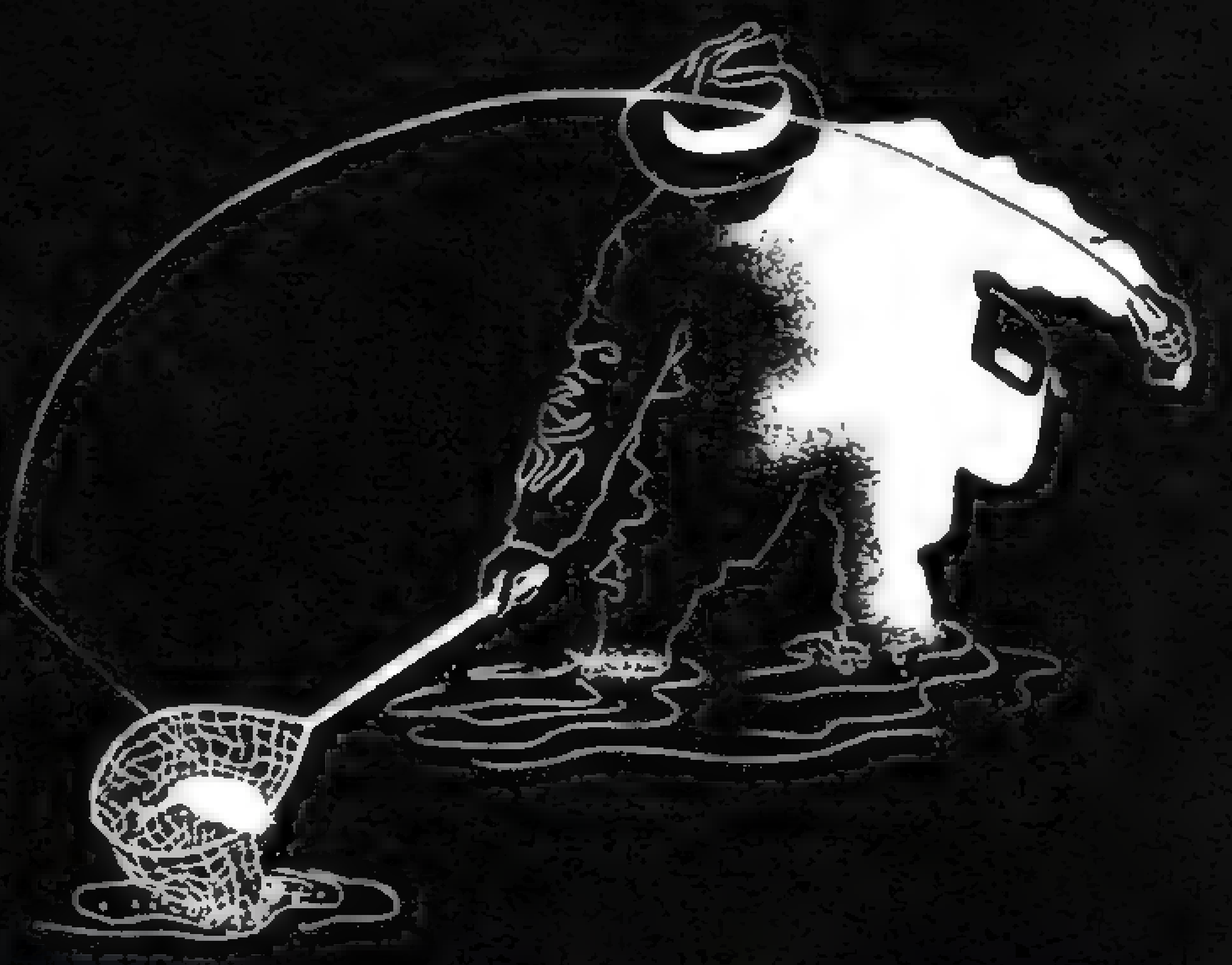
I suppose that the thing which irresistibly attracts us fishermen is the primitive urge which we inherit to go out and capture one of nature's wild things. We don't buy it or barter for it. We go directly to nature and take it through our own patience, skill or just plain good luck. There's satisfaction in this, such satisfaction as is not felt by simply carrying home a fine, fat fish from the store.

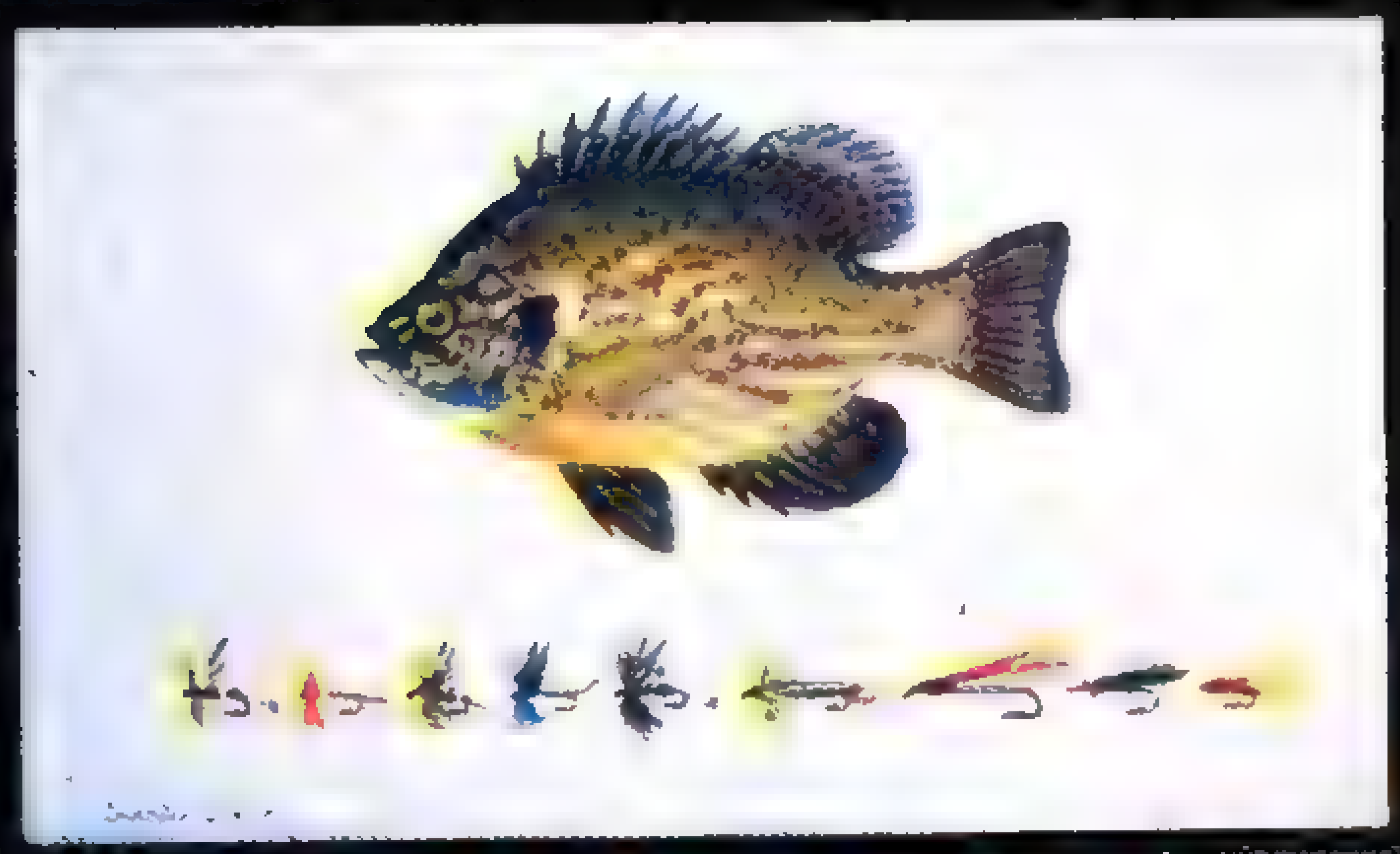
This should be easy to understand. You go out, for instance, to a mountain stream. The white water boils down through the narrows and breaks over great rocks. Here it flattens out into a deep, smooth run, swinging in under some gnarled cedars to a dark, shaded pool. Now, you don't know just what is down in that water. There is mystery and uncertainty. Time turns back five thousand years and it is a matter of life and death to take a fish out of that pool. Your ancestors didn't have a split bamboo rod and tapered leader but they were no more in earnest!

So you forget everything but what is there before you—the stream and the near-by forest and the sky. You lay a dry fly at the head of that deep, dark run just at the edge of the white water. It drops as lightly as a thistle, wings cocked high, and makes a tiny bit of rich color against the blue-black depths. The current sweeps it into the shade under the cedars, and from nowhere there appears a long, olive-brown form that rises to suck in that drifting morsel. You set the hook and instantly there is a gleaming arc of silver and rose as a big rainbow flashes out into the sun. You lay him in your creel, finally, and let no man try to tell you that here is just four pounds of dead fish! You know better.

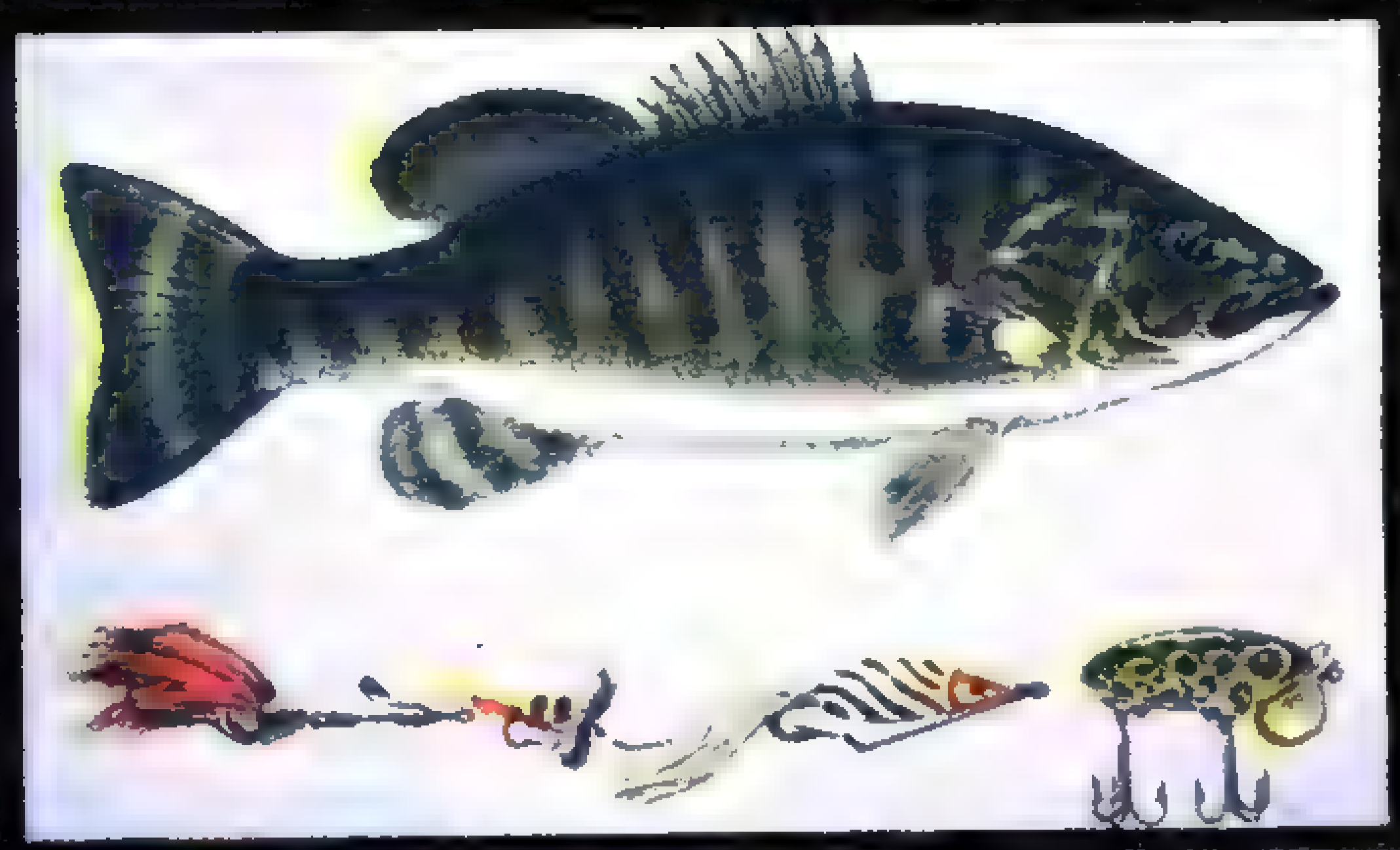
Of the pan fish pictured here, none is more tasty than the little perch. Of the larger fish, the lake trout is probably tops as a food fish. The largemouth bass is undoubtedly the most voracious and omnivorous, feeding on frogs, minnows, crayfish, bugs, helgramites, mice and occasionally even birds and bats. The wariest and smartest of all for my money is the brown trout. And when it comes to the gamiest, it's a tossup between smallmouth bass and rainbow trout.

Every fisherman has his own particular favorite. Some say that a brown trout is hardest to fool. Some think the good old native brook trout is still the best. There are those who will tell you that a walleye out of a cold lake is hard to beat and just about the finest food you ever put into your mouth. Down South, in particular, they'll insist that you don't know what fishing is until you have popped a surface plug among the knees of moss-hung cypresses and seen an old lunker largemouth bass smash it with all his might. Some folks fancy copper line and a spoon trolled deep for lake trout. Personally—and confidentially—they are *all* right. The best kind of fishing is the kind you happen to be doing at the moment. #

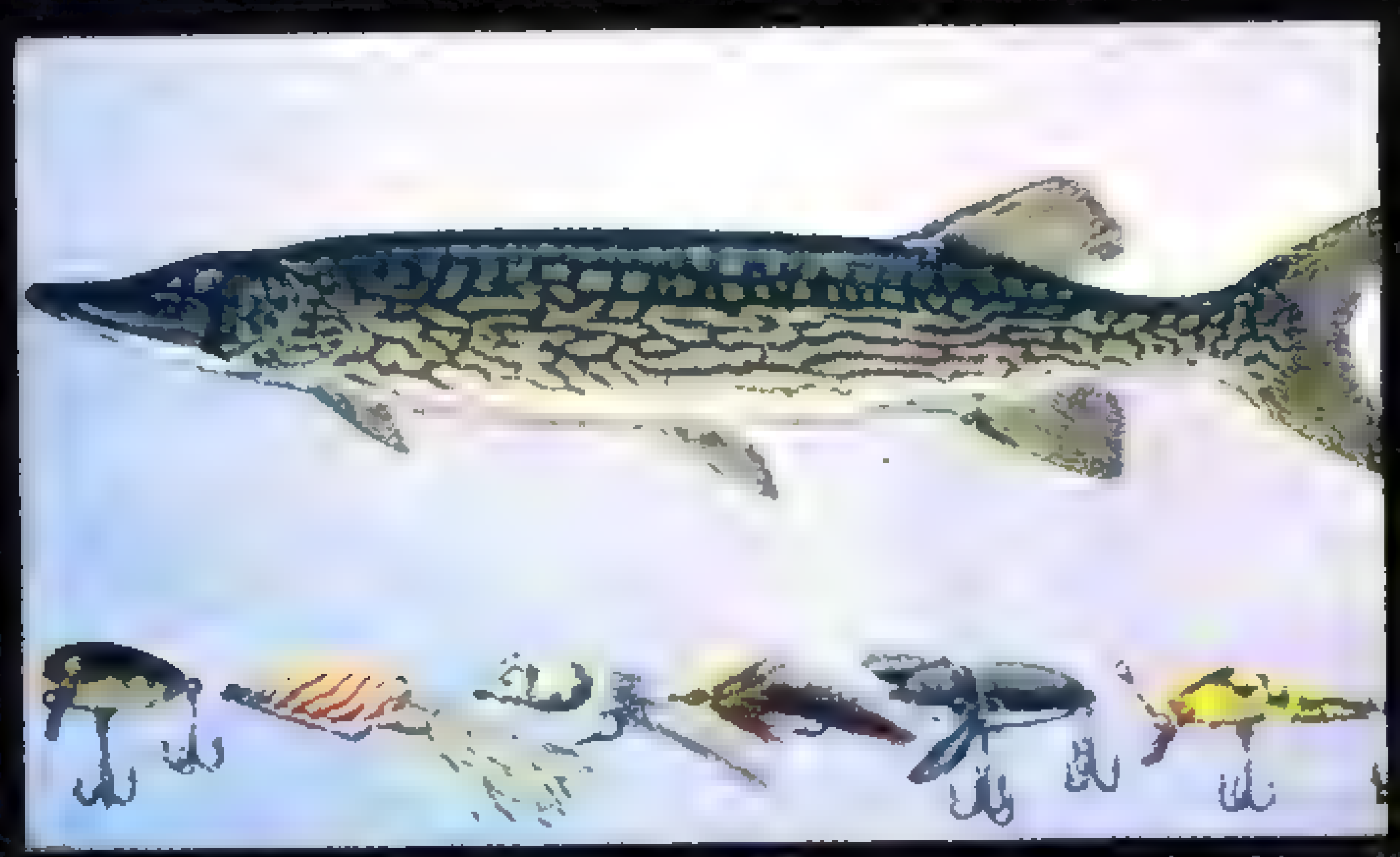




Pumpkinseed (Common Sunfish)
1-2-3-4-5-Dry Flies · 6-Feather minnow
7-8-9-Bucktails

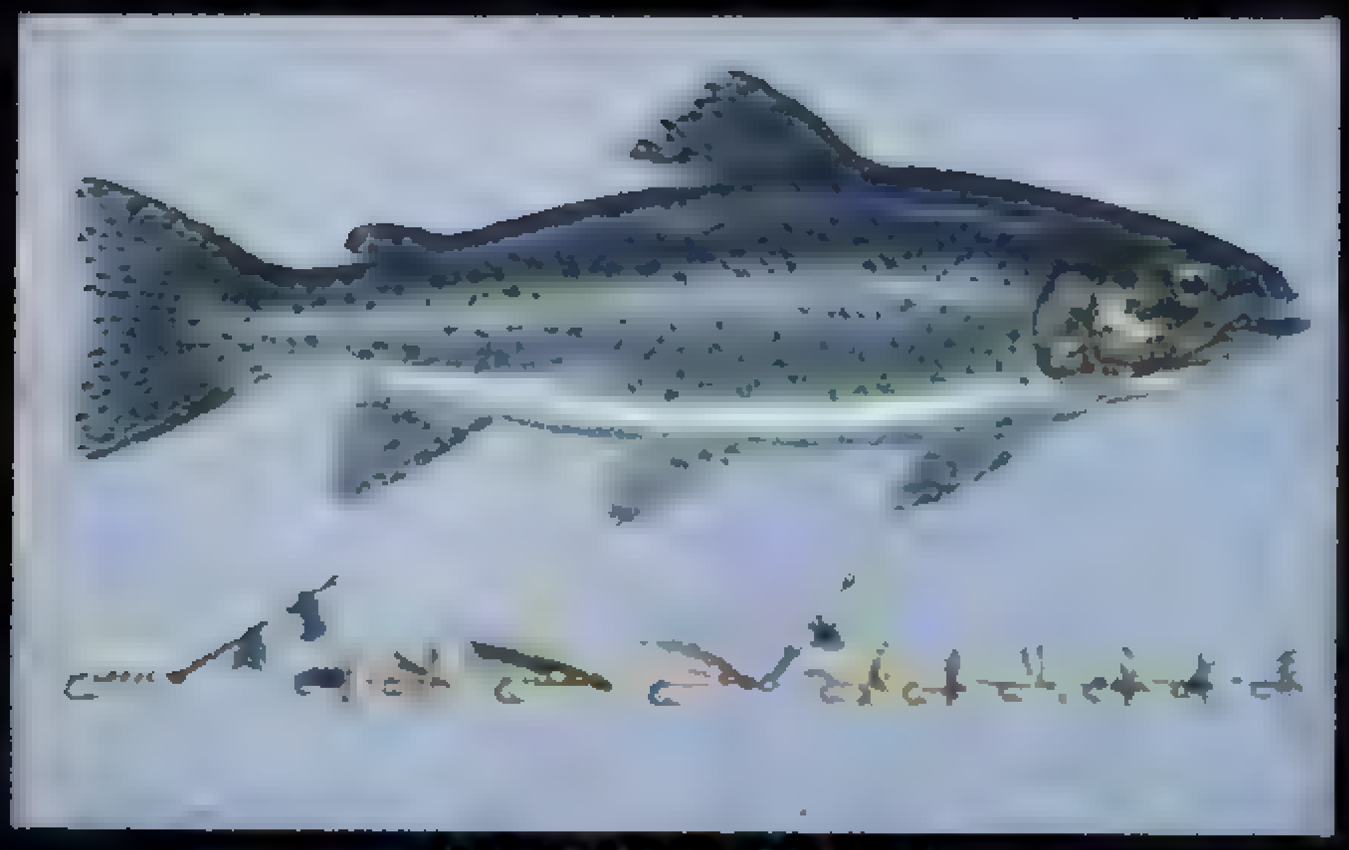


Smallmouth Bass
1-Red Bucktail with spinner · 2-Bass bug
3-Hawaiian wiggler · 4-Jitterbug

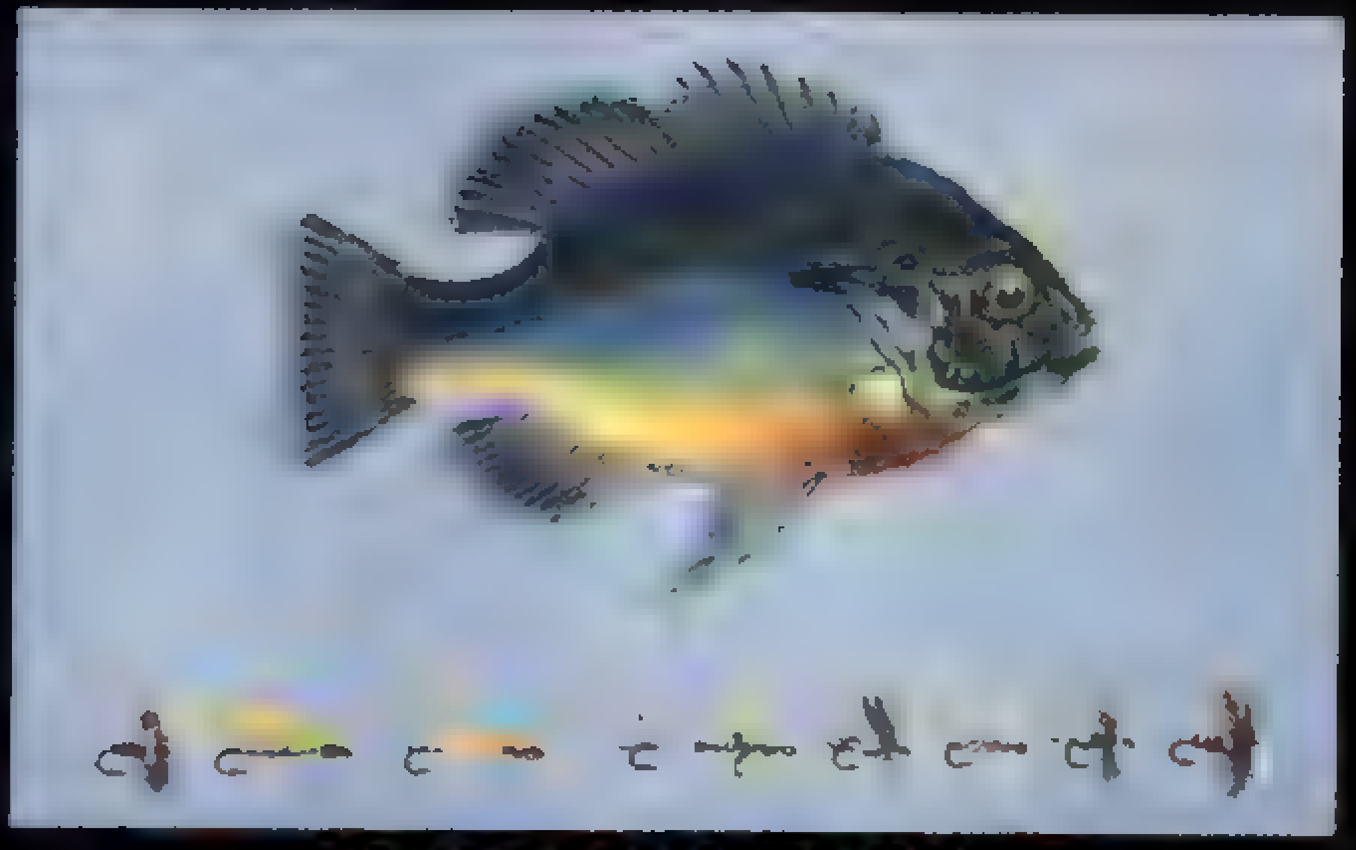


Eastern Pickerel
1-Underwater plug · 2-Hawaiian wiggler · 3-Imitation mouse
4-Streamer · 5-Crazy crawler plug · 6-Jointed underwater plug

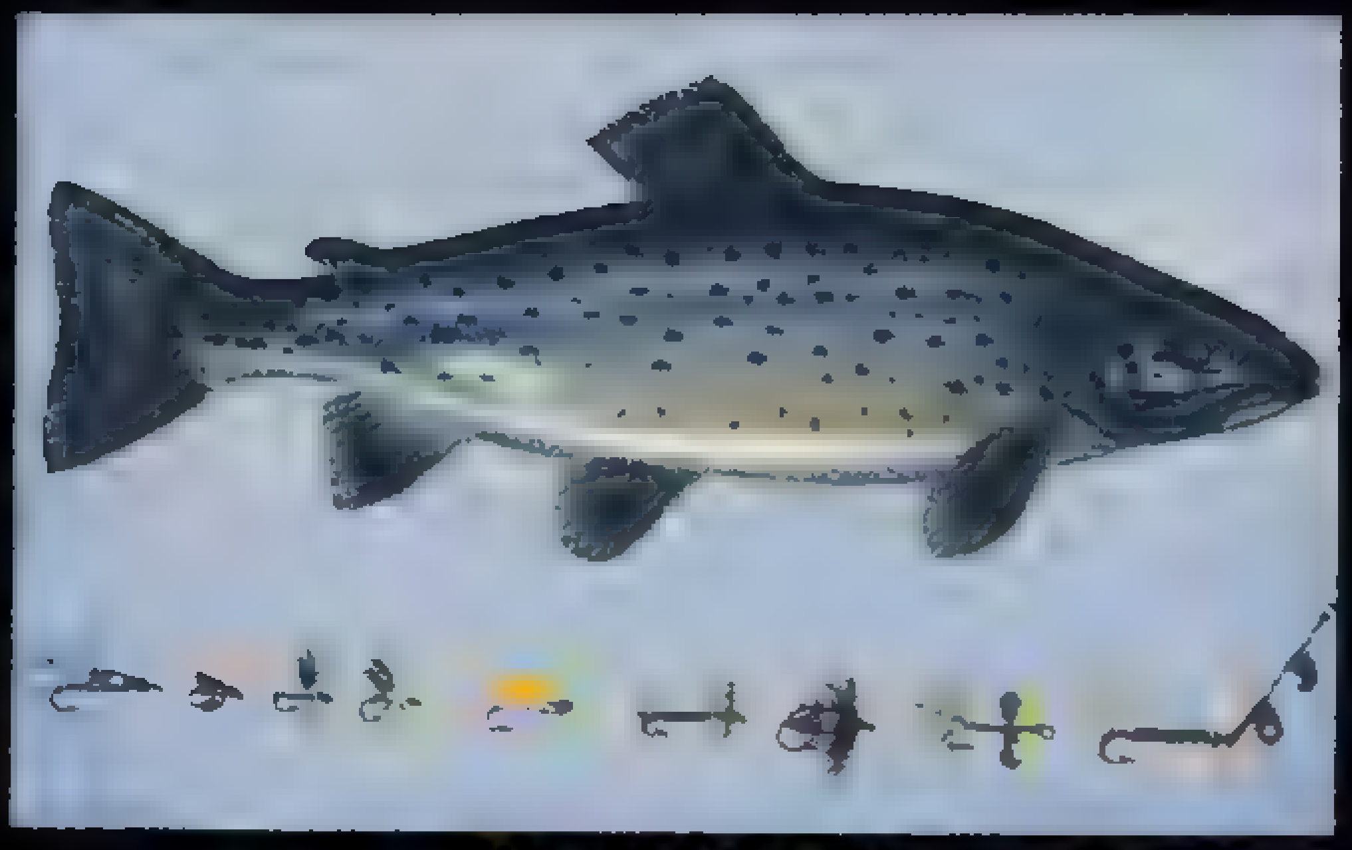
Charles Liedl, sportsman as well as one of our foremost wildlife artists, caught his own models for the remarkable paintings on these pages. To preserve their natural color brilliance, Liedl brought them back alive, sloshing in a minnow bucket. Then he pampered them into surviving in a tank long enough to get them down on canvas. The fifteen fish are not meant to be a complete collection of native American fish, but most of them are common throughout our inland waters. Liedl caught the fish during a two-year period near New Milford, Connecticut.



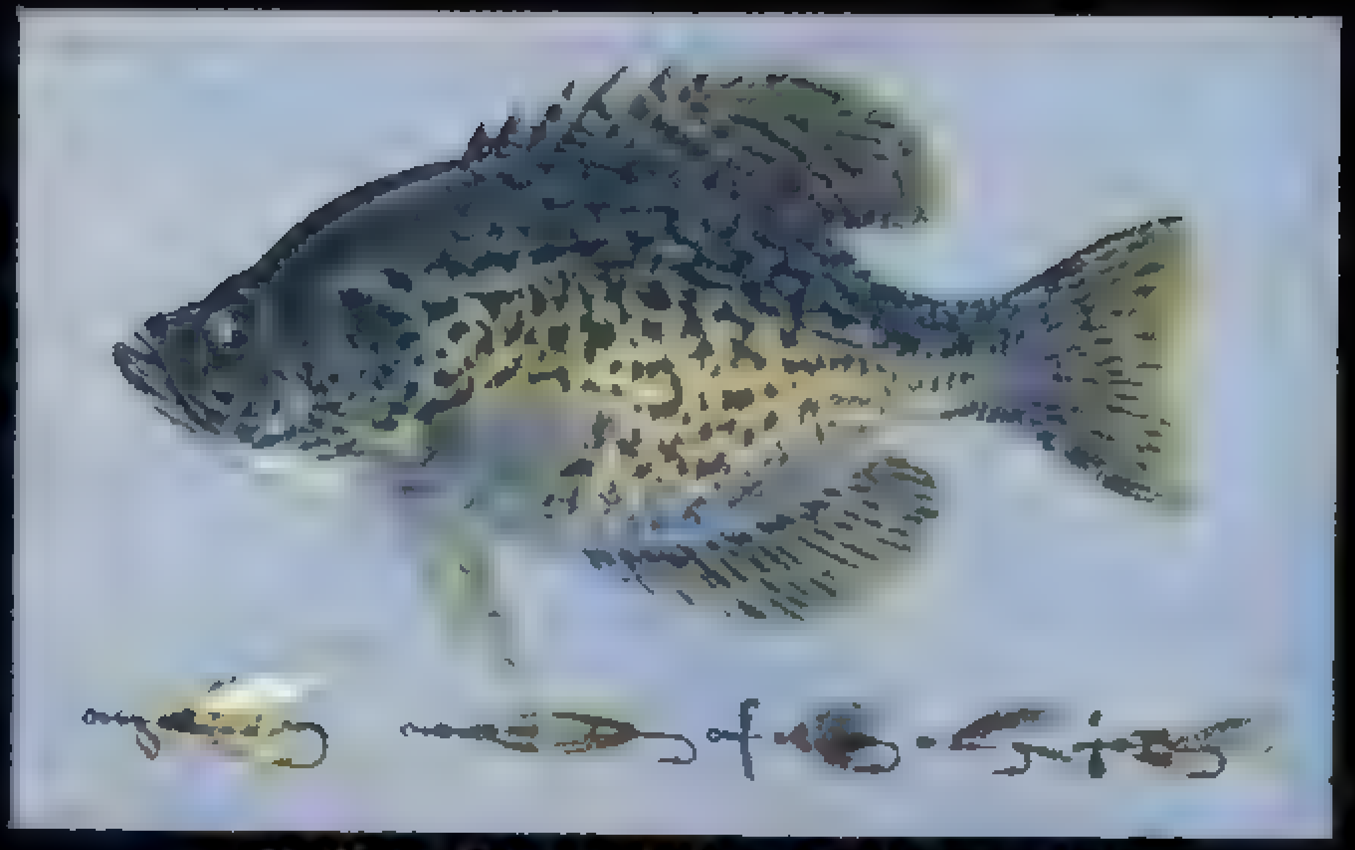
Rainbow Trout
1–Bucktail with spinner 2–3–Dry flies 4–Bucktail
5–Bucktail with spinner 6–7–8–9–10–11–Dry flies



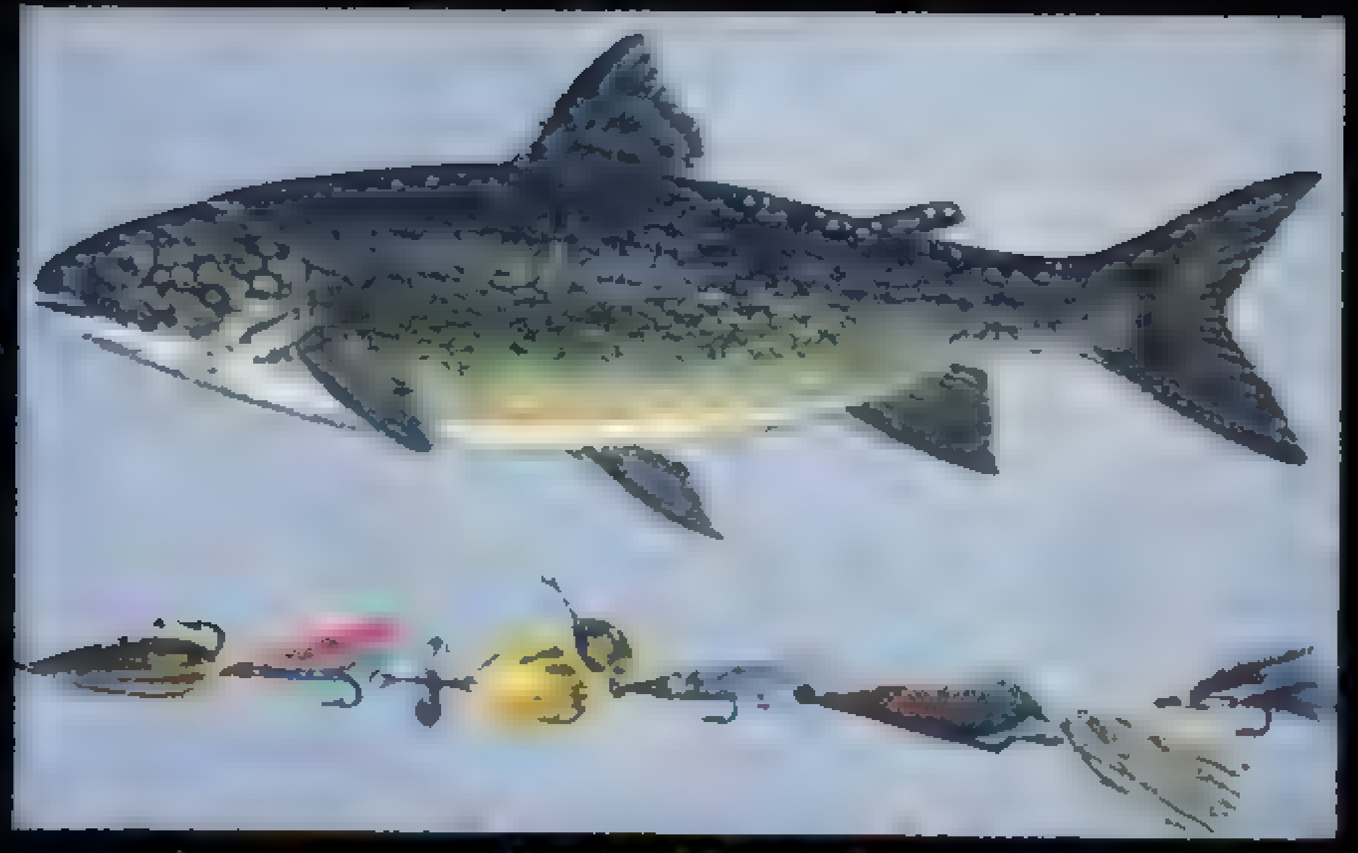
Long-eared Sunfish
1–Imitation bug 2–3–Bucktails 4–Spinner fly
5–6–7–Dry flies 8–9–Imitation bugs



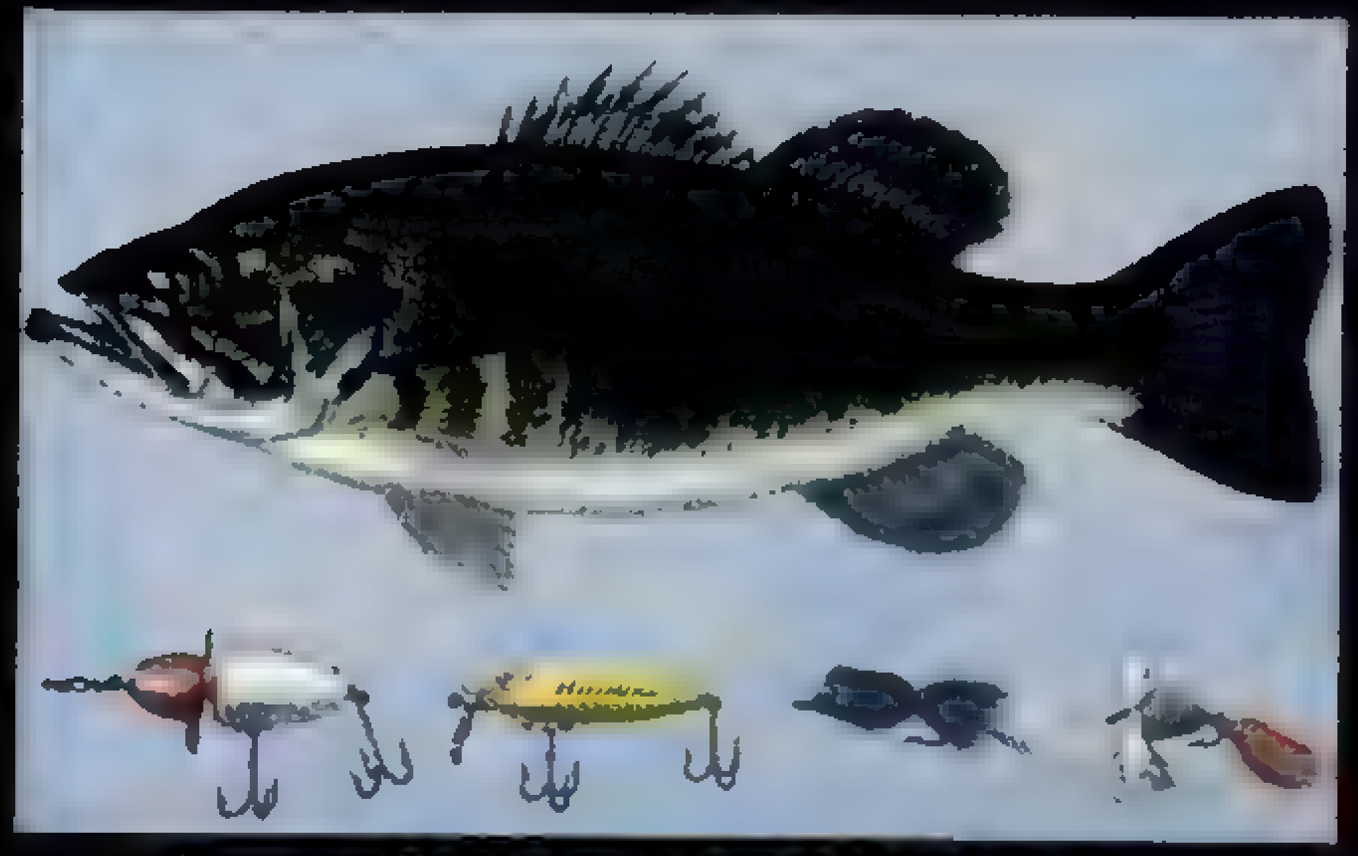
Brown Trout
1–Bucktail 2–Wet fly 3–4–Dry flies 5–Bucktail 6–Nymph
7–Imitation bug 8–Spinner fly 9–Bucktail with spinner



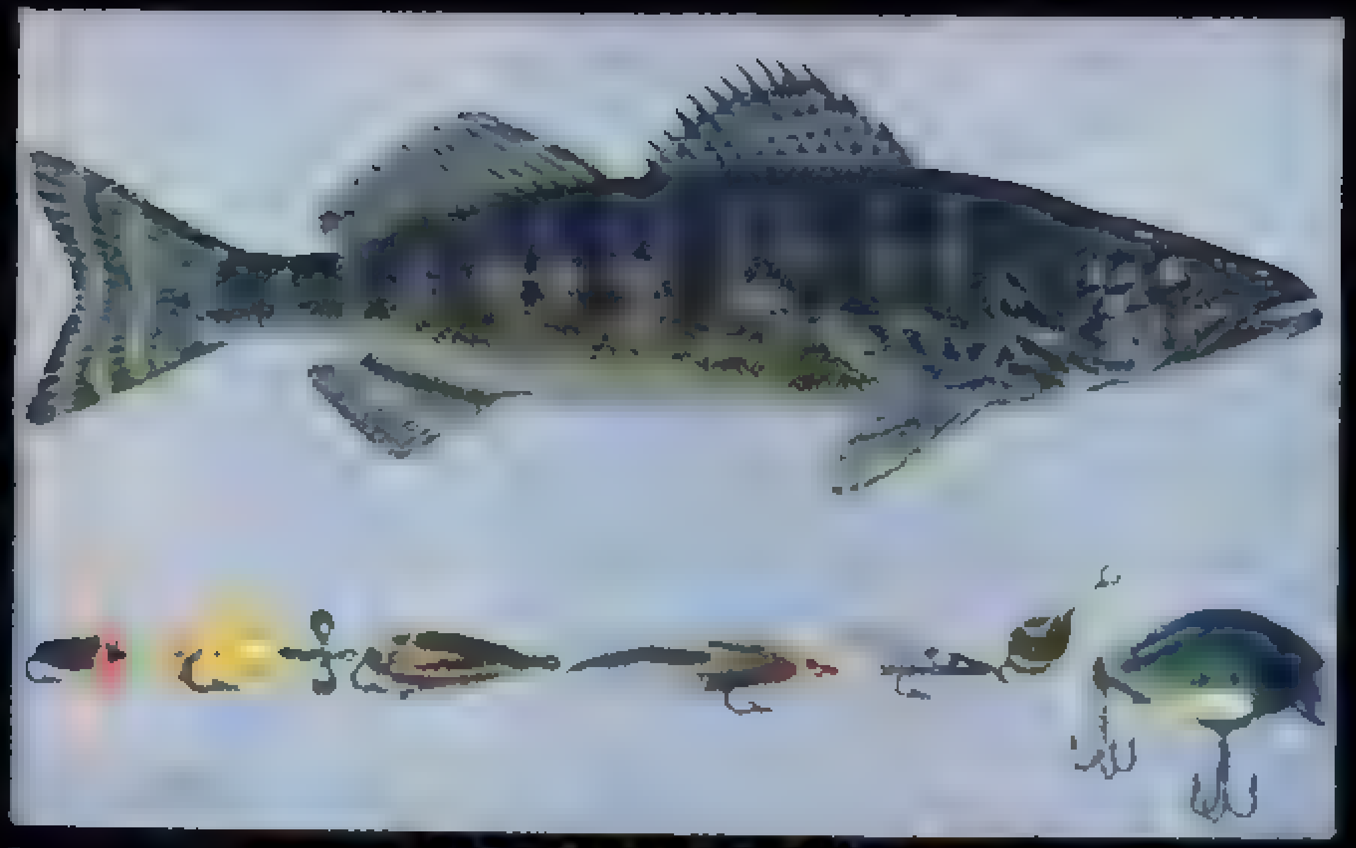
Calico Bass (Black Crappie)
1–Heavy lure with spinner 2–Spoon 3–Spinner fly
4–Bucktail 5–Spinner fly



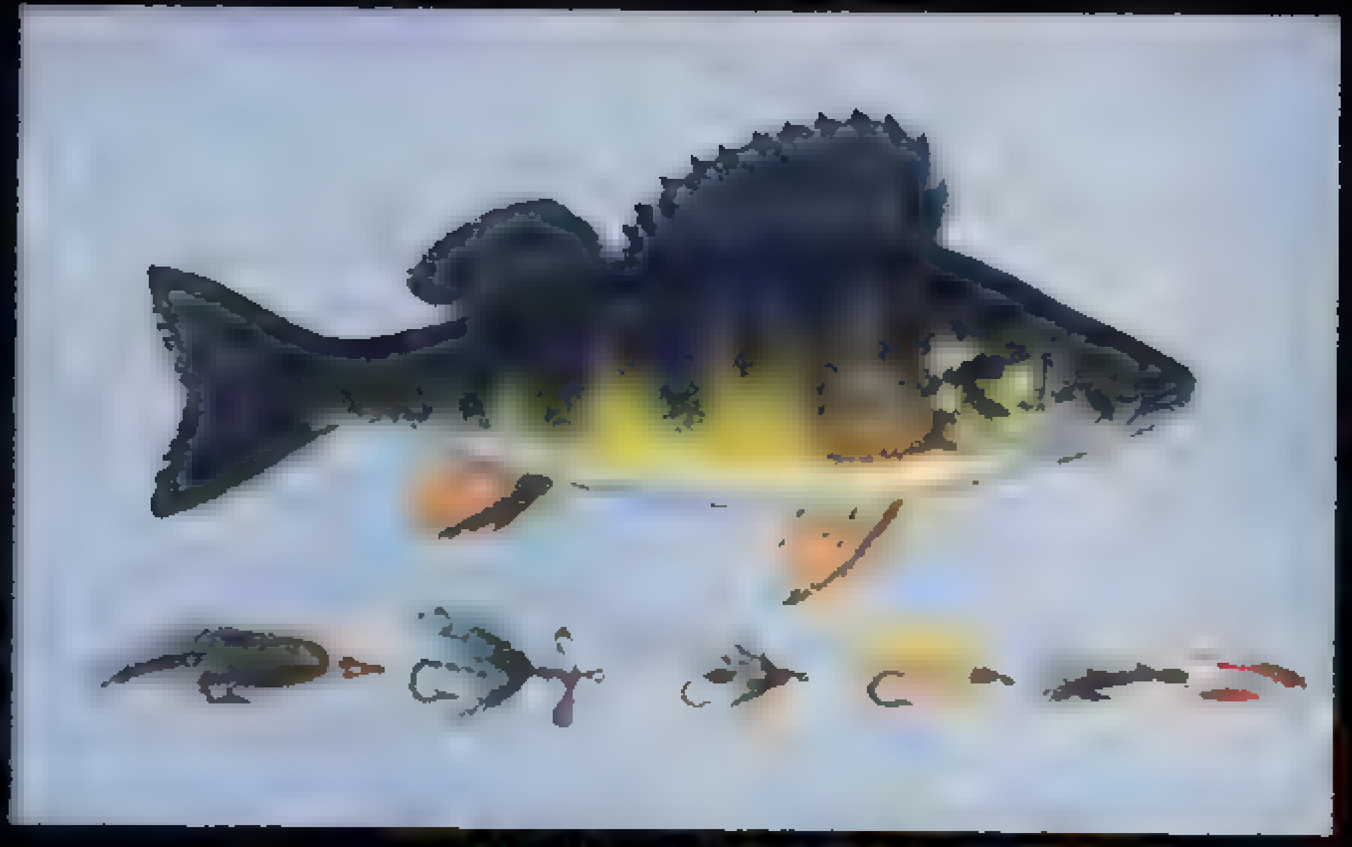
Lake Trout
1–Spoon 2–Bucktail 3–Spinner fly 4–Bucktail with spinner
5–Hawaiian wiggler 6–Bucktail



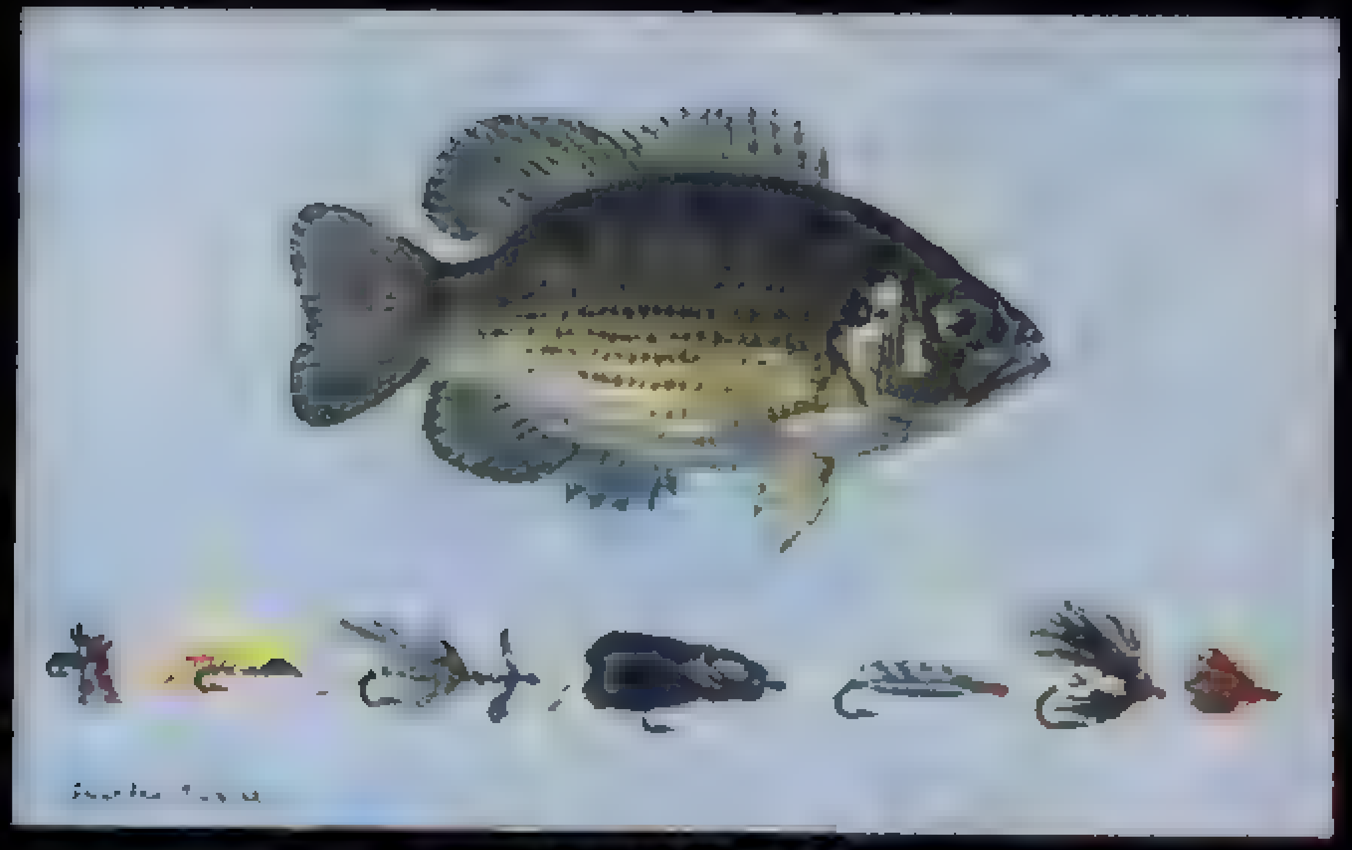
Largemouth Bass
1–Surface plug 2–Deep-running plug
3–Imitation mouse 4–Bass bug



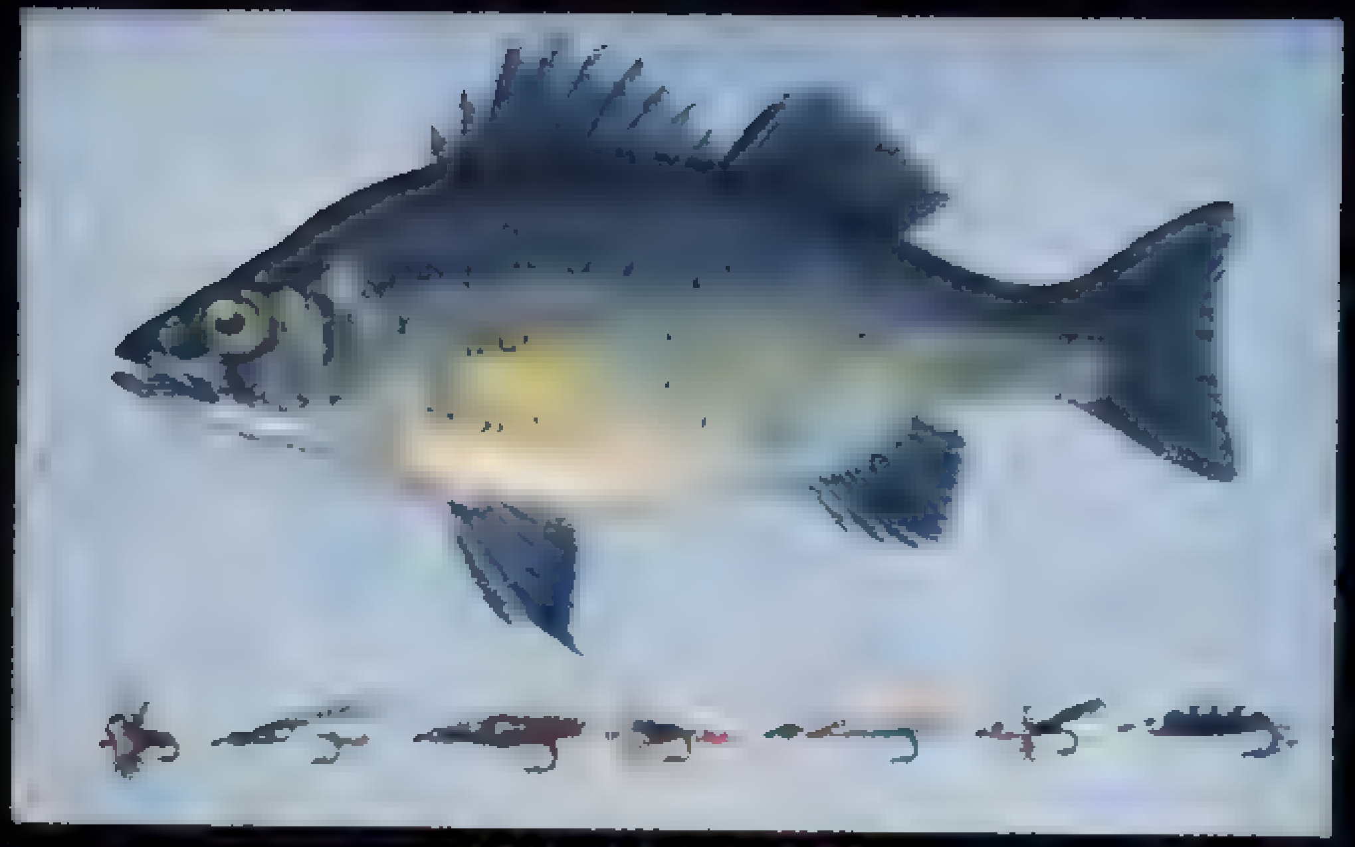
Wall-eyed Pike
1–Bass bug 2–Bucktail with spinner 3–Spoon
4–Streamer 5–Streamer with spinner 6–Imitation sunfish



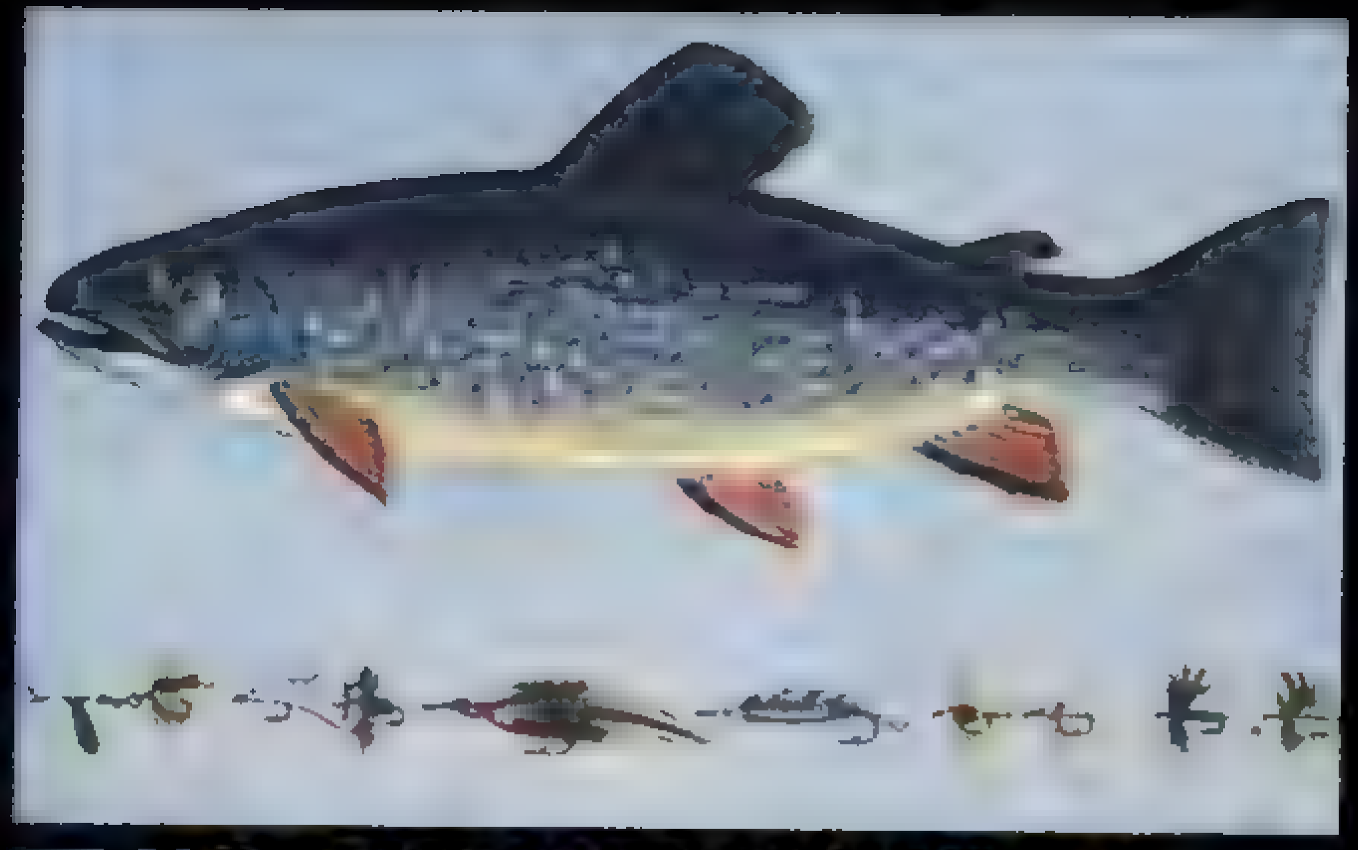
Yellow Perch
1–Streamer 2–Spinner fly 3–4–Bucktails
5–Spoon with bucktail



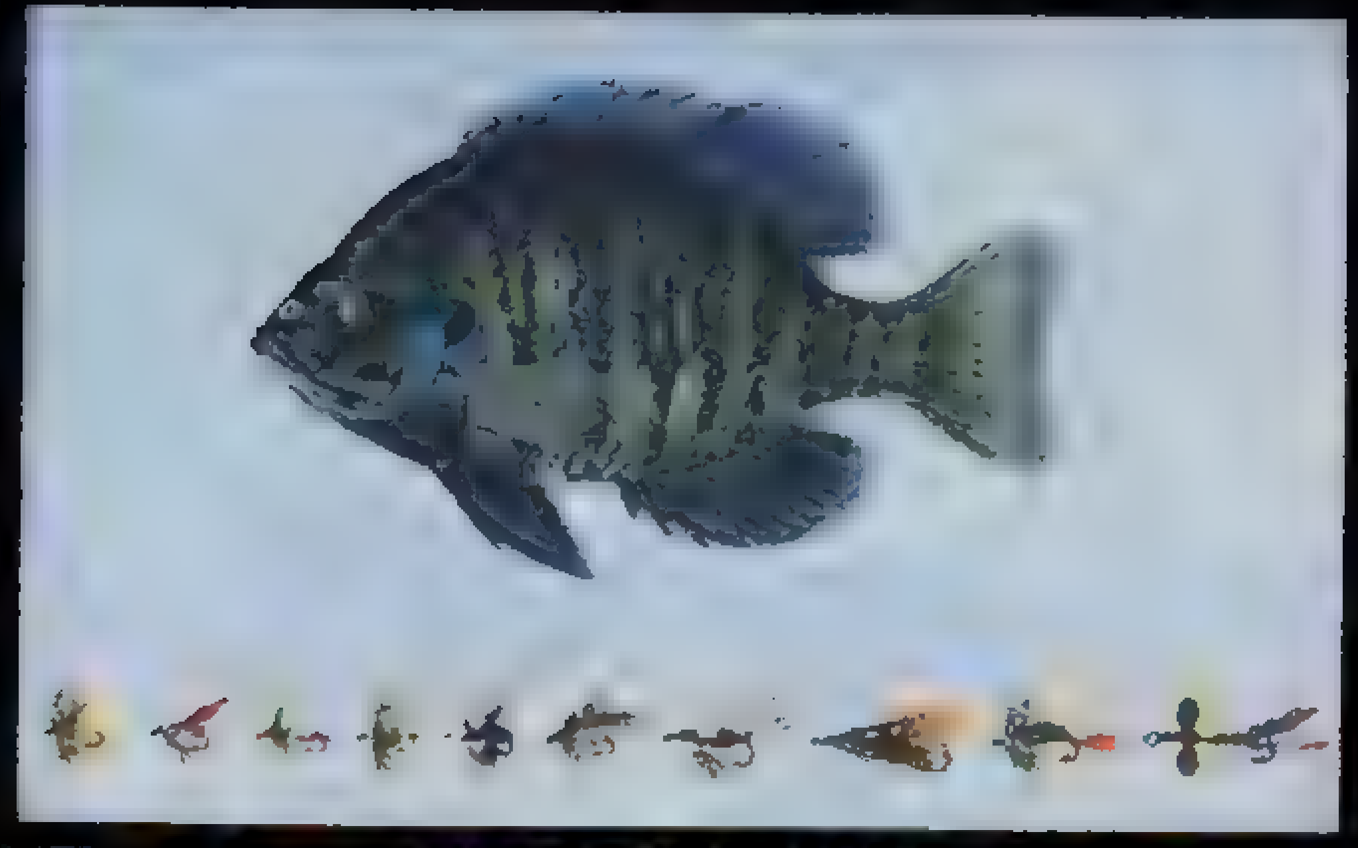
Rock Bass
1–Imitation bug 2–Bucktail 3–Fly with spinner 4–Bass bug
5–Feather minnow 6–7–Bass bugs



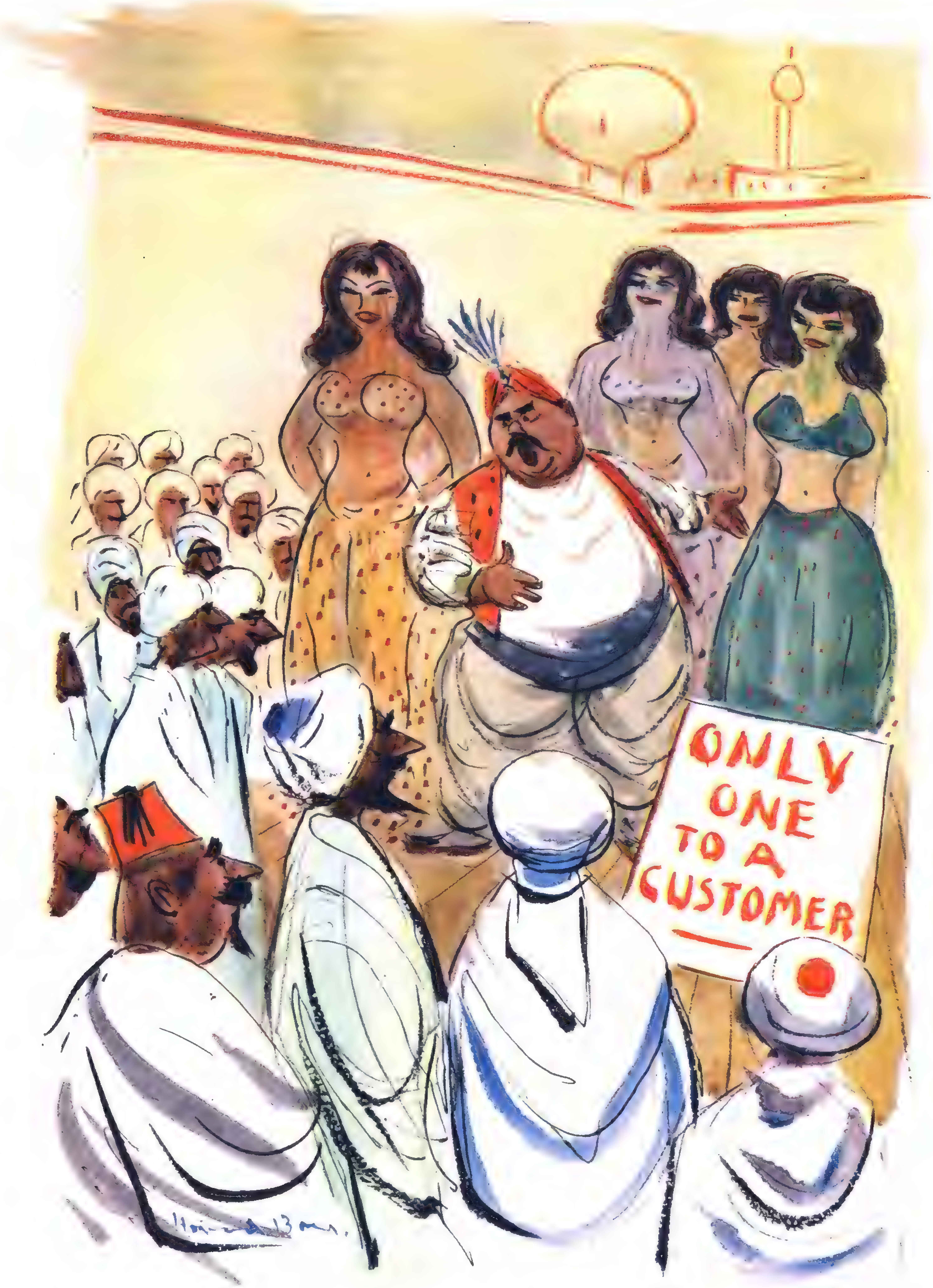
White Perch
1–Imitation bug 2–Streamer 3–Bucktail 4–Imitation bug
5–Bucktail 6–Bass bug 7–Feather minnow

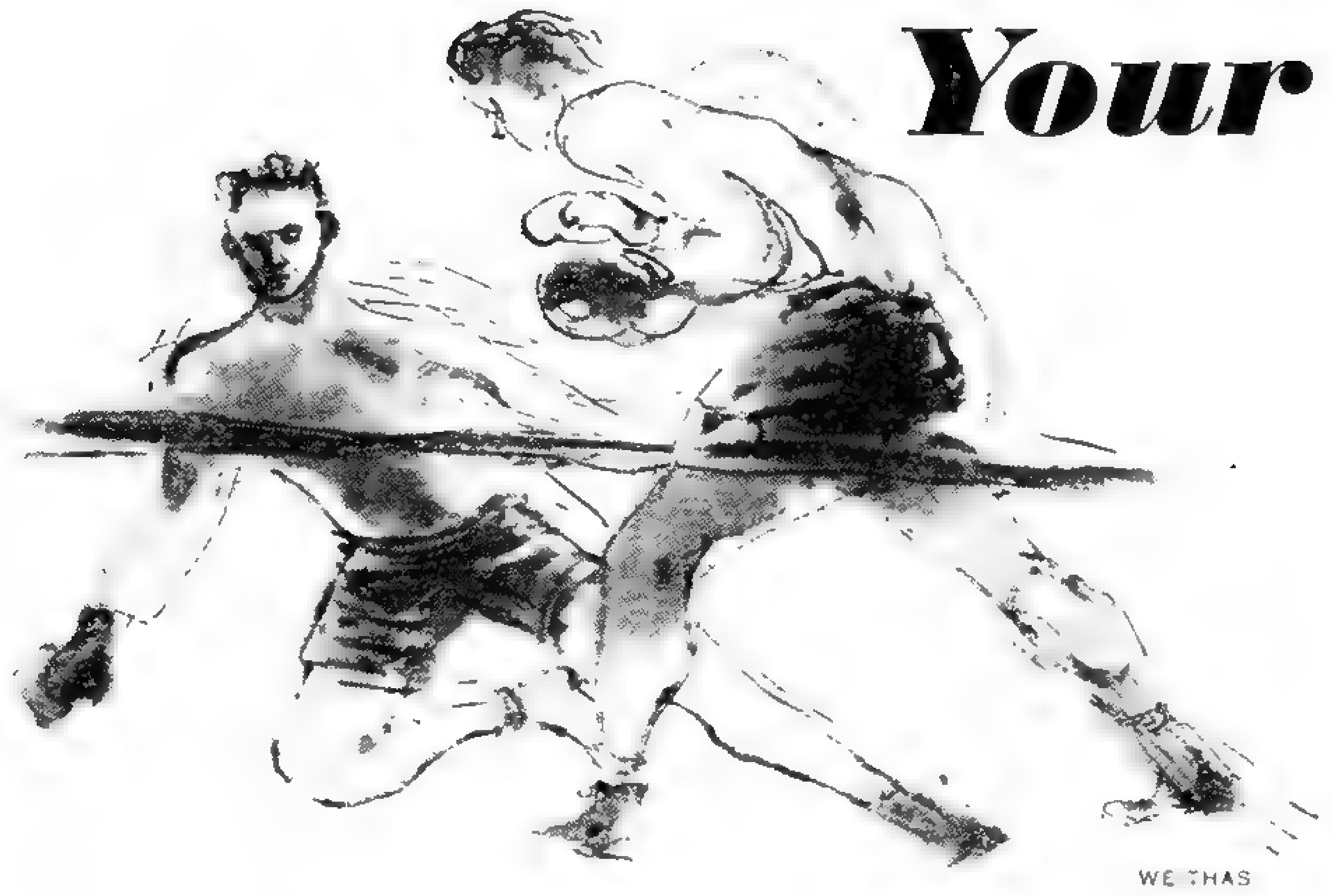


Brook Trout (Speckled Trout)
1–Fly with spinner 2–Wet fly 3–Imitation bug 4–Streamer
5–Feather minnow 6–Imitation bug 7–8–9–Dry flies



Bluegill Sunfish
1–Dry fly 2–Wet fly 3–4–Dry flies 5–Imitation bug 6–7–Wet flies
8–Bucktail 9–Imitation bug 10–Spinner fly


ONLY ONE TO A CUSTOMER



Your Name in the Papers

Four newspapermen watched the match in which Mike had sworn to beat up the kid who wanted to be a fighter

by E. RALPH RUNDELL

FOUR of us were around a table in the Independence Club in Paris that morning—Bill Morris of the *Daily News*, Dick Lambert from the *Tribune*, Ralph Backstrom of AP, and me—eating questionably fresh eggs and salty English sausage. Our table was the one nearest the window which faces out on the Place de la Concorde and I sat there counting jeeps turning into the Champs Élysées. Morris was picking up toast crumbs and sourly approving the *mademoiselles* that passed in front of the bullet-chipped archway outside the lobby. Our copy had been filed during the night; the cheerless prospect of a dull day hung over the place.

"We could go to the Louvre and get some culture," I said. I drew cold stares.

"How about tearing over to Lucky Strike to see the box-fights?" Morris suggested. "They get off some dillies, the big boys tell me." Lucky Strike was a camp where the Army then sent soldiers before embarkation for home.

"I hate box-fights," I said. "But I'll go. Haven't been out of this town for a couple of weeks. Might get a story."

"Always the little businessman," Lambert snorted. "Don't you ever go any place just for the hell of it?"

After lunch we doubled up in Lambert's little French car and drove out to Lucky Strike. It's a long afternoon's drive, but a nice one when you're not in a hurry; the dusty little villages boast some picturesque inns where the wine is cold. I'm a *vin blanc* drinker myself, and France is floating in the lovely stuff. We got to the camp about five o'clock, showed our identification cards to the guard at the gate. The fights, he said, were over in the big house next to the rec hall. We got over there before the place started to fill up, and went back to the dressing rooms. The place was a big residence, gutted by the Jerries for use as a gym. The boys were using the kitchen and pantry as dressing rooms.

There was a soldier in the place, a stubby little guy with a broken nose and a blue sort of beard that hadn't been shaved for a couple of days.

"This where they fatten up the calves for the slaughter?" Lambert asked when the little guy looked our way.

"Huh? Oh, yes, sir," the soldier grinned, looked expectant.

"You don't have to call him 'sir,'" I said. "All that brass is phony. He's a lousy correspondent."

"Newspaper guys?"

"That's us," Morris said. "The gentlemen of the press."

"Gee," said the little soldier.

"Don't sound so happy," I said. "We want something."

"Sure, sure."

"Got a list of the guys fighting?"

"Sure. I got a list." He pulled a piece of filthy G.I. mimeograph paper out of the breast pocket of his fatigues.

"What the hell do we want a list for?" Backstrom said. "We're not going to write a story about it."

"How do you know? One of these jokers might be another Joe Louis."

"Nuts," Lambert said.

The little soldier offered me the paper. Under a layer of grime was a list of fighters and their weights.

"Who's this bird 'Doc?'" I asked. "One of the surgeons?"

"Nah. He's just one of the guys. He used to be a medical student, but he got drafted. He's a good kid."

"What's the rest of his name?"

"Bertellotti. Doc Bertellotti," the soldier said.

"Only Bertellotti I know is a night club in Greenwich Village."

"It ain't the same one," the soldier said. "Doc is from Cleveland." I read the rest of the list: Jones, 156. Robertson, 159. Harold, 173. Matthiesson, 174. And so on down. Morris and Lambert wandered around the dressing room, looking at the dried-up sinks, the dust on the empty shelves. Backstrom hung out the window, getting a breath of air that didn't smell of sweat. It was a warm evening. Flat little clouds began to show a pink that flowed, fluorescent, through the layers of dust on the windows. We heard the soldiers coming into the gym, clattering over the rickety bleachers with heavy-cobbled feet.

"I rub the fellas down," the soldier said, desperately, as if the silence were embarrassing.

"That's the kind of a job I ought to have," I said. Another soldier came in, rubbing his knuckles. His nose was broken, too, and he carried, self-consciously, a clean strip of white adhesive tape over one eye.

"Look, Mike," our soldier said, "looka here. Newspaper guys. Gitcha name in 'a papers."

"Yeah," Mike said. "Gee. Just like the big fights. Huh."

"Sure," I said. Mike grinned at me crookedly, looked at the rest of the correspondents with a certain amount of reserved respect. "Any you guys from *Stars and Stripes?*"

"No," Morris said. "None of us is that good." "'At sure is a good paper," our soldier said, nodding seriously.

"It sure is." We all agreed that it sure was a good paper. Especially, our soldier added, because it got *Terry and the Pirates* in it. We nodded solemn approval of his choice.

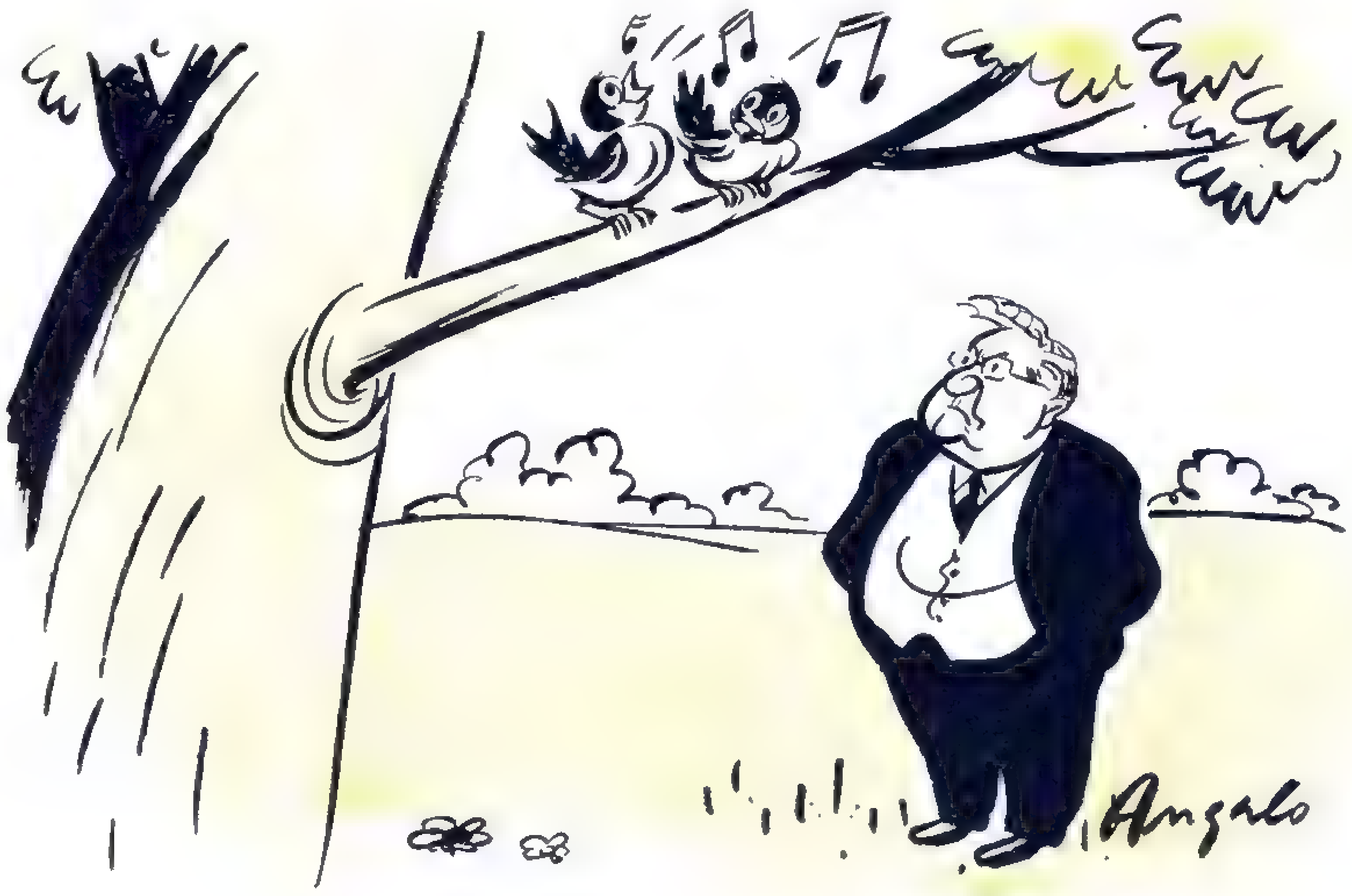
"Who do you fight, Mike?" I asked.

"Who, me? I'm gonna fight Bertellotti. That punk. I'll beat his brains out."

"Ah, jeez, Mike. He's a good kid. You don' wanna hurt um."

"Ah, shut up, Shorty. Kid's too damn smart."

"Ah, jeez, Mike—" Shorty's face screwed up with vicarious sympathy pains. He took hold of my (*Continued on page 135*)



"Psst! It's Petrillo!"

Interns and nurses disliked Blackwell, but he had a magic touch with patients as one harassed assistant discovered

A Night at County

by GEORGE WISWELL

The man lay writhing and moaning on one of the white carts in the admitting pavilion. He was deep in shock from a stab wound high in his chest. Karns, the night resident surgeon, was looking him over. Karns' face was pinched and white and his lips were dry as he bent over to study the red slit just beneath the collarbone. The patient groaned and shifted.

"Keep him covered," said Karns.

It was a steamy Saturday night early in July, and the pavilion was busier than usual. Outside, the paddy wagons were lined up in two rows. One row was bringing them in from bar brawls, gutters, tenements, smashed autos—all the familiar pockets of big-city violence. The other row waited across the driveway for cops to finish the paper work on patients they had already brought in. The room was noisy, hot and confused with all the patients waiting for attention, attendants trying to keep things orderly, friends and relatives milling, and the blue uniforms everywhere asking questions: "Corner of 35th and Linden? . . . The other car, who was drivin'? . . . What kinda gun? . . . Yer home address, home, aintcha gotta home? . . ." The line of white carts along the wall was running short and somebody was hollering about that.

Then, from somewhere up the hall toward the examining rooms, it started to get quiet. Even the cops and the patients sensed the thing and lowered their voices. Karns didn't have to look up to know who was coming. The quiet always arrived ahead of Blackwell, who came striding in, a big scowling panther of a man, moving very fast for his size and looking sharply at everything with his grey-green eyes.

"What are you doing down here?" His rough, thin voice went out at Karns like a pointing finger.

"The intern called me down. Said this guy was about to go, but I think he's okay. It's mostly fear. He's in shock, though."

"Not really," sneered Blackwell, walking over. He peered into the man's face and began talking to him in a low voice. "Who did it, old man? Who got you this time?"

Blackwell snatched a towel away from one of the attendants and daubed the cold perspiration that rolled down the man's neck. The victim was still now, staring glassily at the pretty pictures of sailboats, streamlined trains and fountains in the park that some WPA Michelangelo had painted on the low ceiling of the pavilion. Blackwell was very tenderly poking the flesh around the wound. The man winced. "Easy," said Blackwell, "just a minute now." He straightened suddenly to glare at the interns and attendants who had gathered around the cart. "Don't stand around like this was a burlesque show. Give him some morphine and sew him up when he's quiet." He started out. Karns stayed behind to inspect the wound. At the door Blackwell turned and stared down his long nose at Karns. "C'mon, pharmacist, you haven't got all night." Karns looked up with that white, pinched face, licked his dry lips and followed Blackwell.

It was considered a high privilege for residents to work under Blackwell, one of the best abdominal surgeons in the country. The medical and political big shots of the hospital took great pride in the fact that Blackwell came down to County one night a week "to work without charge for the poor and to give specialists of tomorrow the benefit of his skill and experience." Karns didn't feel like a specialist of tomorrow. He felt tired and weak and could only think of Blackwell as the man who had had him suspended for a month for smoking in a ward, the man who had brought about the discharge of another resident for slapping a patient.

They turned in at Ward 36, Blackwell prominently in the lead and Karns trailing. They stopped at the foot of a bed about halfway down the row on the left and looked at the chart. On the grey wrinkled linen of the bed a man lay silent and staring.

"What's he eaten?" Blackwell asked the nurse.

"Almost nothing. Some liquids we forced down him. That's all."

"No talk, eh?"

"Not a word."

Two days ago the man had been brought in after swallowing poison, bottle and all. They had been able to pump the poison out all right, but the small glass vial was still in his stomach and likely to cause an obstruction. Blackwell moved to the head of the bed and began to speak softly. The old man didn't answer.

"It's no use," said Karns. "We've had janitors and patients trying everything—English, Greek, Russian, Polish, Italian, German, Yiddish. He won't talk. He can, though, because he yipped when he was pinched the other day. Cops got him out of a gutter. Nobody knows who he is or where he comes from."

Blackwell stood erect, scratched his head, then smoothed the black hair that receded from his temples and came to a point in the center of his forehead. His hair managed to give him a devilish, sharp expression. Suddenly he smiled at the old man. "I'm gonna send an old friend to see you. Fella you'll like a lot. Just sit tight. You'll get along fine."

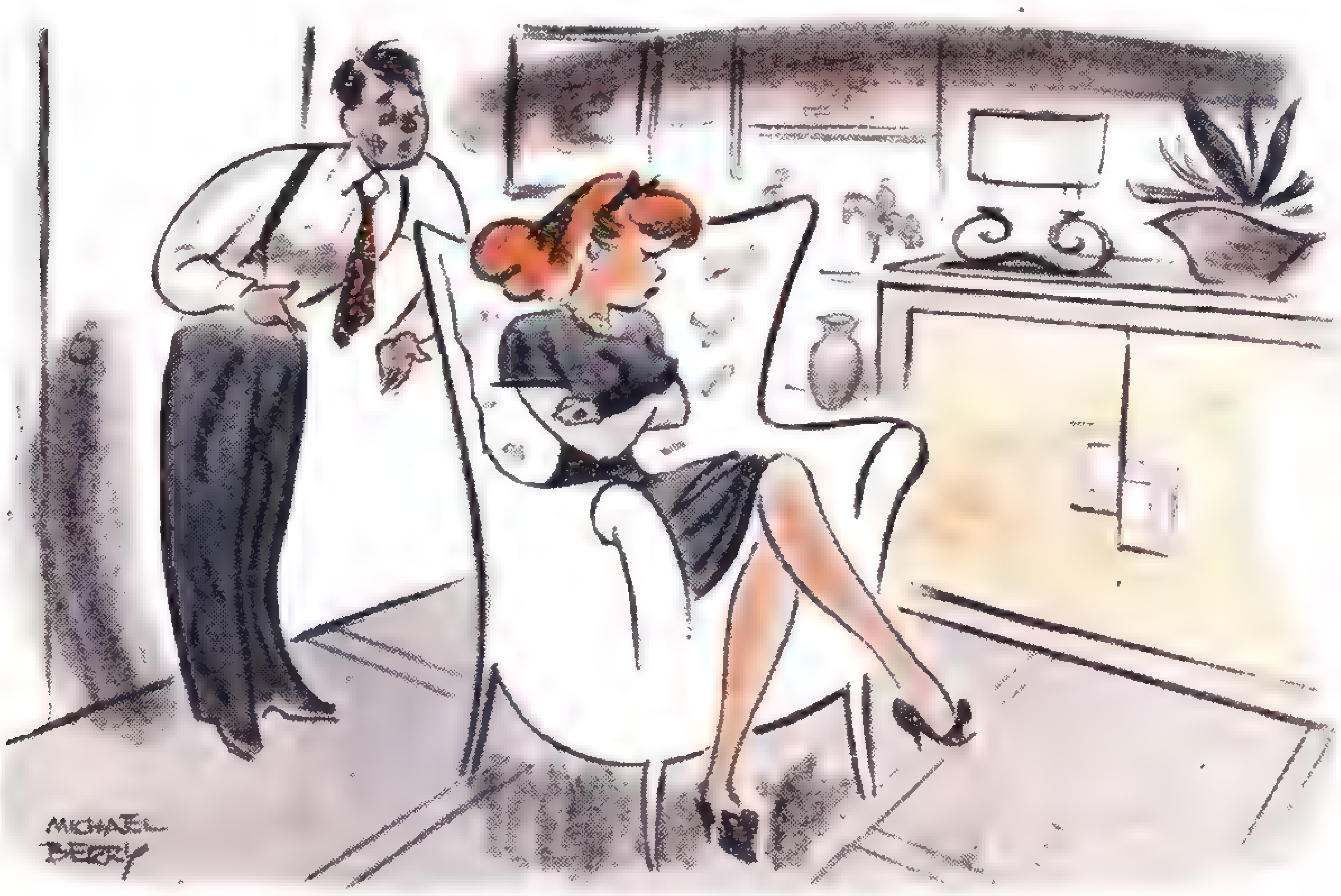
Karns and Blackwell left the ward and started down the wide main hallway on their way to the elevators. It was already after nine and the first operation was scheduled for nine-fifteen. Karns seemed to have trouble keeping up with Blackwell as he swung down the dim, silent hall.

"I think we ought to remove the bottle," said Karns.

"And murder him?"

"It'll obstruct pretty soon."

"Bah. Listen, you'll cut him open and he'll never recover. He'll lie in the recovery room jerking out the glucose needles and fighting everything you do



"Why is it every time you throw something at me, I have to apologize and say I'm sorry?"

to help him. He'll starve himself to death if he has to. We'll get a psychiatrist on him. When he's changed his mind and wants to live, then you can operate. Goddamit, Karns"—Blackwell banged a huge fist into his palm—"you'll have to keep your eyes open. You should know by this time that when a guy's ready to go, he'll just let go and *won't* be saved."

Half a block down the hall, the priest came out of a ward and shuffled along in their direction. He was short, heavy, round-shouldered, with a wrinkled face and a wisp of white hair. He'd been giving last rites at County for many years. He looked tired tonight. Sometimes he was very busy. He held the prayer book in his armpit and kept close to the wall opposite Blackwell and Karns. As they passed, his eyes looked ahead down the dark and empty hall. He gave an overpowering impression of weariness.

"Keep your patients away from that guy," said Blackwell in a husky whisper.

The elevator came and they stepped into it and started up. It was a big lift and very slow. Karns relaxed against the side of the car. He appeared to be enjoying the ease and quiet when he stiffened suddenly and pawed at his back.

"What's eating you?" said Blackwell suspiciously.

"Nothing, sir," but his mouth worked nervously in answering.

There were twelve operating rooms on the eighth floor but only one was in use. Karns scrubbed in silence, studying the spots on the faucet where the chrome had worn off. Blackwell was being very noisy about the preparations. He called out orders to the anesthetist, the interns and the circulating nurse, glaring belligerently over the room to see that everything was in shape. In his gown and rubber gloves, Blackwell picked up a scalpel and sighted along the blade.

"For God's sake, get some sharp scalpels. We're not operating on cheese."

Behind his back a couple of interns who had come up to watch him work tried to look annoyed, but, Karns noticed, they couldn't keep the awe out of their expressions. Karns had figured it out for himself long ago. Even if he didn't like it, he understood it. This room, after all, was Blackwell's element. It was what he came for. He didn't have to be nice to the interns and nurses nor put up with foolishness from anyone. It was medicine in the raw, the way he wanted it. Up in the wealthy section of town where Blackwell had his practice, the patients expected him to be at least a little suave. They would wish him to go around with a sober, heroic face like an advertisement for a drug company. At County, it was different. Karns felt, not without bitterness, that Blackwell enjoyed that difference and rode it for all he could.

J. BRIK & CO.
OEDIMI

"Big night again, eh, Hendrickson?"

On the operating table a seven-year-old Negro boy was being given ether. One arm, stretched out on a white board that jutted from the table, looked very small and black. The hand had several deep lacerations, and about an inch of flesh was missing from the index finger where an exploding firecracker had done its worst. The bone was there, thin and grey in contrast to the swollen red flesh and black skin.

"Okay, Carrel," said Blackwell looking at Karns, "what are you going to do?"

Karns was in working charge of all emergency surgery. Blackwell, as supervisor, could work as he chose.

"The quickest and neatest thing to do," answered Karns. "Cut it off at the base, sew it up . . . "

"Why butcher him up?" It was a rhetorical remark. Everybody knew Blackwell had a better idea. The brilliant operating light fell on the hand. With considerable ceremony, Blackwell took a heavy, pliers-like instrument and carefully clipped off perhaps a little more than an inch of bone where there was absolutely no flesh to cover it. The interns looked wonderingly at each other, as if to ask why Blackwell was making a mere finger operation seem so important.

"This little Negro will have to use his hands all his life," said Blackwell. "You want to give him as much finger as you can no matter how long it takes. He deserves it anyway—needle and thread—he's a brave kid. Downstairs, when we were poking and prodding around, he didn't let out a peep. More pain than most of you will ever know, and not a peep."

Karns was remembering how the boy had taken that examination—head down, chin on chest so that he couldn't see the mangled mess of his hand. He had sat very quietly, only jerking involuntarily now and then when something hurt unbearably. Karns, assisting, took the needle and thread from the nurse for Blackwell. As he was handing it over, his hand was trembling and he nearly dropped it. Blackwell flushed angrily.

"If the staff around here was as tough as the people in its care, we'd have a real hospital," he said. "Last week a little black gal came in all skinned up. Caught by a chain trailing from a truck. She said she wasn't dragged far—only a half a block. She didn't do any crying, either."

There was plenty of stitching left to do on the hand. Ordinarily Karns or an intern would have finished the job, but Blackwell kept at it with exaggerated care. He didn't have to look at them to know they were standing around empty-handed, feeling like a clumsy bunch of half-doctors who couldn't be trusted with a cut hand. After forty-five minutes of work, he gave a grunt of finality and snipped the last thread himself.

A nurse wheeled in the next case, a young Italian with a ruptured appendix.

"Think you can do this one?" asked Blackwell. Karns nodded. He was tired from standing and doing nothing during the first operation and he hoped some action would revive him.

While the Italian took the anesthetic, the nurse adjusted the sterile sheet over the lower abdomen. A few square inches of skin showed through the slit in the sheet. Karns pressed his tan, rubber-gloved fingers sensitively over the field and called for the knife. Blackwell stood with ostentatious silence at his shoulder until he made the incision, then left the room. The moment he was gone, everyone started talking.

"Just like the old bastard to take all night on that hand."

"Bet the little guy won't play with firecrackers any more."

"Hell, he'll be in next year."

"Let's get a retractor in there," said Karns. He was already down to the muscle wall.

"I don't see how he gets away with it," said an intern.

"He's big stuff. He can do anything he wants."

"He doesn't have to be so rotten, does he?"

"One thing about Blackwell," said the anesthetist, "his patients usually get well. Even the tough cases."

"Yeah, he takes care of them all right."

"He's still a heller to work for," said the instrument nurse, remembering the sarcasm about the dull scalpels. "He hollers about everything that isn't perfect. He thinks he's the only doctor around here that matters."

The operation was going along smoothly. The interns were clamping the blood vessels quickly and Karns, working fast, had tied them up skillfully. Once, just after he had cut off the yellow swollen appendix, he uttered a short gasp and paused a few seconds. The assisting intern cast him a startled glance, but Karns returned to his work quickly. No questions were asked.

"How about that guy with the bottle?" asked the intern.

"They still don't know who he is," said Karns.

"I mean are we going to operate?"

"Not tonight. Blackwell's going to send a psychiatrist around. He thinks if we open him up before he changes his mind about life, he'll be one of those impassive suicides."

"Good idea," said the intern. "If it can be done."

"Swallowing a bottle. Hell of a way to do yourself in."

Karns was sewing up the peritoneum. The appendectomy had been relatively simple and the Italian had the strength to recover soon.

"I saw a guy who really did a job," said (*Continued on page 199*)

The good people of Maidenhair Falls had a precise, if peculiar, conception of sin

A Great Town for Characters

by WILLIAM MARCH

Stranger in town, aren't you? Oh, that was easy: you can always spot a stranger in a place this size where everybody knows everybody else, and has for years. Julia Apgar, Lawyer Apgar's wife, was in yesterday to buy a birthday card for her sister in Birmingham—was standing just about where you're standing now, too—and we both saw you when you cut across the square and turned into Kelsey's Drug Store to buy yourself that toothbrush with medium-hard bristles. Mrs. Apgar said at the time, "That must be the new barber for the beauty parlor, the one from out of town to do finger waving and hair tinting." But I said, no, I didn't think so. I said I thought you looked more like a discharged veteran, somebody suffering from this battle fatigue you hear so much about. You weren't dressed natty enough for a ladies' barber, I said . . . Oh, then we were both wrong. Well, that goes to prove it's not safe to judge by *appearances*!

So you're a writer. You mean books and stories and articles for the magazines? You don't say. I'll have to tell people. They've been wondering a good deal. I don't believe I caught your name. Boyd, you say—Arthur *Vincent* Boyd? I see . . . Well, I'm not going to lie about it the way some would and pretend I've heard about you, because I haven't. A writer! Well, you ought to find a lot to write about here in Maidenhair Falls, because this place is really full of *characters*. You know how it is, though: everybody claims that everybody else is a character. Wouldn't surprise me much if somebody said to you, "Mr. Boyd, why don't you drop into the stationery store someday and try to draw out Sam Weathers? He's *really* a character for you." Ha, ha, ha! That's the way we are in this town, I guess, and it's too late to do anything about it now. . . .

Sure that's all the carbon paper you're going to need? Better stock up on it, because that silk finish is still hard to get. Okay. You know what you're doing, I'm sure. . . .

Now, speaking of characters again, did you notice a man sitting in the square when you came through this morning? Name's Ralph Hatten. He sits there most of the day, hardly speaking to anybody, even when addressed personally by his old friends, and moving about from bench to bench so that the sun shines on him as much as he can manage. He wears that overcoat buttoned up to his chin summer and winter, and underneath that, he wears a heavy sweater. Ralph's not only a *character*, he's downright cracked, if you ask me!

The Hatten family, or what's left of 'em now, live in that big brick house on Stonewall Jackson Street, and they're right prominent people in this town. Hiram R., Jr., is president of the Planters and Drovers Bank; Loren—named for his mother's folks in Virginia—operates the sawmill, and Ralph, the one we're talking about now, used to edit a paper here in town before he got into all that trouble about his wife.

There are folks here in town who'll tell you Ralph was peculiar from the beginning, but I could never see a whole lot of difference between him and the other Hatten boys except, maybe, he was more easygoing and liked to read. Anyway, he took part of the money he inherited from his father's estate and bought out the old *Weekly Sentinel*, setting himself up as editor. He changed the name of the paper first thing, calling it *The New Age*, and he went along for a few years doing pretty well, too, and then this girl he married later, this Muriel Sanders, came to town.

And what do you think she figured on doing? She figured on opening an up-to-date bookstore! Now, I carry a line of books and periodicals along with my regular stock of stationery and general office supplies, as you can see for yourself, but I carry the things people want to read. Miss Muriel had different ideas, and when she came in to ask my advice, I told her right off to forget her plans for a bookstore, but she wouldn't listen to me. She pointed out that Maidenhair Falls had a population of over ten thousand people, and surely a place that big could support one little bookstore.

So I said, "Well, it won't, and you'll find that out when it's too late and you've lost the money you've saved up." "No, it's you who're wrong," she said in that positive way she had of speaking. "I'll make it succeed." So I said finally, "I know what people here are like, and always have been. They don't change much." And so Muriel said, "I'll change them!" . . . She was a stubborn little piece, and I said so from the beginning.

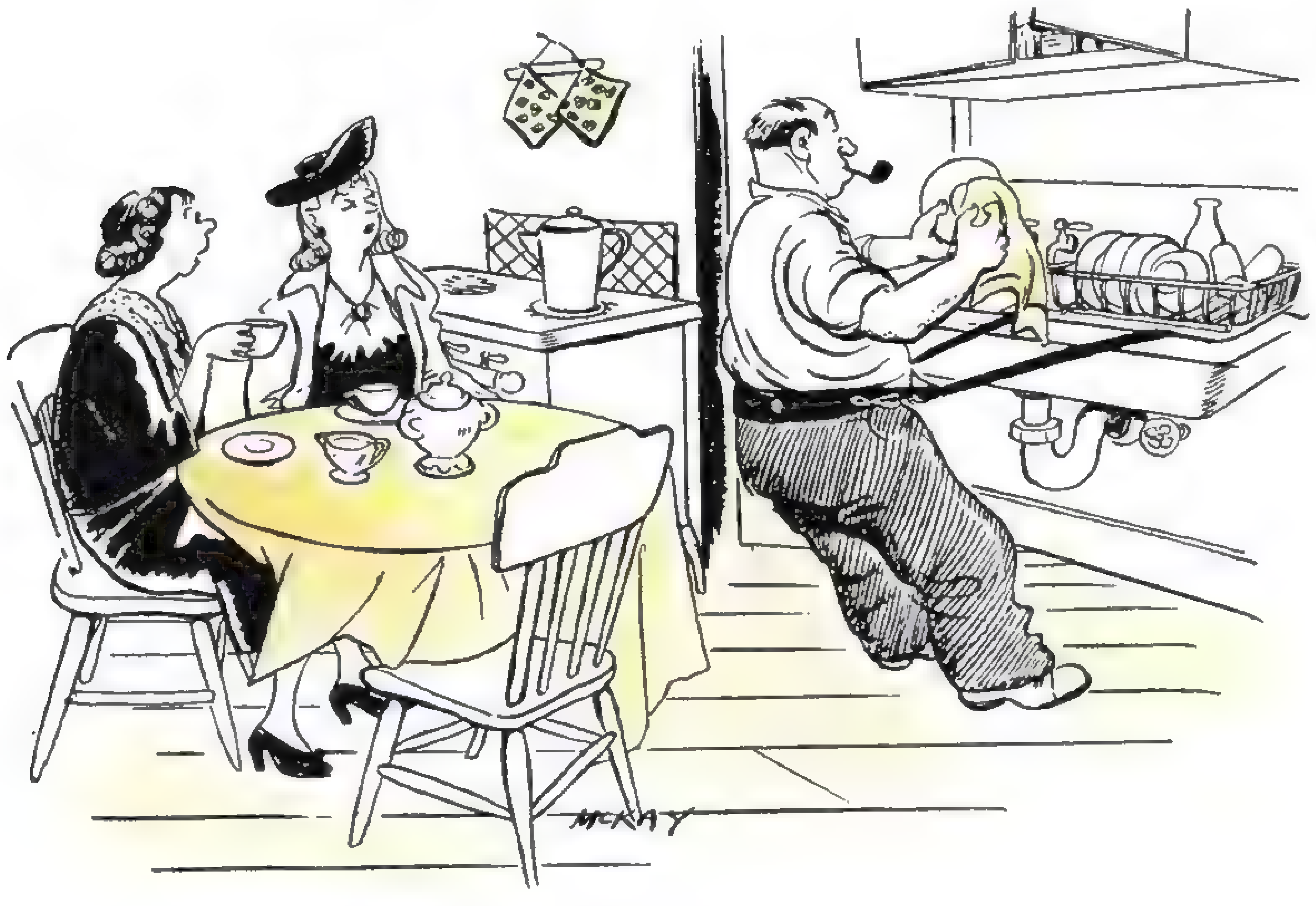
Well, to make a long story short, she opened her bookstore in due time—it was on *Athens* Street, too, and Julia Apgar and I laughed at that—and sat waiting for customers, though mighty few came. Fact is, it looked as if the only one who came regularly was Ralph Hatten, and he was there most of the time it seemed. He was crazy about her from the start and made no secret of it, either.

What did Miss Muriel look like? Oh, she was about average height, I'd say; a girl with smooth, pink complexion and brown eyes that sparkled when she laughed. She could have been a very pretty girl, and no two ways about it, if she'd fixed herself up the way most girls do. She was kind of *untidy* looking, now that I think back. She had her hair cut close to her head like a boy—was the first in town to do it too—but she didn't bother to curl it afterwards, or anything like that.

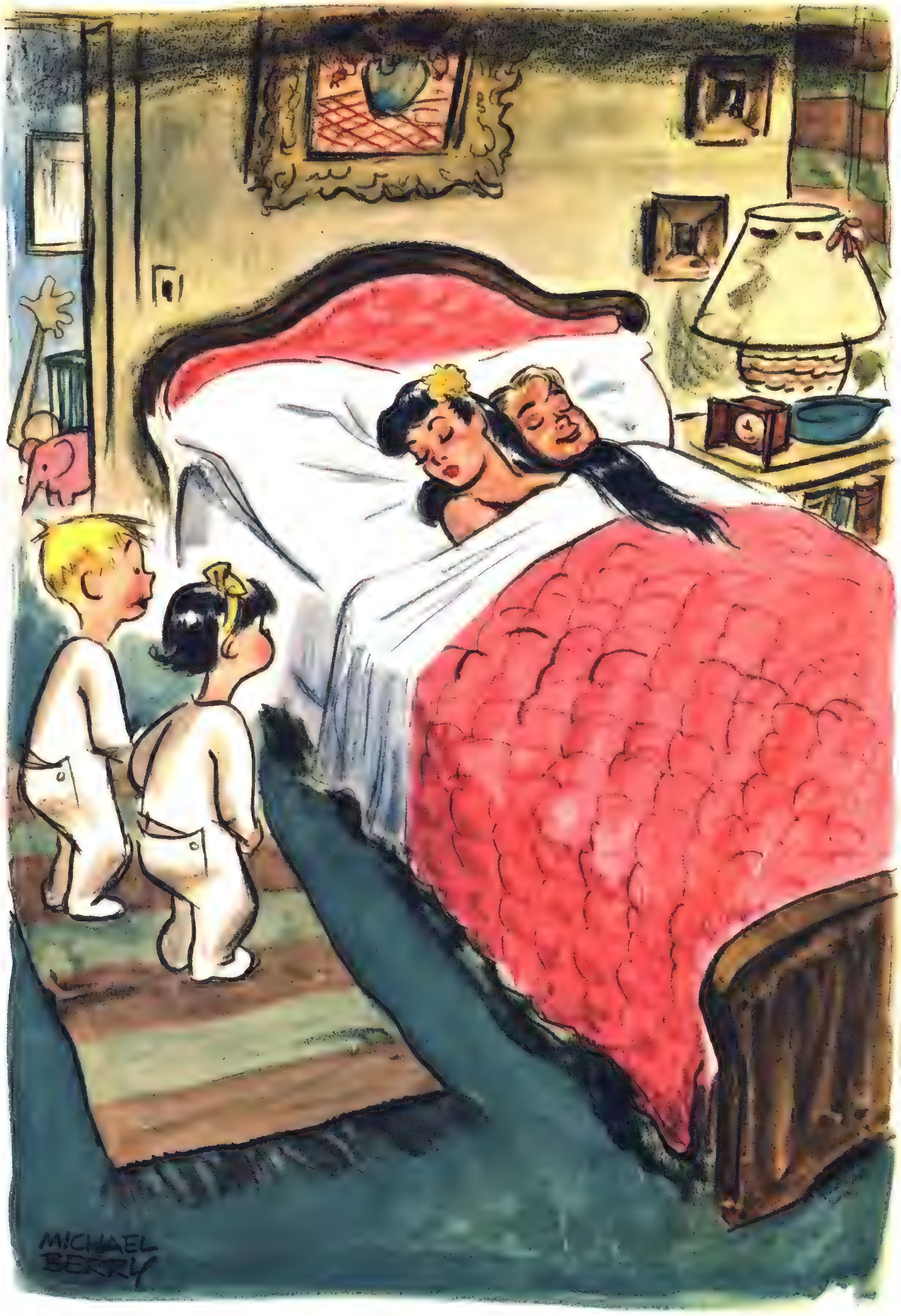
You could pass the bookstore almost any afternoon and see Muriel and Ralph with their heads together in a corner, talking away as if their lives depended on it. People wondered what they talked about so long and so earnestly. Julia Apgar said to me one day here in the store, "Don't you know? They're figuring out a way to bring enlightenment to the outlying districts." And so I laughed and said yes, it looked that way to me too.

I guess one of the things they discussed was organizing a Little Theatre, but that was later on, when the bookstore was on its last legs, just before Muriel and Ralph married

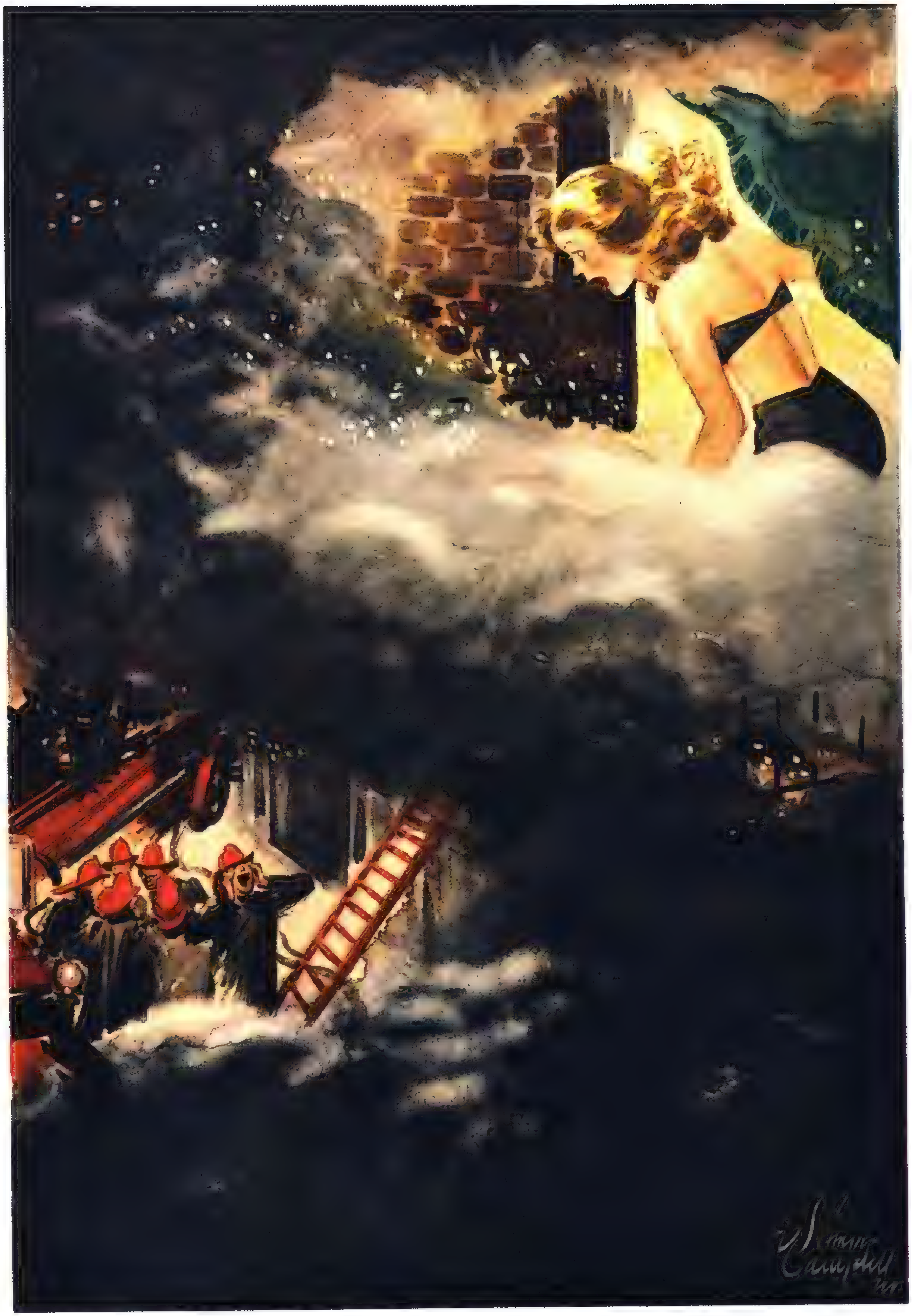
(*Continued on page 143*)



"You'd think after working all day with that thing on, he'd be tired of it"


MICHAEL
BERRY

"Dad wouldn't look bad with a beard, would he?"


Simms Campbell

"*Just a minute—we're going to draw straws*"

Einstein, Kip, and Stoop

Recalling the momentous broadcast in which Fadiman and Stoopnagle made a gag writer out of the famed physicist

by GILBERT SELDES

Now the season rolls 'round again for conventions and this year, maybe, no one will prevent the very pleasurable annual gatherings of teachers and college professors and radio directors and every once in a while an executive—but never, so far as I know, a sales executive. Now, as many times in the past, there will be good speeches and tart debates and amiable drinking thereafter. As I will not be there this time, I have gone back to notes I once took on an educational program—even if it wasn't so intended—and will make a case history, to be studied solemnly by a plenary session of each convention.

My notes are on an event which took place a few weeks after the war had ended. The transcription is recent, but I haven't added or subtracted.

A few minutes after ten p.m.. in what was then EWT, on some 130 Mutual stations, Clifton Fadiman (Kip to his friends of whom I am, up to now, one) introduced a dramatic vignette dealing with a somewhat backward baby. The infant didn't talk until he was nearly two. To this Col. Stoopnagle riposted, "I'm smarter than he was; I couldn't talk until I was three"—and a noble experiment was well on its way. The baby, you gathered, was going to turn out pretty special; his name, even then, was Albert Einstein.

The background of this bright moment was interesting. That morning the newspapers had carried an ad. As part of a series called The Human Adventure, Mr. Fadiman would explain the Einstein theory to Col. Stoopnagle. The ad showed the Colonel's frightened head under bombardment; bombs bursting caused him to see stars entwined with such names as Goldstein, Beerstein and Weinstein, each followed by a question mark. Bloody, but unbowed, the Colonel looked as if he might fight back.

You can imagine what this dandy publicity accomplished in the sacred halls of Harvard and Case and Purdue. Hastily the heads of departments called staff conferences to determine policy. Obviously, if Kip could explain the Einstein theory to Stoop, some fellow's occupation was gone. At the same time there was a rustling and a bustling in the agency world. Obviously, if the Einstein theory was good enough material for Stoop and Kip, the gag writers for Benny and Durante needed to branch out—and far. Radio and education, after a thousand conferences in Columbus and Portland, with plenty of mutual recriminations, had at last got together. The world trembled. All except one spot. At the University of Chicago, confidence was high. For behind Kip and Stoop and Einstein, stood the figure of Sherman H. Dryer, formerly director of the radio office for the university, bold and vigorous critic of the commercialism of commercial radio and prophet of doom for the broadcasters if they did not promptly harken unto him. "The walls of Yale and Chicago will remain standing," he had said, "long after Radio City has crumbled into dust." He said this to an audience composed almost entirely of educators. Why they laughed, I'll never understand.

Behind Mr. Dryer, aloof, remote and dignified, was Revere Copper and Brass, Inc.

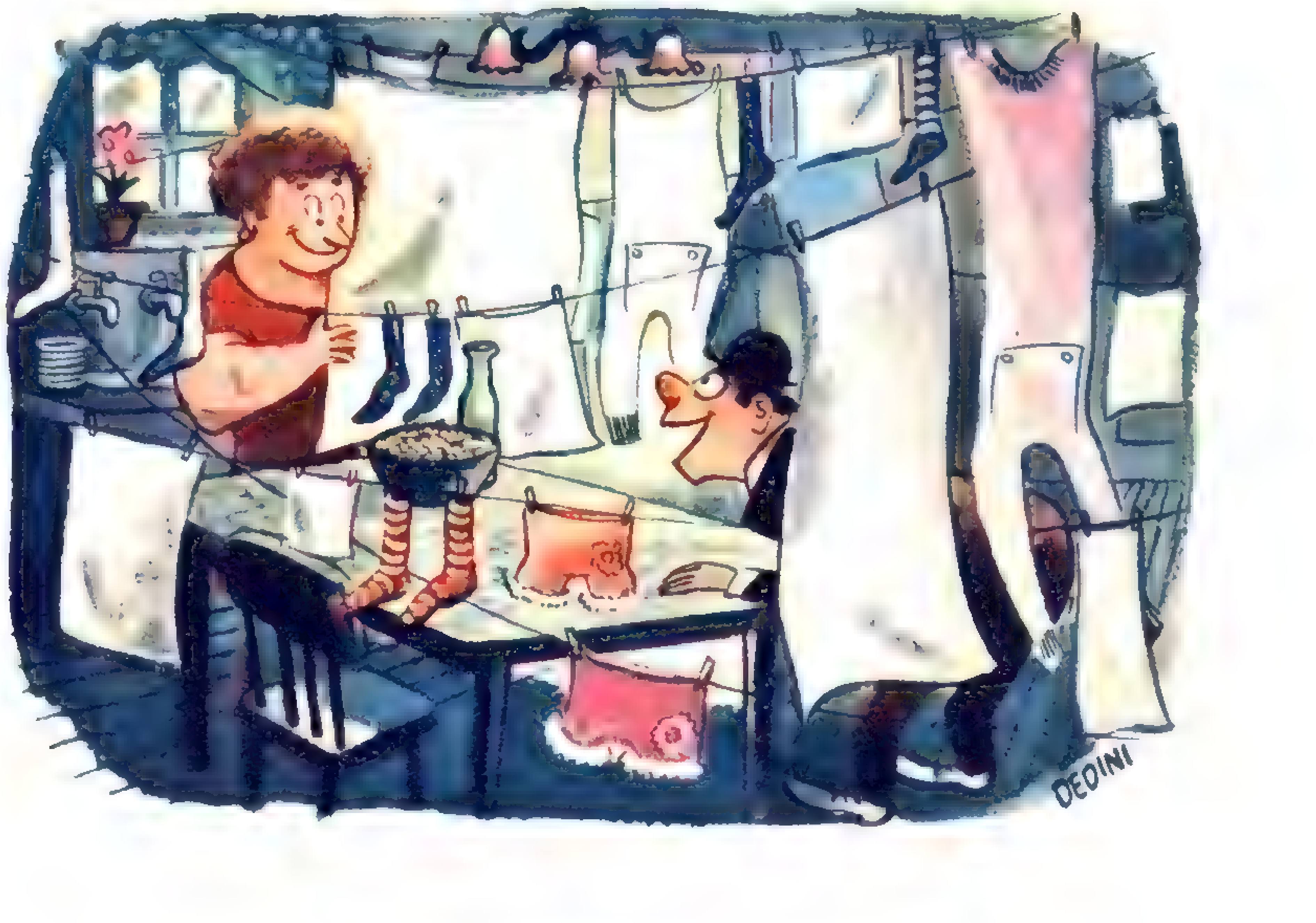
By 10:06 the episode of the baby was over and we had heard the sound effect of Einstein's feet; and in between the Michelson-Morley experiment had been named. The fun was a little on the thin side, although Colonel Stoopnagle had said, "Pleasic, muse" to the conductor of the orchestra. But the whole atmosphere was almost jovial and Fadiman encouraged Stoopnagle, giving him free right to call for pleasic muse whenever the going got too sticky, and feeding him cues for jokes. He explained that light waves take time to travel and Stoopnagle said, "Yes, the trains are very crowded these days, aren't they?"

At 10:10 we were transported by a whoosh of music to a distant star; Stoop said the music sounded like The Shadow, but Fadiman was using the magic of radio for serious ends. On one of these whoosh trips, Stoopnagle looked back toward the earth and there was the Battle of Waterloo happening right before his eyes. Fadiman explained "it took light rays from the battlefield 130 light-years to travel"—and at this point, I regret to report, a bit of static traveled into my receiver and I missed the whole point of the explanation. But it must have been tremendous because it caused a burst of Homeric laughter, perhaps the first time that Einstein qualified as a gag writer.

Radio programs fall into patterns, and I found myself trying to place this one. In spite of Fadiman's easy handling of the infinite, this program was not in the Fred Allen tradition, which is based on the simple proposition that an intelligent man is more intelligent and more interesting than a stupid one. Nor did it fall into the Benny category, known in refined circles as "the He-Who-Gets-Slapped-formula." The nearest thing to the style of Fadiman-Stoopnagle was the style of Bergen-McCarthy, with a queer little difference. For Fadiman never exposed himself quite as openly as Bergen, and Stoopnagle's undermining was never as drastic as Charley's. Fadiman was indulgent to the jokes, not patronizing to the ignorance from which they sprang. Stoopnagle didn't resent the information he got; he didn't get it.

In all these radio styles, change of pace is necessary. Sometimes Benny gets the last word, sometimes Allen misses it. So here, too, we had the interlocutor and the end man changing places. The idea of a finite or limited universe came up and Stoopnagle took the ball. His argument, as I understand it, was that if you travel far enough, you're bound to land somewhere. He said, "Look at Columbus." And there Fadiman got in his best lick, saying, "A very fine city, I'm sure." As the Crossley rating bounded, Stoopnagle came back with something about the sea getting green around the gills and he'd be glad to get his feet on good old terra cotta.

Up to this time the figure of Albert Ein- (*Continued on page 208*)



"Mrs. Livingstone, I presume?"

Concerning four fine revivals and three new plays in need of the masters' touch

First Nights & Passing Judgments

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

BRYAN

One of the things that the war did was to blow up, among a whole lot else, the theory that our soldiers' taste in literature and drama was uniformly on a par with that of plumbers and movie actors. The shooting hadn't been going on long before civilian cherishers of the notion that the boys would hoot at reading anything slightly superior to *Murder in the Glue Factory* or at seeing anything better in the way of plays than such as consisted of clowns jumping in and out of beds had a shock coming to them. What all kinds of the boys relished considerably more, they were surprised to learn, was Henry James, of all people, and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* And what they actually found more appetizing still, the civilians were aghast to learn, was, of all things, *Hamlet.* Moreover, when it came to being aghast, these civilians discovered that, where they themselves hadn't been particular *Hamlet* fans before, they found themselves also pretty excited when Maurice Evans brought into the theatre the same version of the play that he had shown to the G.I.s in the Central Pacific.

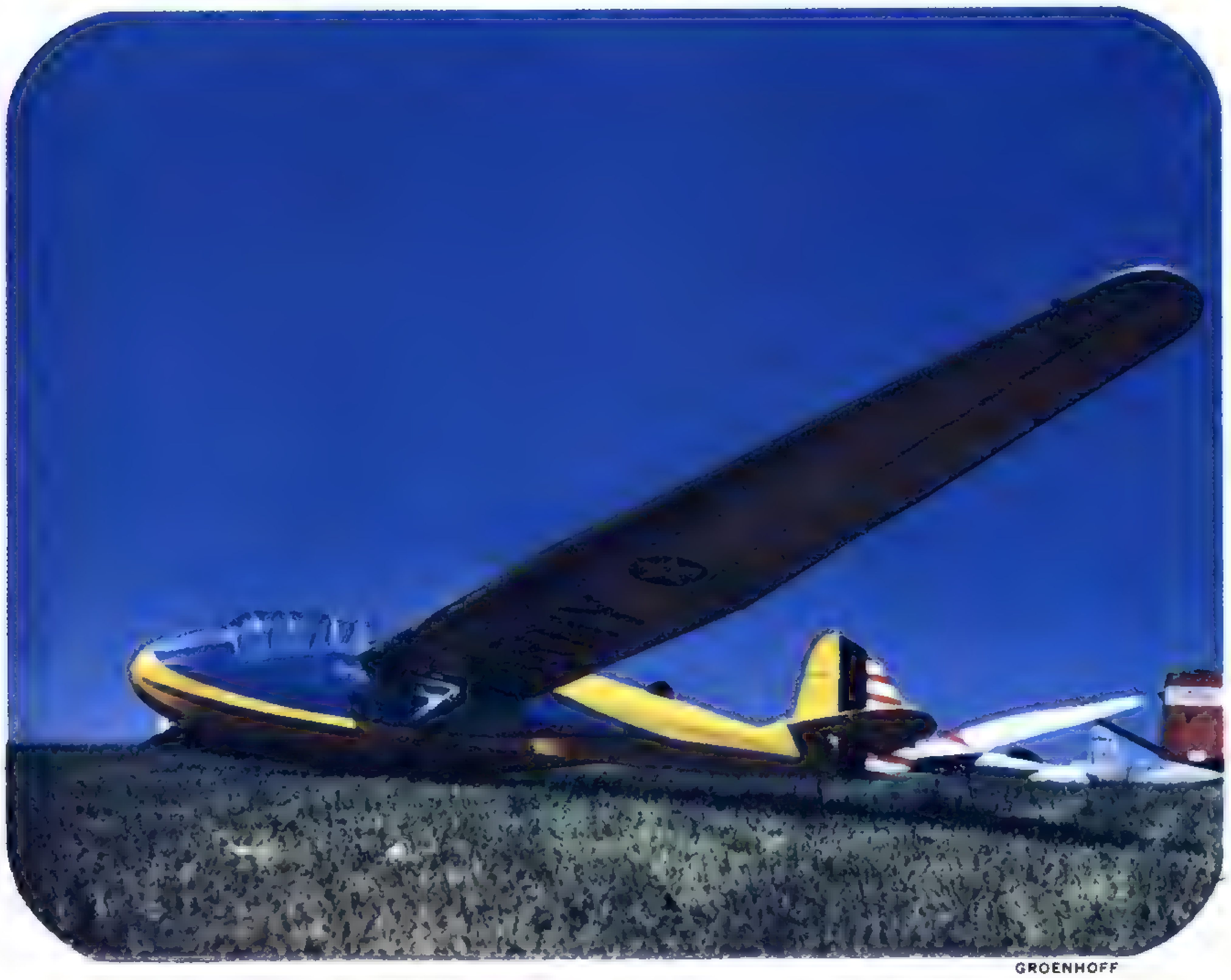
Most folk had tired of seeing the Dane all too frequently acted as if he were a cross between Freud with delirium tremens and James K. Hackett cold sober. No such rococo nonsense for Evans. Like any other close student of the role, he appreciates from the play's sufficient internal evidence that madness in its scientific sense is no slightest part of the character, and that what madness there is is in no degree mental but entirely emotional. He realizes, furthermore, as Forbes-Robertson, one of the really great Hamlets, did before him, that the outward appearance of madness is simply that superficial appearance which is criticized by persons of too intense extroversion in one of too intense introversion. And he has absorbed the obvious facts that Hamlet's irascibility with the poltroons Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, his derision of the senile babbler Polonius, his sexual impatience with the shrinking and hesitant Ophelia, his amalgam of pity and contempt for his maritally capricious mother, his explosive hatred for the Claudius who did away with his father and usurped his mother's love, and all other such facets and reactions of character would be basically those of any normal and intelligent man placed in like positions.

The Evans Hamlet is thus a more or less rational figure driven to acts rationalized not by the mind but by sound emotions. We have had other such Hamlets in our later time, among them that of Basil Sydney and that of Leslie Howard. But, though that of Sydney in his modern dress version was similarly thought out with uncommon clarity, none of these others has been funneled like Evans' through a sufficiently trained and forceful acting equipment. Evans' one fault is an occasional tendency toward vocal monotony. Aside from that, while his Dane may not be of the true royal acting rank, it remains perhaps the best in strictly critical analysis that we have had on the American stage in many seasons. This he demonstrates now as he demonstrated it some years before in the uncut presentation of the tragedy.

The other Hamlets in the later day period have been a varying lot. John Barrymore's had considerable to recommend it, but the points of recommendation were at times overshadowed by the suggestion that he had incorporated a share of Richard III into the portrayal and by an injection of polite comedy cynicism accompanied by the elaborate exercise of features common to actors in that parlor species of entertainment. Walter Hampden's was largely a college professor's lecture on the role and followed the old stock company pattern. Raymond Massey's was John Wilkes Booth in Shakespearean costume. John Gielgud's was a miscast Osric, and of so wholesale a neuroticism as at times to be almost burlesque, though I understand that, in his later appearances in England, he re-edited his performance to very much better effect. And Leslie Howard's, while basically intelligent, was in physical demonstration so exaggeratedly placid and in acting equipment generally so lacking that the prefatory intelligence went theatrically for little.

The Evans G. I. version of the tragedy is one in which the omission of certain scenes and the cutting of certain others have contrived, with not too much loss, to speed the action largely to melodramatic ends. The grave diggers scene and that of Ophelia's funeral are among those missing, doubtless originally as a concession to the men at the battlefronts, to whom, what with the plenitude of mortality in the play's other directions, they might have seemed in the nature of unwelcome and, under the immediate conditions, depressing surplus.

The production is further presented in nineteenth century dress, which is hardly the novelty some observers have deemed it. Aside from Shakespeare in twentieth century dress, as we have had him from, among others, Sydney and Orson Welles,


GROENHOFF

To glide on the wings of the wind—and no motor

The TG-2 glider, above, is shedding its Army stars and appearing in a civilian model SGS 2-8 (meaning Schweizer Glider Sailplane, two passengers, No. 8). It was in prewar models of this all-metal-construction sailplane that the unbroken national distance and altitude records for two-place gliders were made—219 miles and 14,960 feet. A transparent plastic canopy covers the comfortable tandem seats, which are equipped with dual controls and twin instrument panels. A special trailer is manufactured for transporting the glider behind an automobile, and wings are easily reassembled. Some 200 glider sportsmen were cloud-hopping via thermals and air currents before the war, and it's expected that many military-trained pilots will join them in what the glider fans call "the supreme sport."

the costume device has been practiced in one form or another down the long past years. Garrick played Lear in the dress of his own period, and MacBeth in a Hanoverian uniform. According to the research of Norah Richardson, Mrs. Barry, Miss Bellamy and other such actresses of the far ago played the tragic heroines in hoopskirts and "high feathered heads." And so with various others.

"The choice of setting and costume," announces Evans, "was dictated by what we felt would be acceptable to soldier audiences, making them more conscious of the modern parallels in the play. The only limitation was that the men must have a reasonable excuse for wearing swords. We settled on an almost story-book period of Mittel-Europa, nineteenth century, as conveying the dual features of a court which was military in character but at the same time decadent. So little reference to clothes or locale is made in *Hamlet* that it is perfectly possible to pick your own century without materially disturbing the text. In this version, the only stumbling blocks are the references to the Ghost's armor, which we have eliminated. The cutting of three lines reconciles the change."

The result, while it may offend the purists, who are customarily promiscuous hounds for offense, is an exciting theatrical evening, for all the several weaknesses in the acting cast and certain somewhat confounding selections, notably a Strauss waltz, in the musical accompaniment. The Polonius of Thomas Chalmers, while conducted with relevant vocal drooling, is however frequently so overdrooled as to be unintelligible; the Ophelia of Frances Reid, while visually attractive, is a schoolgirl in acting equipment rather than in character; and the Queen of Lili Darvas is of slightly too thick an Hungarian accent to fit into the English-spoken frame. But the rest, above all the Claudius of Thomas Gomez, are sufficient to the occasion and with Evans' Hamlet, George Schaefer's direction, Frederick Stover's settings, and Irene Sharaff's costumes resolve this *Hamlet* into something of a theatrical event. (Which is more than could be said for the Theatre Guild's botched *The Winter's Tale.*)

* * *

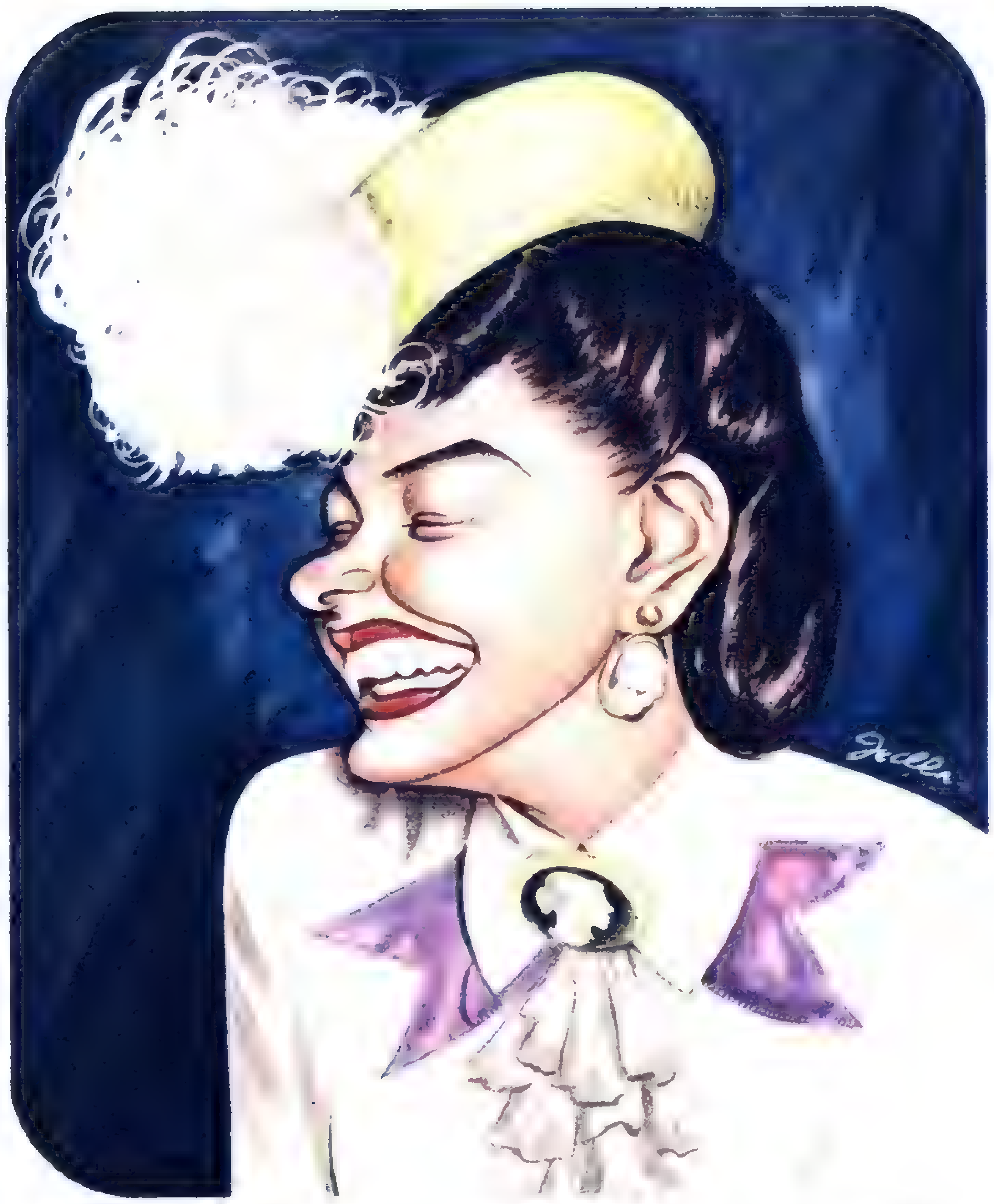
In my distant college days, I knew a boy named Morrison Fetzer. Morrison, who weighed something like 285 pounds, was the center on the football team. He was also a first-rate teller of funny stories and was, so far as I know, the only man who ever conceived the idea of profitably combining the two. It was his technique to project the stories at the center on the opposing team and to so weaken the poor fellow with laughter that he was reduced to a pushover. I have a feeling that the Army should have borrowed Morrison's strategy in the case of Bobby Clark. If it had sent Bobby to the battlefront and had let him perform his antics in view of the Germans, as many of the latter as could have seen him would doubtless have doubled up with hilarious cramps, would have lost grip on their rifles, and would have been easy pickings.

This Bobby lately appeared in his own version of Molière's *The Would-Be Gentleman*, which consisted partly of *The Would-Be Gentleman* and partly of episodes, lines and bits from other of the illustrious comedy writer's plays, to say nothing of some stage business from Tony Pastor's old vaudeville shows, Haverly's Minstrels, Al Reeves' burlesque shows. and probably even Hoyt's *A Trip To Chinatown.* This, as in the instance of Evans' *Hamlet*, similarly drove the purists to the bottle, but if one allowed oneself to remit Molière and to view the enterprise as a kind of seventeenth century *Follies*, a mighty good time was to be had.

* * *

Along with Shakespeare and Molière, Shaw also made a reappearance with a revival of his *Pygmalion* by the new organization which calls itself *Theatre Incorporated* and which announces as its non-profit making intent the presentation of valuable plays past and more recent. The old comedy still retained considerable bounce, despite unmistakable flaws in the casting. The Cockney flower girl Liza was on this occasion entrusted to Gertrude Lawrence, who was all that might be desired in certain portions of the play but who, as the evening went on, seemed to confuse Shaw with Pinero, which may be allowed to be a considerable confusion, and who abandoned the Shavian comedy spirit for the elocutionary sentiment and wistful histrionics associated with the problem plays of the 1890's. The *Pygmalion* who educates the Cockney Galatea into the ways of duchesses was Raymond Massey. Like Miss Lawrence, Mr. Massey also seemed under Cedric Hardwicke's direction to mistake Shaw for someone else and acted the role as if it were something out of Henry Arthur Jones' *The Silver King.* That the comedy managed to emerge as it did in the face of such acting handicaps was something of a feather in Shaw's cap.

There was the usual stern observation, as generally in Shaw's case, that some of his humor had dated. Of course some of it has. But so, even more, has a lot of Shakespeare's, Molière's and Sheridan's, and of almost everybody else of other days, years and centuries. Such criticism is silly. If a play on the whole retains its merit, that is enough. The gay flowers on a monument may fade and wither, but the monument itself remains. *Pygmalion* is admittedly one of Shaw's lesser plays, but it is still, whatever has befallen certain of its derisory lines, a livelier play of its specific kind than most of those written since its first production almost thirty-five years ago.



JEDLA

People we can't read enough about . . . No. I

Ingrid Bergman . . . fortunately for the world, not a screen "type" but an actress of rare and winning talents. Her life offstage has a simplicity and innate dignity which lend her a special glamor needing neither cheesecake photography nor synthetic publicity. She lives quietly with her Swedish doctor husband (who is definitely the boss at home) and her seven-year-old daughter Pia; likes triple-deck sandwiches, ice cream, walking; wears no make-up, works at her art with wholehearted devotion. With three pictures showing simultaneously, each a triumph in the reviews and (mark this well!) at the box office, Miss Bergman combines in her lovely person the tidings that Hollywood has come of age, and the surmise that the much-maligned taste of movie-goers may include an appreciation of an art compounded of the true and the human.

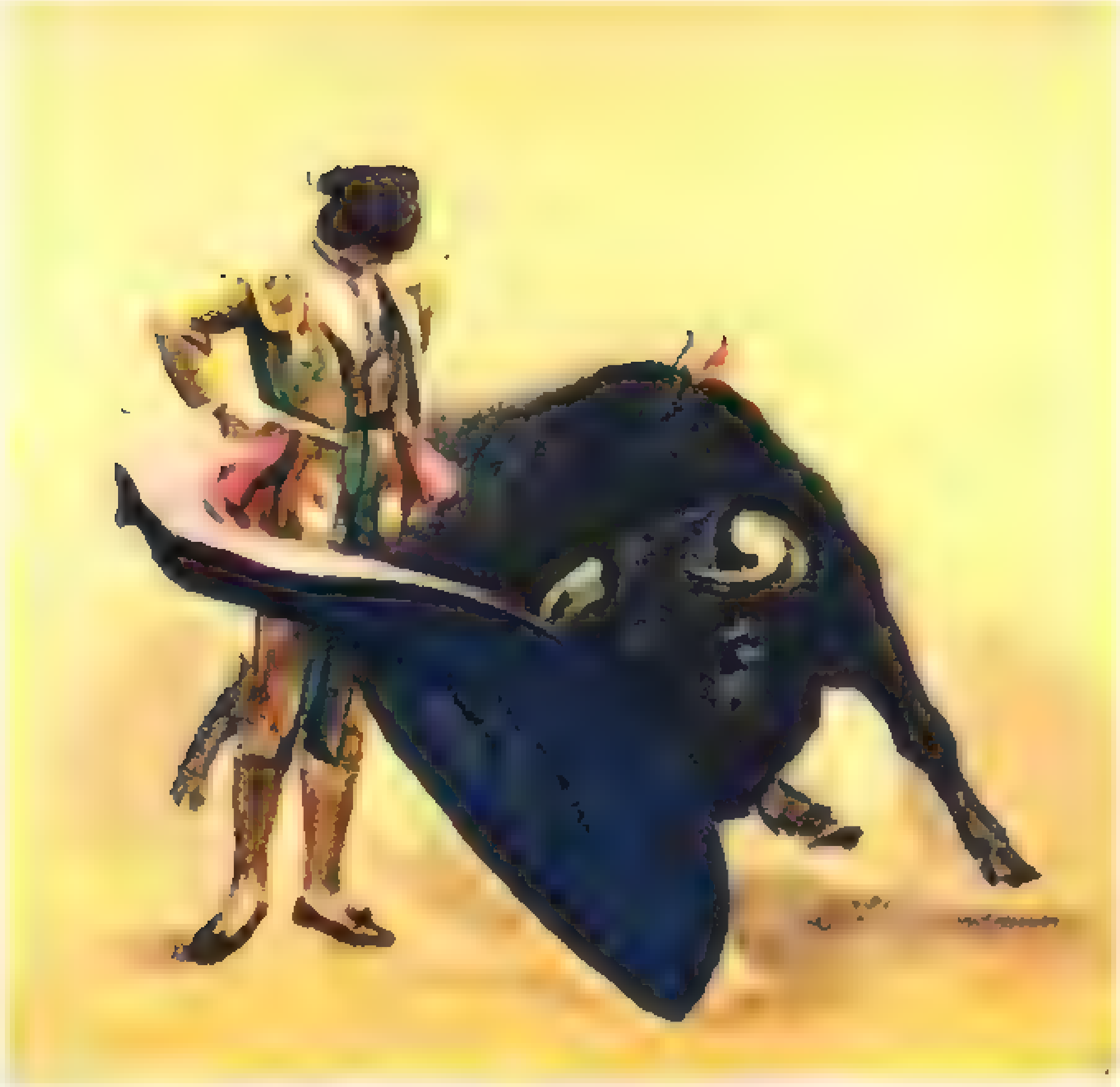
* * *

Descending to the products of present day playwrights, we engage such as Elmer Rice's *Dream Girl*, Terence Rattigan's *O Mistress Mine*, and Arthur Laurents' *Home Of The Brave.* The first, if we are to believe its author—and there is surely, judging from his play, no slightest reason to doubt him—was written with one or the other of movie actresses Katherine Hepburn and Dorothy McGuire in mind. When both declined to act in it, the author's wife, Betty Field, took over, but it persistently remains something that shows every sign of having been written with the screen as its ultimate goal. Mounted on triple-track scenery, its many scenes project alternately its heroine's romantic daydreams and opposing real experiences and amount in the aggregate largely to the kind of stuff that is esteemed by Hollywood and infinitely less so by drama criticism that has outgrown its childhood. Miss Field does well by the leading role, at least in many of the scenes, and since she is already experienced in the film medium will probably be drafted for the show when its theatrical day is done and it betakes itself westward to the camera.

The Rattigan exhibit serves as a vehicle for the Lunts, who should be ashamed, with their talents, to waste their time on it. It is a minor comedy of the tissue-paper sort that often showed up in the English and American theatre of forty years ago, and the Lunts' efforts to make it seem any better than it is are successful only with the species of theatregoer who visits the dazzle of names on the marquee upon the lack of it in a dramatic script.

The Laurents play is at least an honest and commendable effort, though it betrays many shortcomings in its novice author. Its story is of a soldier who for psychopathic reasons is paralyzed on the South Pacific front and of his cure under the ministrations of an Army psychiatrist. Laurents' *(Continued at top of page 127)*

Bullfighting has hit the comeback trail, thanks to the skill and daring of a new crop of fabulous, death-defying *toreros*



CONRAD

La Fiesta Brava

by BARNABY CONRAD, JR.

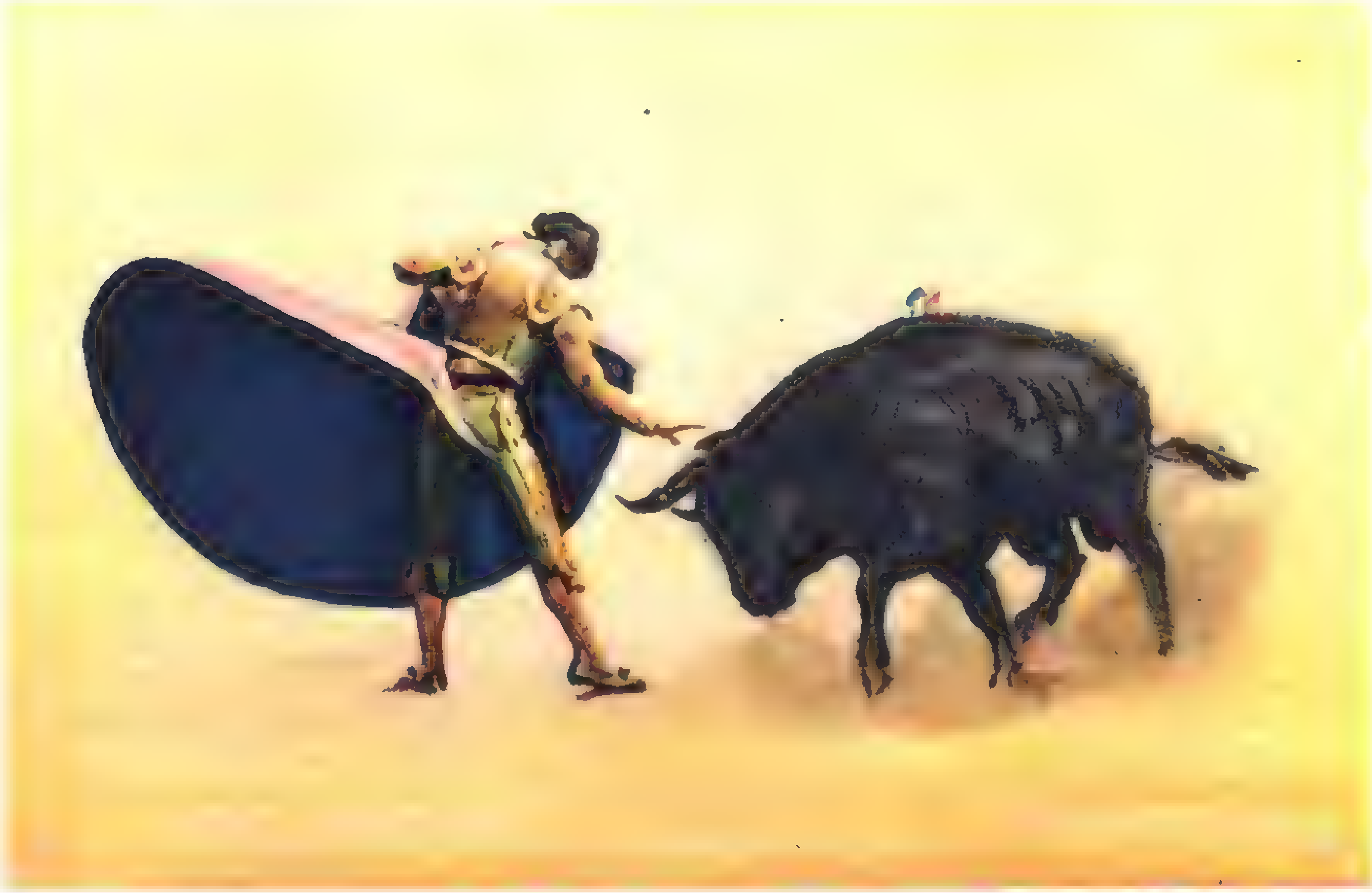
BULLFIGHTING, Spain's traditional number-one spectacle, is now at the height of the renaissance which it began after the civil war. Although soccer (*futbol*) has seduced a number of fans away from *los toros*, a good fight always fills the plaza today.

The renaissance has brought prosperity to bullfighters, who are now charging and getting more than at any time in the history of *tauromaquia*. For instance, Manolete, the bullfighters' bullfighter, pulls down about 80,000 pesetas (8,000 dollars) per fight at Valencia. Juan Belmonte, who revolutionized bullfighting around 1920 and who is still spoken of as one of the two great Greats, used to think he was lucky to get a third of that. Last season Manolete fought seventy-three fights.

Out of that the *torero* (not "toreador," which is never used) must pay his team, his *picadores*, *banderilleros*, *mozo de estoques*, his manager and the countless hangers-on that a successful bullfighter accumulates. His men are better paid than were the men in Belmonte's *cuadrilla*, but a *picador* today still makes only about an eightieth of his *matador's* take.

Manolete's *trajes de luces*, the brocaded uniforms, also cut a big chunk out of the gross receipts, for each one costs 400 dollars or more. They weigh as much as a football uniform and take several months to make. A *primera figura* like Manolete must have eight or nine *trajes de luces* of different colors on hand, plus three or four short dress capes which run upward from 200 dollars. In addition, the *matador* must have embroidered shirts, at over thirty dollars each, silk ties, silk stockings, slippers, special underwear and artificial pigtails. (They have not grown real ones for fifteen years.)

Casa Manfredi, in Sevilla, is the Brooks Brothers of the bullfight game, and the best fighters of Spain and Mexico go to him. Manfredi has ten cute *Sevillanas* who sew and embroider frantically every day from early morning till they no longer have light to see. When they aren't making new uniforms, they are repairing horn-pierced and bloodstained old ones. Bullfighters, however, are leery of uniforms which they were wearing at the time of a bad *cornada*, or horn wound. Franklin gave me a beautiful 400-dollar uniform that he had worn only twice because he said it had a *gafe*, a jinx.



In this water color Barnaby Conrad, the author-artist, depicts the grace and the courage of Carlos Arruza, a new bullfighting sensation. Here in the Constantina Plaza the torero *finishes off a series of* veronicas *with a slow* rebolera, *changing the cape from right hand to left as he pivots calmly with the charging bull. The artist was struck by Arruza's intuitive sense of timing.*

The tools of the bullfighter's trade are also costly—a dozen big capes at fifty dollars to 100 dollars a shot, the scarlet *muletas* at twenty-five dollars, and a set of four fine steel swords and cases at 150 dollars each. Board, lodging and travel of his entourage is no small matter either.

Despite his heavy expenses, Manolete is a very rich man, especially since the low income tax in Spain only takes one-half per cent of his reputed three-million-peseta annual income. Detractors of Manolete say he is also a very stingy man, and that when he gets a shoeshine he waits for change from the peseta. Like so many men who have known poverty, he can't get used to having all the money he wants.

Manolete, whether or not the greatest *matador* today, at twenty-seven is certainly the most discussed, the highest paid, and one of two persons who has given bullfighting a shot in the arm and roused it out of the slump it was in five years ago. Formerly a hod carrier, he and General Franco are probably the best-known men in Spain. Politics and *los toros* are still the prime topics of conversation in a Spanish café, and to bring up the subject of Manolete is to let yourself in for a diatribe of encomium or abuse: no one is neutral when it comes to Manolete. People will either denounce him as a money-mad *antipático* who will fight only knee-high stock, or they will say that he is the greatest genius since Joselito. Joselito, killed in the ring in 1920 by Bailaor (every bull is given a name and number), is generally revered as the greatest in history, and even the most enthusiastic *Manoletista* would not go so far as to compare Manolete with Joselito.

A much-played song is a flattering *pasodoble* entitled *Manolete*, but the opposition changes the words to:

"Manolete, Manolete—
Usted no mata
Ni una rata
En la puerta de un retrete"

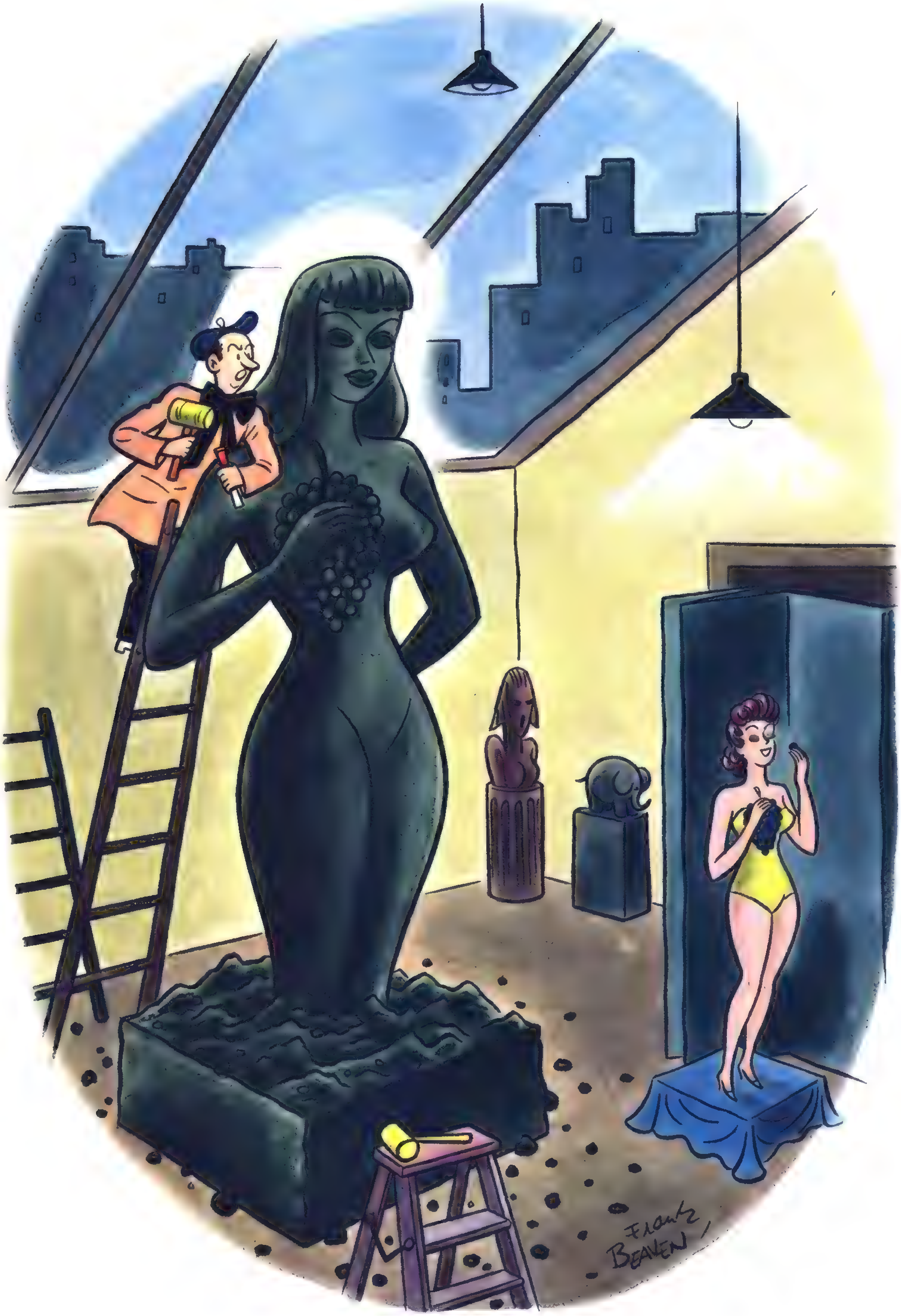
—which means that they doubt whether he could handle a robust field mouse if confronted with one in a latrine. The best poets of Spain have written eulogies of him, there are sleepy-eyed Manolete dolls, one of the most popular liqueurs is called *Anis Manolete*, and he was starred in a film about himself called *The Man Who Is Closest to Death*.

As a matter of fact, with his amazing domination over every bull he fights and his knowledge of bulls, he is probably farther away from death than any other *matador* in Spain. But death is always possible in the ring and never very far away. I saw one of his *picadores* killed in the Malaga ring, when a Varagua bull slammed him against the *barrera* and snapped his back like a saltine.

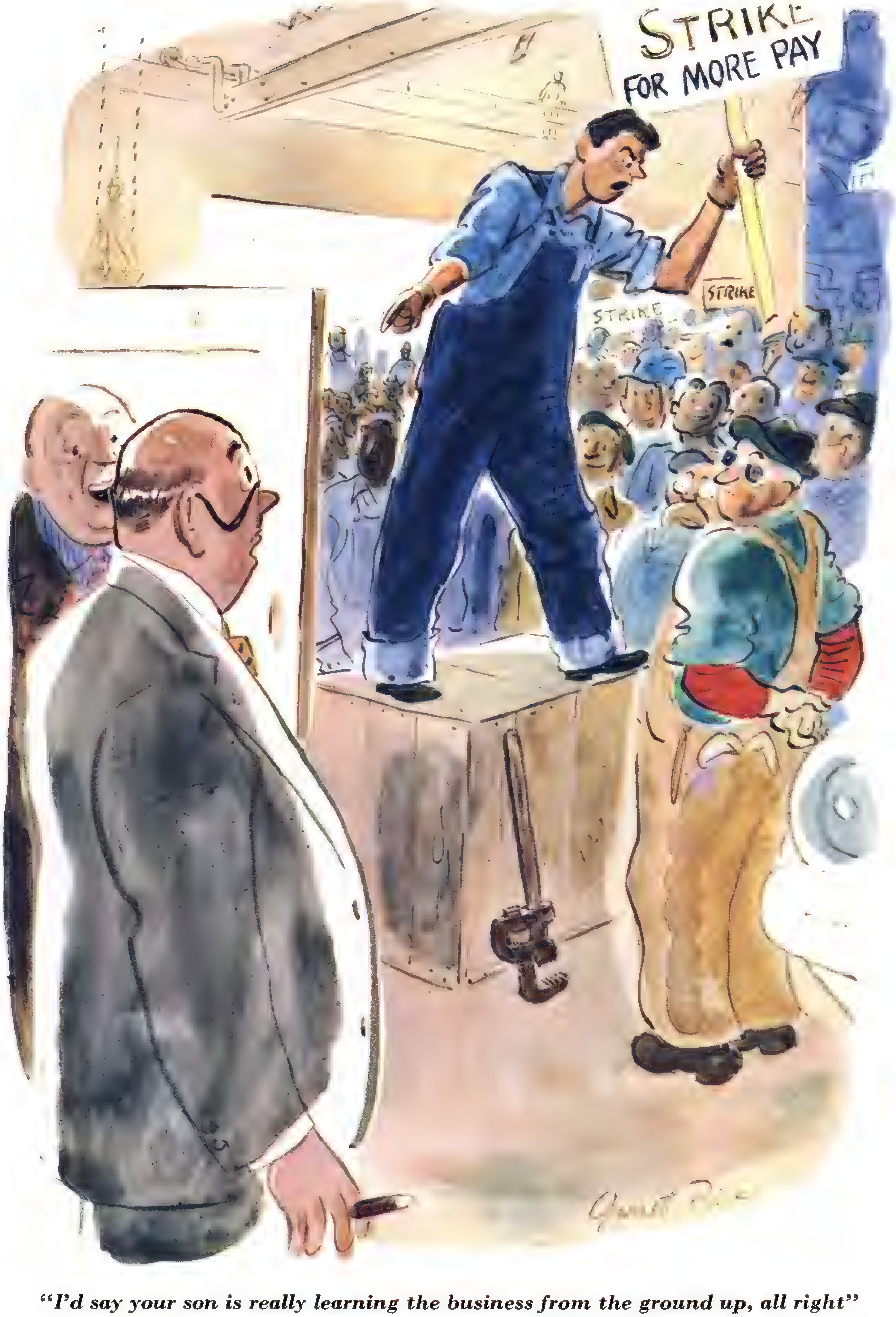
Manolete himself looks like an undriven nail. He is tall, has a ridiculously tiny waist and saber legs that appear disjointed and stiff when he walks. He has a great beak of a nose and half-closed eyes that remain unexcited even when a bull thunders by. Caught seriously only twice in his seven years as a *matador de toros*, he has a great reminding scar on the side of his unsmiling face. Without the scar and with a mustache he would look like a tubercular Basil Rathbone. Spaniards say that he looks as dreary as a "third-class funeral on a rainy day."

Lethargic and dull generally, when he steps in front of a bull he becomes another person, doing things that lift the spectators out of their seats to scream, "*Ole!*" He is the foremost exponent of "pure" bullfighting, never relying on cape twirling, kneeling and other crowd-pleasing tricks. His fighting is always built around the *veronica* and the *natural*, the simplest yet the

(*Continued on page 202*)

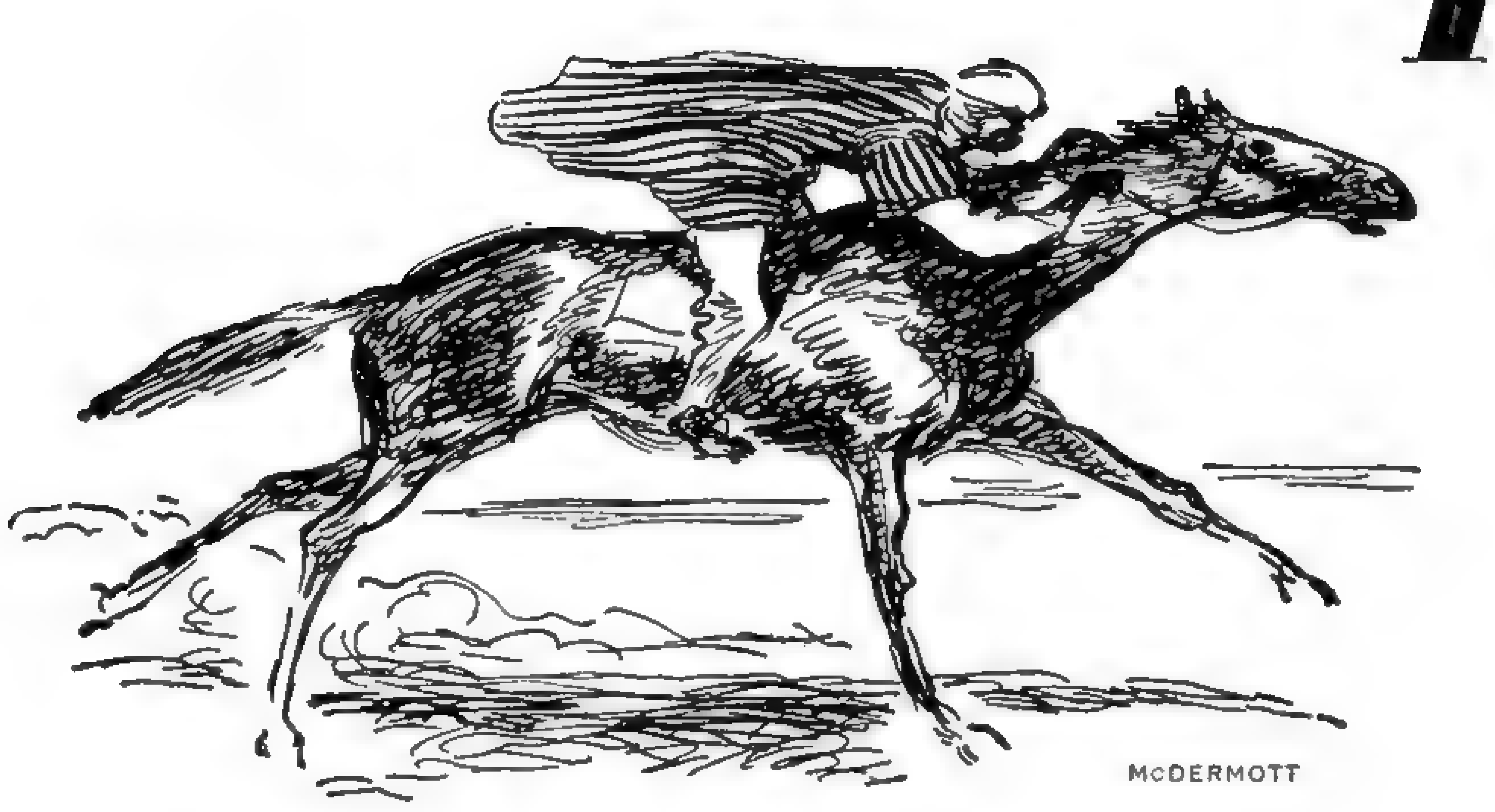

Frank Beaven

"Please, Miss Caldwell—do not eat the grapes!"


STRIKE
FOR MORE PAY
STRIKE
STRIKE

"I'd say your son is really learning the business from the ground up, all right"

The Faith of Pojo



Pojo, the little innocent-eyed Senegalese, couldn't speak English but had the faith it took to win when the odds were heavy

by PHIL KOURY

Pojo was a little Senegalese native with a button for a nose. His body was lithe, straight as a birch sapling and ebony black. He was a handsome kid and his large, innocent eyes were tools carving favors right out of your heart.

To me, he was a sort of African Roddy McDowall. Pojo and I were destined to become pals.

He came up one day repeating a word which sounded like *pojo* (which, I learned, was his word for friend) and pointing toward a stall at the edge of the field. He wanted to ride Fannie, my bony charger, which raced Sundays with four other decrepit nags in our G.I. version of an African Santa Anita.

The regular Sunday Sahara classics were held about a mile from camp where we'd set up what undoubtedly wouldn't pass for a race track in America. The five weather-beaten, desert-stained entries puffed around the track at a uniform pace—uniformly slow.

What saved the whole enterprise from immediate collapse was the fact that the horses were equally lacking in vigor—so that the outcome was always a betting proposition. It was not so much which horse was going to finish first, but which was going to finish. On the head of the foam-flecked animal that made it around the track rested the fate of several hundreds of dollars.

Probably never in track annals were bettors more irascible or races more unpredictable. But they helped take our minds off Africa's heat and dust.

We harbored the animals in crudely constructed stalls near the camp and paid the native boys a few pennies to feed and water them. Grave with their new responsibility, the keepers lavished great care and attention on their charges. Occasionally we'd have to lecture them on certain incidents. But since three candy bars were the bonus for a victory and a well-fed entry was the difference between victory and defeat, the incentive to supplement your horse's feeding with another man's hay was almost irresistible to them.

Pojo was ecstatic when I told him he could have the job of looking after Fannie. He seized the leather ornament around his neck, kissed it tenderly and gazed up at the sky. He was the only kid at camp we ever saw wearing that neckpiece which was a symbol of deep religious significance.

In his dual role as stable boy and jockey, Pojo worked like one inspired. Aside from a desire to race her to victory, I think his affection for Fannie bordered on worship.

But Fannie maintained the same weary attitude, even though the twenty-four-hour attention she commanded exceeded that of the finest Kentucky thoroughbred. It had absolutely no effect on her competitive spirit. After each race Pojo sat dejectedly on her shrunken rump, looking down at me with tear-filled eyes. Fannie, the ninny, hadn't won a single race, and judging from her *joie de vivre*, she never would.

One day, Pojo took me gently by the hand, pointed to his leather neckpiece and said something in Senegalese. Then he pointed to Fannie's stall, but I didn't get it at first. He kept shaking his head up and down. Noncommittal, I followed him into the stall. He clambered up on Fanny, ducked his head out of the leather neckpiece and carefully drew it past Fannie's head until it was around her neck. Then he looked at me.

"No, no," I said sternly, and the words were scarcely spoken when tears streamed down Pojo's cheeks. I couldn't let him do it. That neckpiece of his was more than an ornament; it was a symbol he believed in. Put the ornament around Fannie's neck and providence would lead her to victory.

I could see Pojo's simple faith crumbling before our winless, placeless wonder. Fannie's track record would have put a heavy strain on anyone's religion.

Pojo kept out of sight the remainder of the afternoon. When I left he was sitting in a corner of the stall, the necklace clutched to his bare chest.

I didn't go to the track Sunday. I lay on my net-enclosed cot trying to picture Pojo's face if that superannuated gal of ours didn't come through. Suppose she didn't finish? Suppose she buckled like an exploded bridge?

Suddenly I heard a bristling shriek followed by discordant babble. There came the clatter of feet on the barracks floor and leading the way came Pojo. Ten feet from my couch he threw back his shoulders, composed himself and said simply:

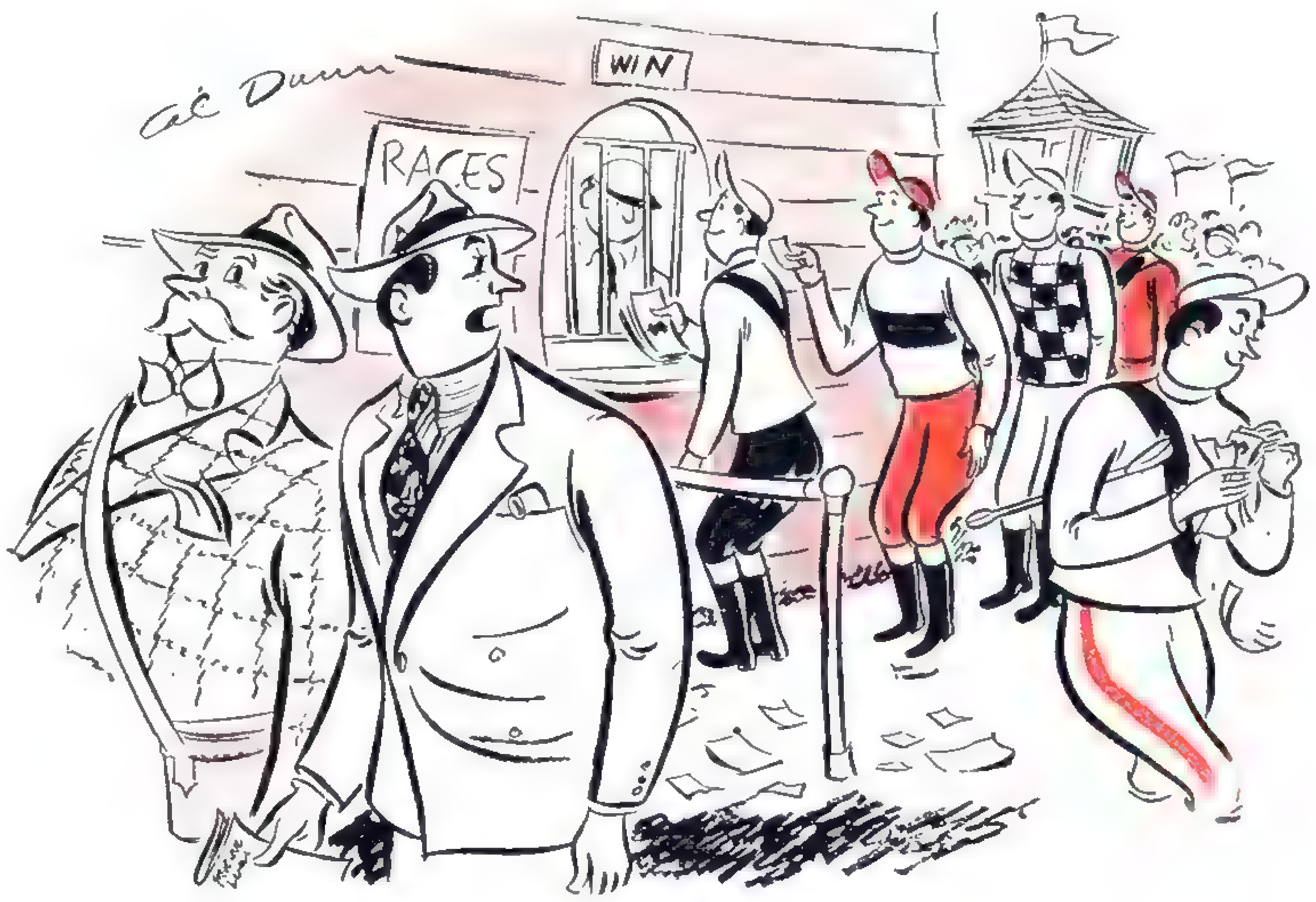
"Master win."

Other visitors followed him. They were a stunned, angry collection of khaki-clad bettors and owners. Every man standing on the dust-choked sidelines had had a stake in the race. Their confidence in Fannie had not been measured by the amount of money placed on her nose.

I heard how the crowd roared with laughter when she bounded forward nose to nose with the others. Such a start by Fannie had heretofore been considered impossible. Awful oaths came from the lips of the hopping-mad spectators as Fannie decisively took the lead—her grotesque stride looking like something out of the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*.

Pojo and his pals led old Fannie back to her stall where she died quietly a few hours later. It distressed Pojo at first, but I think I managed to get across the idea that Fannie had won the race for him and his necklace. He padded off smiling. Pojo's faith was still with him.

I guess someday I'll have to answer to the fates who are in charge of looking after senile African horses. I suppose I'll have to explain why I put that dose of stuff the doc gave me into Fannie's feed. But I'm banking on the gods who protect the faith of the young. They'd better clear me. #



"If I were of a suspicious nature, I'd say that last race was fixed"

Knowing her father-in-law as she did, Emmy thought it would be a good idea to look the gift horse in the mouth

The White Horse

by F. L. OWEN

ANDRESON

LEO came through the woods towards the back of his house, singing his usual tune:

> *Oh, the cow kicked Nellie in the belly in the barn,*
> *Oh, the cow kicked Nellie in the belly in the barn,*
> *But her old man said it wouldn't do her any harm,*
> *Oh-h-h-h, Nellie!*

Northern Michigan was sultry in midsummer and the tall pines, under whose tent-like shade he walked, dropped a pungent steam on him. The layer of needles under his feet was soft and spongy, and he was glad he hadn't worn shoes. As he scuffed along, his heels scraped through the dry top layer, showing the black moistness underneath. A few rays of the sun penetrated the solid greenness above and hung like bright-colored streamers in the air, brushing across his face.

When he saw Emmy, who had come to meet him, he nodded and preceded her down the path. He knew she was waiting for him to say something about the horse, but perversely, he talked of other things.

"The blueberries are getting ripe. I noticed them on the rocks. It's early for them, so we ought to have a good year."

"Come on, Leo. What'd your Pa say?"

"Oh, nothing much. Same old thing. I didn't tell him how much money I was making, though."

"I'm glad you didn't. He's liable to move in on us then."

"Would you like to know what I done?"

"You know I would."

"Well, Pa said he'd sell me the horse for ten dollars. 'Course, that's a lot of money, but I don't think Pa knows the worth of it. Anyway, ten dollars is more money than he'd make in a long time."

"Oh, that part's okay. But I still don't yet understand." Emmy's eyes asked for an explanation.

"Well, I don't myself quite. And you know how dumb Pa can be. Anyway, from what he said, I guess the horse is pretty good. You know the Doc imported a real Irish jumper, pure white, last year to breed into his stock. I guess you can get pretty good horses from England now on account they can't feed them over there. Anyway, Pa says he had a stallion in the next field and that he got over to the jumper somehow. Well, when the mare foaled, the colt was pure white just like his Ma. The Doc gave it to Pa for a load of wood. Pa says it's real good specimen—a little big, but that's the way you want."

"And he's selling the horse to you?"

"Yeh. And you know what else? I heard the Doc talking about the horse show up to the Landing next month and I asked him about it. He says there's a contest for jumping and he's put my horse in."

"That's pretty nice of the Doc, doing that for us."

"Well, why shouldn't he?"

Emmy asked practically, "Do you think Doc knows what horse it is?"

"No. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered. I'm always sort of suspicious of anything you get from your Pa."

"This looks pretty good."

"Have you seen the horse?"

"Not close. It was out in the field running around so I only seen it was white. But Pa says it's sound—that he ain't used it for any work or nothing. He said he had a offer of fifteen dollars for it but he wanted to give me a chance at it."

Emmy glanced sideways at him and grimaced.

"I know. But the first prize for jumping is fifty dollars."

"What's the second?"

"Twenty-five, I guess. Don't be so worried, Emmy."

She shook her head. "I don't trust your Pa. Mind the time he sold that boat you made and never said anything? And mind the time he took your kindling that you'd chopped and sold it? And what about the time—"

"I know, Emmy. But this looks good." Leo's voice was stubborn and Emmy didn't say more.

Suddenly, in his exuberance, Leo picked up his wife and swung her over his head, grinning broadly to hear her scream. She kicked wildly, but he held her aloft until he entered the house.

"We'll go over this afternoon and get the horse. I don't want to leave him there any longer than I got. Pa said I could have him as soon as I brung him the money. I already signed the bill. Pa must of got burnt lately—he ain't usually so careful about money."

"Leo, what you going to do with the horse after he's won the prize?"

"I thought I'd sell him and buy myself a mule or something. I'm going to need one for hauling the boats up come this fall. I'll build a shed onto the house and he can live there."

"You're getting sort of biggish of late, ain't you?"

"Yep."

Emmy made him a Bologna sandwich and pulled off the cap of a bottle of the local needled green beer. "Let's go over and get the horse right after you eat. What're you going to call it?"

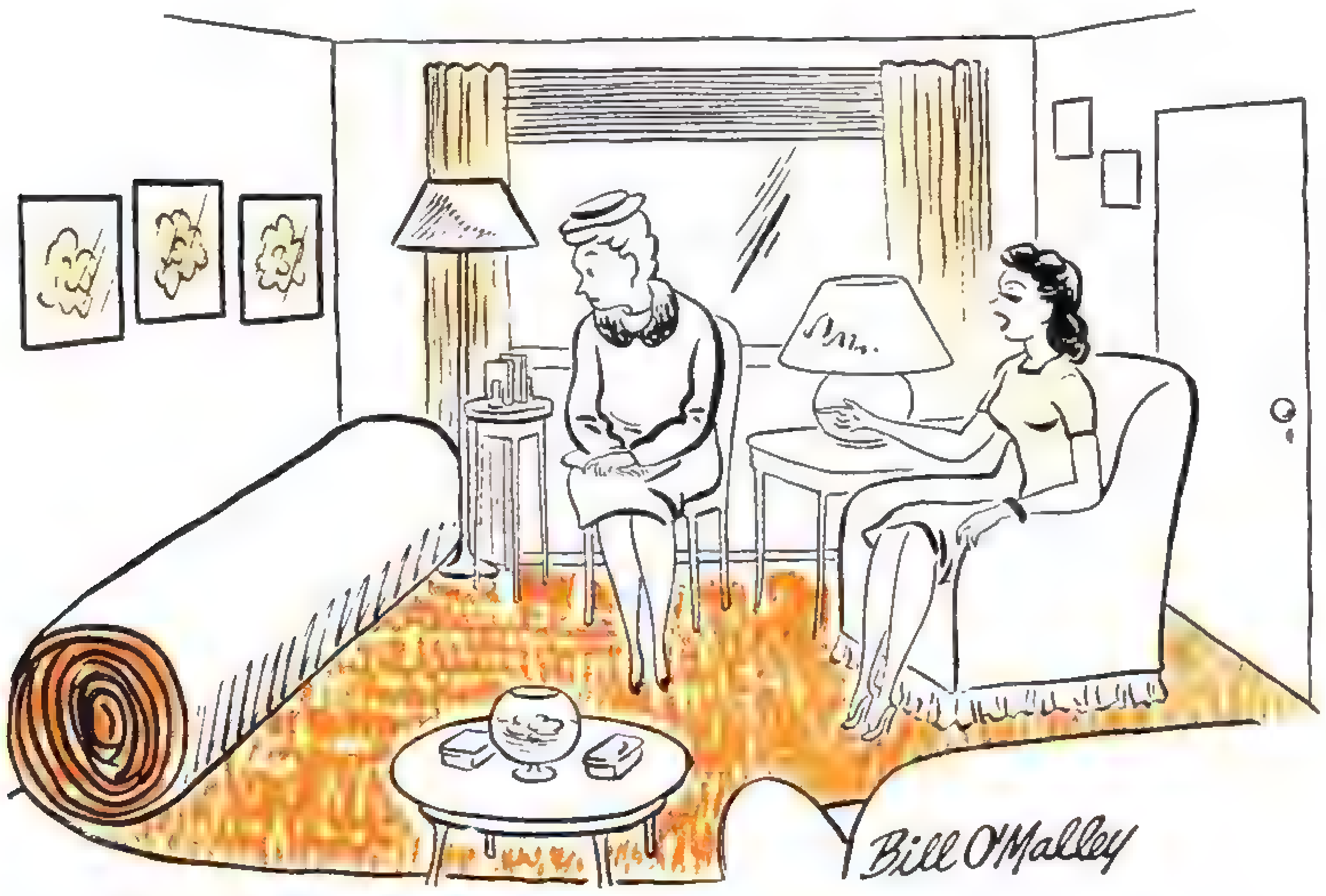
"I don't know," Leo drawled. "What's a good name? Nothing fancy now."

"How about Lady?"

"It's a man!" Leo snorted. "I know. We'll name it George, after my cousin. How's that?"

"Well, I suppose if it's a man, you've got to name it something sort of dignified. I guess George is pretty good."

About an hour later, Emmy and Leo were walking along a narrow dirt road. They walked in the two ruts because the middle of the road was piled with loose gravel. It was very warm, and Leo's



"We like our new house very much, but the living room is a bit small"

shirt kept getting darker around the edges of his suspenders.

"Leo—"

"Yeh?"

"You know something else nice? When we got George, we can ride him. That'll make it easier on your leg."

"That's right." Leo's limp made his walk jog up and down like a small curtsy. When he was little, his father had accidentally thrown his ax against the boy's leg and, with no medical care, it had healed crookedly and weakly. It didn't bother him except in damp weather and when he walked too far.

Finally, the pair reached a gateway and turned up the narrow rut that led to an old grey cabin that slumped lazily against the side of a grassy rise. One of the steps leading up to the sagging porch was worn away and Leo turned to help Emmy over it. His father, Old Jo, sat smoking in an ancient rattan rocker, the seat of which hung down almost to the floor. He smiled a toothless, wrinkled grin and dug between his lips for the stub of a cigarette. He grunted and motioned them to an old swing that hung by ropes from the ceiling. Overhead, there was a buzzing from a hive of bees that had found the cracks between the walls comfortable and roomy.

Jo took off his drooping hat, wiped his lined and grizzled head and asked, without looking up, "Come for the horse?"

"Yep." Leo watched his father suspiciously for a minute. "You ain't sold him, have you?"

"Boy! I've seen some crooked decisions in my day!"

"Nope. Told you I wanted you to have him. After all, you're my son, ain't you?"

"Guess so."

Jo stared into his hat, poking it more out of shape. "'Course, you'd never know it by the way you treat me."

"How about the horse?"

"Did you bring the money?"

"I got it right here." Leo patted his hip pocket.

"Okay." The old man rose immediately. "He's in the barn. Gimme the money and I'll bring him around." He held out his large hand, dark brown with grime and age. Leo carefully laid two new five-dollar bills on the outstretched palm and watched his father shuffle toward the old shed, leaning in upon itself for support, which Jo dignified with the title of barn.

Emmy spoke for the first time since their arrival. "Does he always grin like that?"

"No. Sometimes he's mad and then he don't."

"I don't like him," she said. Leo didn't hear her. He stood with his eyes glued to the doorway of the shed, banging his bony knuckles together in excitement.

"Here he comes," said Emmy, catching Leo's expectant happiness. Suddenly she turned towards her husband in surprise.

"Jesus Christ!" Leo was rarely stirred into such an exhibition of emotion, and Emmy was shocked.

Old Jo came up, giggling softly to himself. When he spoke, his words caught on his jagged laughter. "Here's your jumper—his mother was a mighty fine horse. His father was sort of low class, but then, that happens sometimes."

Emmy and Leo stared unbelievingly at the creature whose ragged halter hung from Jo's hand. It was large and white as Old Jo had promised, but it had long ears and sloe eyes, and it switched a hairless tail behind.

"Give me back my ten dollars," Leo said evenly.

"Nope. You paid and signed for this. Ain't my fault it don't come up to your hopes. After all, I told you the truth about it—about its Ma, I mean. And you can't say it ain't white."

Leo was too shocked to say anything more. He stared at the mule unbelievingly, chewing his lower lip.

Finally, Jo grew apprehensive. He handed Leo the halter and snarled uncertainly, "Now get! You got the horse—ain't you? I don't want you hanging around here. Go on!"

Leo took a step towards his father, and the old man backed away. "I'll get McBain on you if you touch me," he shrilled.

Emmy reached out timidly and pulled at Leo's shirt sleeve. "Come on, Leo. He's right. And you don't want the sheriff."

Her voice steadied her husband and he swung around, without a word, and limped down the drive, leading the white mule who followed him docilely. The animal halted at the gate to rip at a clump of timothy, and then continued slowly down the road, munching the grass with a thoroughness that sounded as if he were crushing rocks between his teeth. Emmy drooped sadly after her husband, only turning back momentarily as she heard Jo's hiccoughing laugh.

She caught up with Leo presently and watched his face, which was red under his tan. "Leo—" she started softly.

"What?" His voice was harsh.

"You said you wanted a mule anyway."

"Not for ten dollars I didn't."

"He's kind of pretty."

When they reached the narrow path that led to their cabin on the shore, the mule seemed to take interest in his surroundings. He pranced his feet up and down, making Emmy keep a safe distance from his rear, and he grabbed at the leaves and branches that hung above his head. Leo stopped and beckoned Emmy forward.

"Come on. You might as well ride him."

"Do you think it's safe?"

"I've got his halter." He swung her onto the broad back. The mule looked speculatively over his shoulder and Emmy watched the narrow eyes. Apparently satisfied with what he saw, the creature turned back to the path and followed Leo.

Emmy patted the leathery skin. "I think George likes us."

Leo decided to put George to work as soon as he was broken to the bit. This had been accomplished with surprisingly little trouble. He pulled a load of small logs and about five days later dragged big logs along the highway for the new dock and shed Leo was going to build.

Campidore Island was the best ground to pick up pines. Leo cut small trees or hauled away larger ones which had fallen, dragged them to the riverbank, peeled them and threw them on a flat sled that George pulled over the sand along the shore.

On one of his trips back to Campidore, Leo brought George up to the roadway and tied him to the bridge railing. The wet sand made the mule's hoofs soft, and Leo didn't want any bruised feet. A large hornet hovered over the man's head and absently, Leo slapped at it, gauging its whereabouts by the angry buzzing. Suddenly, George squealed in anguish and kicked violently, snapping the traces like blades of grass. Before Leo could grab the halter, the mule had cleared the high railing and was rolling in the cool sand at the water's edge below, throwing up spray and gouts of wet sand with his flying hoofs.

Leo thought the animal had gone mad until he remembered the hornet. Quickly, he reached the mule and grabbed what remained of the harness. George allowed himself to be pulled upright and stood trembling and blowing with wounded dignity. Leo searched over the white body and finally discovered a swollen spot on the side of George's pink belly which shook with pain and shock long after the rest of him had quieted. If it hadn't been for the broken traces, Leo might have laughed; but, as it was, he gathered the remnants of harness from the road and prodded George towards home.

Emmy was surprised to see him come up the path so early in the morning. "What's the matter?"

"George broke the harness." He told her about the hornet and then settled himself against the side of the cabin with some pieces of rope to repair the damage. Emmy brought out some mending and sat beside him.

"Leo, I been meaning to ask you. Have you spoke to the doctor yet?"

"About what?"

"About George."

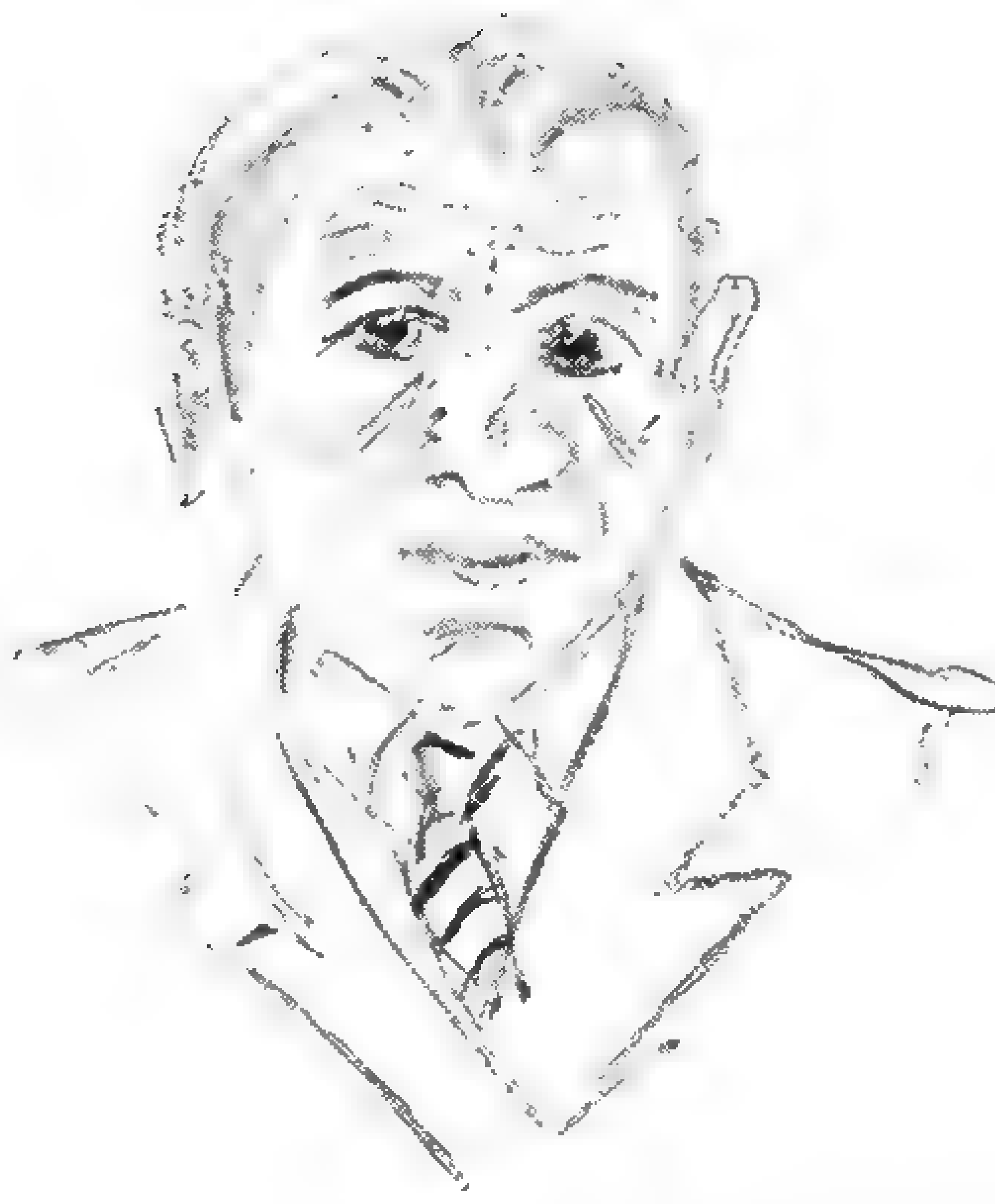
"What do you mean?"

Emmy recognized the embarrassment in her husband's voice and edged around the subject carefully. "Well, you said something about him entering our horse—George, I (*Continued on page 163*)

Gatto: Little Primitive

Ex-steamfitter Gatto paints with his heart not his head and comes up with stuff even he can't always understand

by HARRY SALPETER



SELF-PORTRAIT

JOSEPH VICTOR GATTO, primitive painter, is ten little men rolled into one. He is small, grey, neutral. A few inches over five feet, he weighs about 120 pounds. His clothes are nondescript. His grey face is deeply lined, his eyes are small and worried looking and his hair is tinged with grey. He is naïve, sentimental, lacking in formal education and impulsive.

The fact that he became a famous painter shows how much more of spirit and character there is in Joseph Victor Gatto than appears on the surface. The fact that he could paint the pictures he did under conditions of grinding poverty in an ugly tenement flat on New York's Carmine Street shows that there is in this little man a self-renewing reservoir of emotion undefiled. He is that rare man who is not ashamed to cry at a tear-jerking movie. He is a primitive in more than the technical sense.

In origin, Gatto is strictly big-city proletariat, so typical in his upbringing that he might be studied as a test tube of slum life. He was born and brought up in the Italian subdivision of Greenwich Village, the son of a laborer. When he was four years old his mother died and he and his four brothers were placed in an orphan asylum, of which his memories are not pleasant. His father's remarriage gave the boys a home again and, more importantly, a stepmother of such goodness and tenderness that she became their true mother. (Her death, in March, 1944, at the age of ninety-two so thoroughly desolated the artist that there was reason to fear for his sanity.) However, even within the lifelong idyl into which the mother-son relationship flowered, the basic slum pattern of Gatto's life was not materially altered. He attended a public school which was known as "the Italian soup school," played hookey consistently, showed promise only in his drawings for the blackboard, remained only long enough to qualify for his working papers and then, without training of any kind, was thrown upon the streets to compete for a living.

Out on his own, Gatto knocked around from job to job. He ran errands and worked as a stock and shipping clerk. After serving a short hitch in the Navy during the first World War, he worked for an ammunition plant in the South, from which he returned to odd jobs in New York. He spent his spare time dreaming up inventions which never paid off, and looking at the animals in the Central Park Zoo. Off and on he was a professional fighter who distinguished himself chiefly for the number of times he was knocked down but not out. During the Depression either the Civil or Public Works Administration taught him steamfitting, a skill which supported him for many years and which he put to good use at the Kearny, New Jersey, shipyards.

He was forty-eight years of age in 1938 when he first showed his rather clumsy daubs on the pavements of Greenwich Village in the free-for-all open-air exhibition of that year. He had been more or less startled into painting the year previous. While walking around Washington Square at open-air art exhibition time, he put a critical eye on the abstract paintings and asked a typical exhibitor what the usual price was for one of those things. 600 dollars! "Why, I can do much better than that," said Gatto, and bought himself some five- and ten-cent brushes, several cans of house paints, some canvas on board—no easel, no palette—and got busy. He learned to mix his colors on a piece of glass and would lean the board against a chair, if it were a small composition, or tack it up on the wall, if it were large.

Whenever Gatto begins a painting, the color scheme is clear in his mind. If his eyes start smarting, he puts on steel-rimmed glasses bought in the five and ten. He paints with the thinnest of brushes, some of them having no more than twenty hairs, so that, as a rule, even his smallest canvas represents an enormous amount of physical application. He prefers a thick paint which gives to some of his pictures the ridged feel of a low relief.

His subject matter falls into the two main divisions of experience and literature. Minor literary sources are tales about King Arthur and his Knights and the adventures of Stanley and Livingstone in the African jungle. His jungle flora and fauna are rendered with a clarity and a sensitivity so astonishing that among the specialists of the primitive, Gatto is regarded as the logical successor to the French primitive, Rousseau. But the Bible, especially the Old Testament, has been Gatto's main literary resource. It is for him, The Book. Just before he started painting, his mother's eyes had begun to fail. He read the Bible in English and then retold the stories to her in Italian. Thus, he experienced the tales more vividly than if he had merely read them for himself. These were the episodes he put into his first painting. Strangely enough, although Gatto is fundamentally a religious man, the only time he ever stepped into a church was to attend Mass for his mother's funeral.

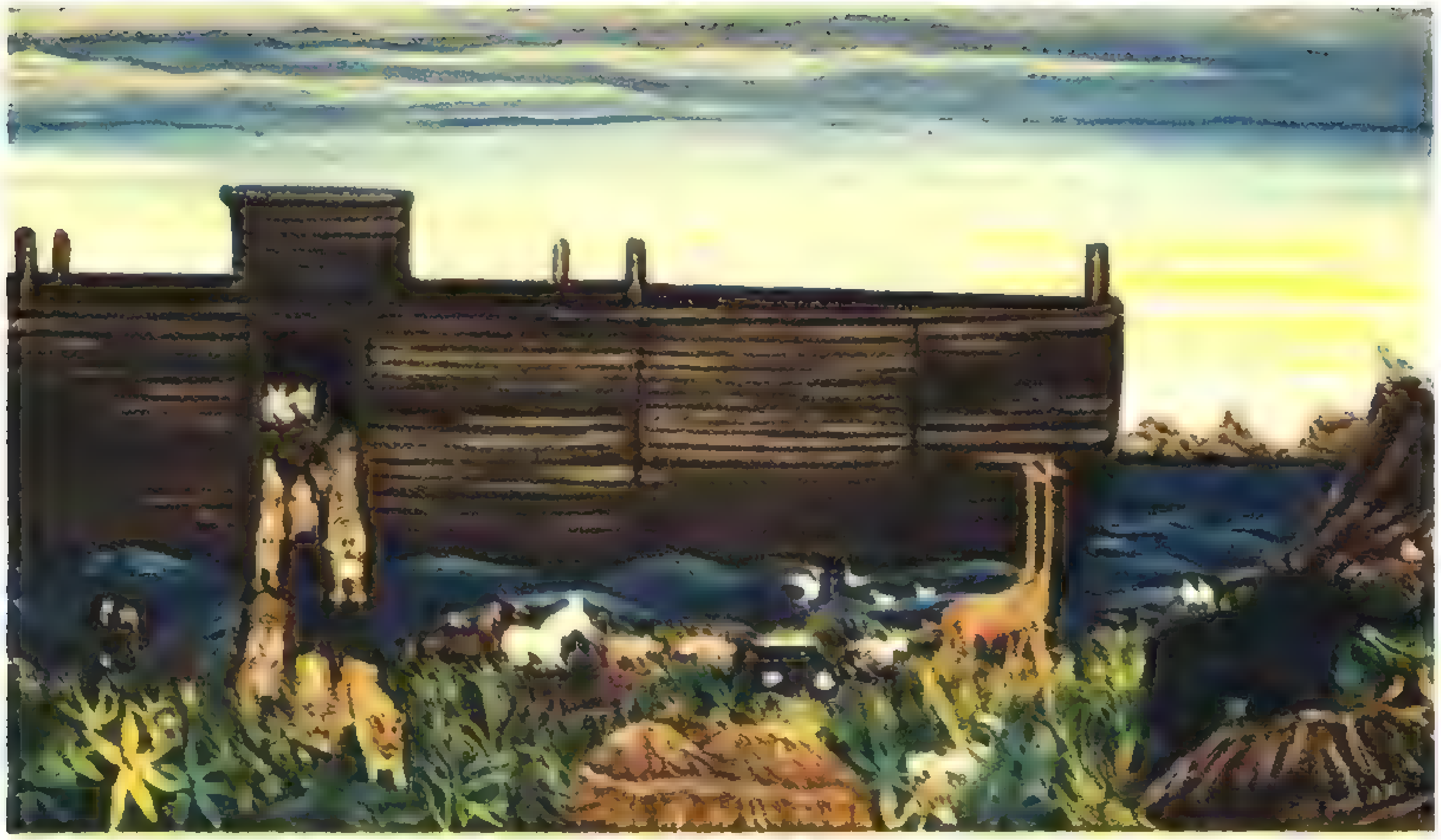
Once Gatto had made his art debut on five flagstones of one of the sidewalks around Washington Square Park during the 1938 open-air art show, he exhibited every year thereafter, through 1943. He sold his pictures for as little as five dollars. Maurice Schwartz, the Jewish actor, bought several of his early Biblical things, including a *Moses in the Bullrushes.* Lovers of the primitive began discovering him, but each kept Gatto to himself, so that his career was not greatly aided by their patronage.

In 1940 Gatto worked the four o'clock to midnight shift at the Kearny shipyards. He would paint into and through the morning, at the same time caring for his bedridden mother, then aged eighty-eight.

Gatto was still working at the shipyard when one of the collectors who had faith in him brought two small oils of his to the Barzansky Galleries for framing. Mrs. Barzansky

(*Continued on page 207*)

MICHAEL BERRY



OIL (24" x 40")

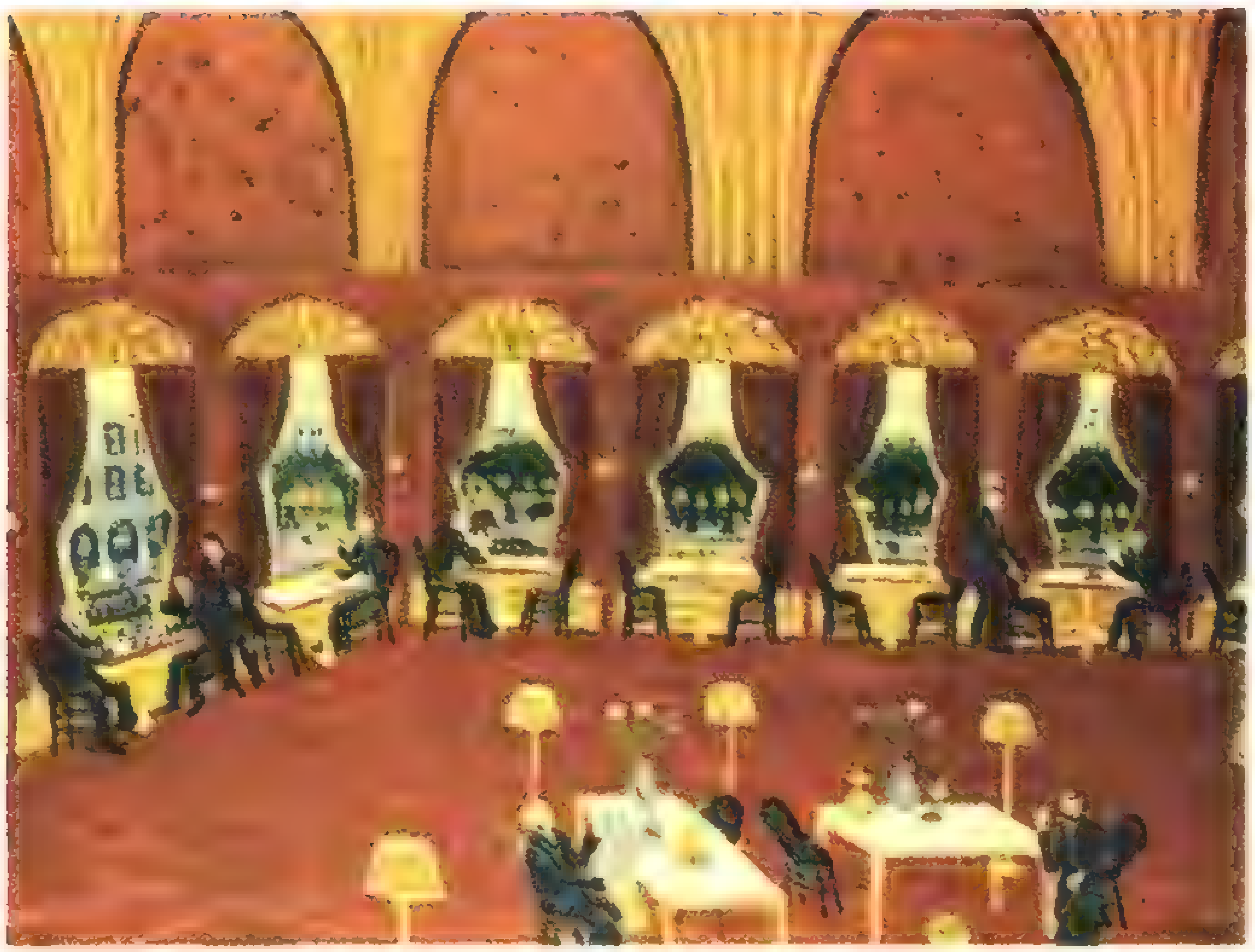
LANDING FROM NOAH'S ARK

Here Gatto has lavished his painstaking love of detail on a theme combining two of his greatest enthusiasms—animals and the Bible. His treatment of the foliage and the striking jungle beasts in the foreground is strikingly reminiscent of the work of Rousseau.

A Group of Paintings

by JOSEPH VICTOR GATTO

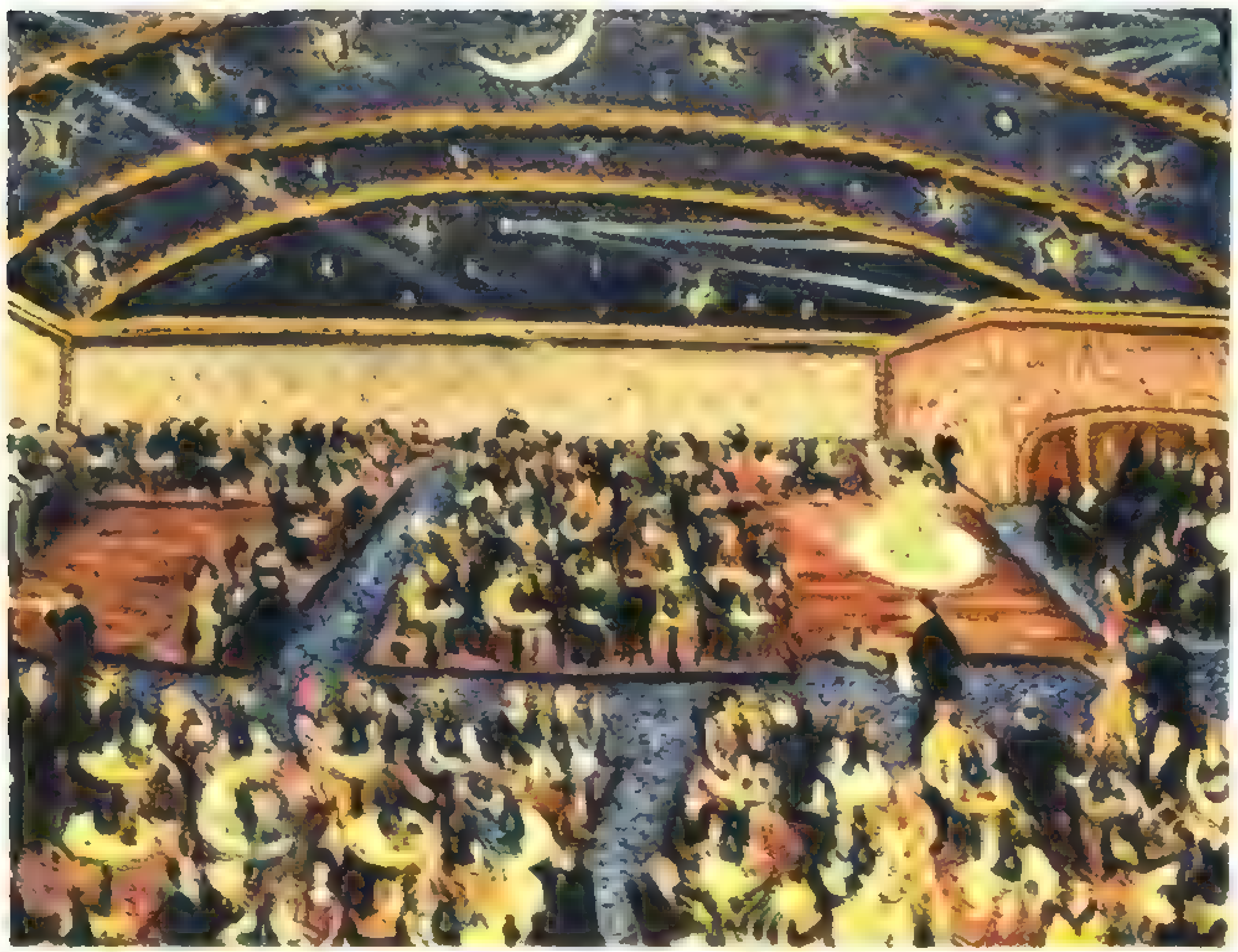
Reproduced through the courtesy of the Charles Barzansky Galleries of New York City



OIL (25" x 30")

MILLIONAIRES' CLUB

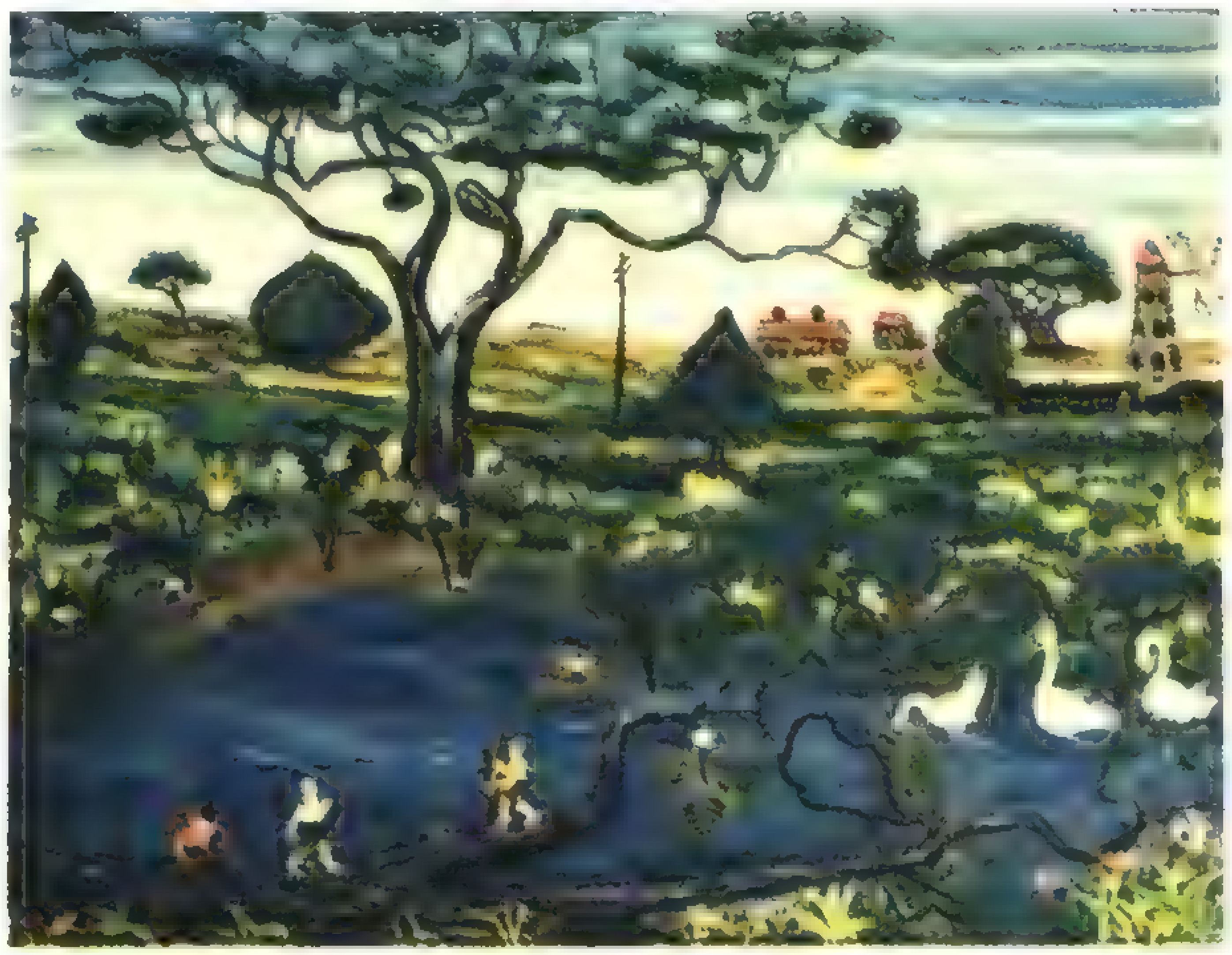
A brief glimpse into the plush Metropolitan Club was enough for Gatto to fix the chess players and draperies firmly in his memory. The fancy table ornaments and spittoons are imaginary. Especially good are the charming New York City views seen framed within the windows.



OIL (25" x 30")

NIGHT LIFE

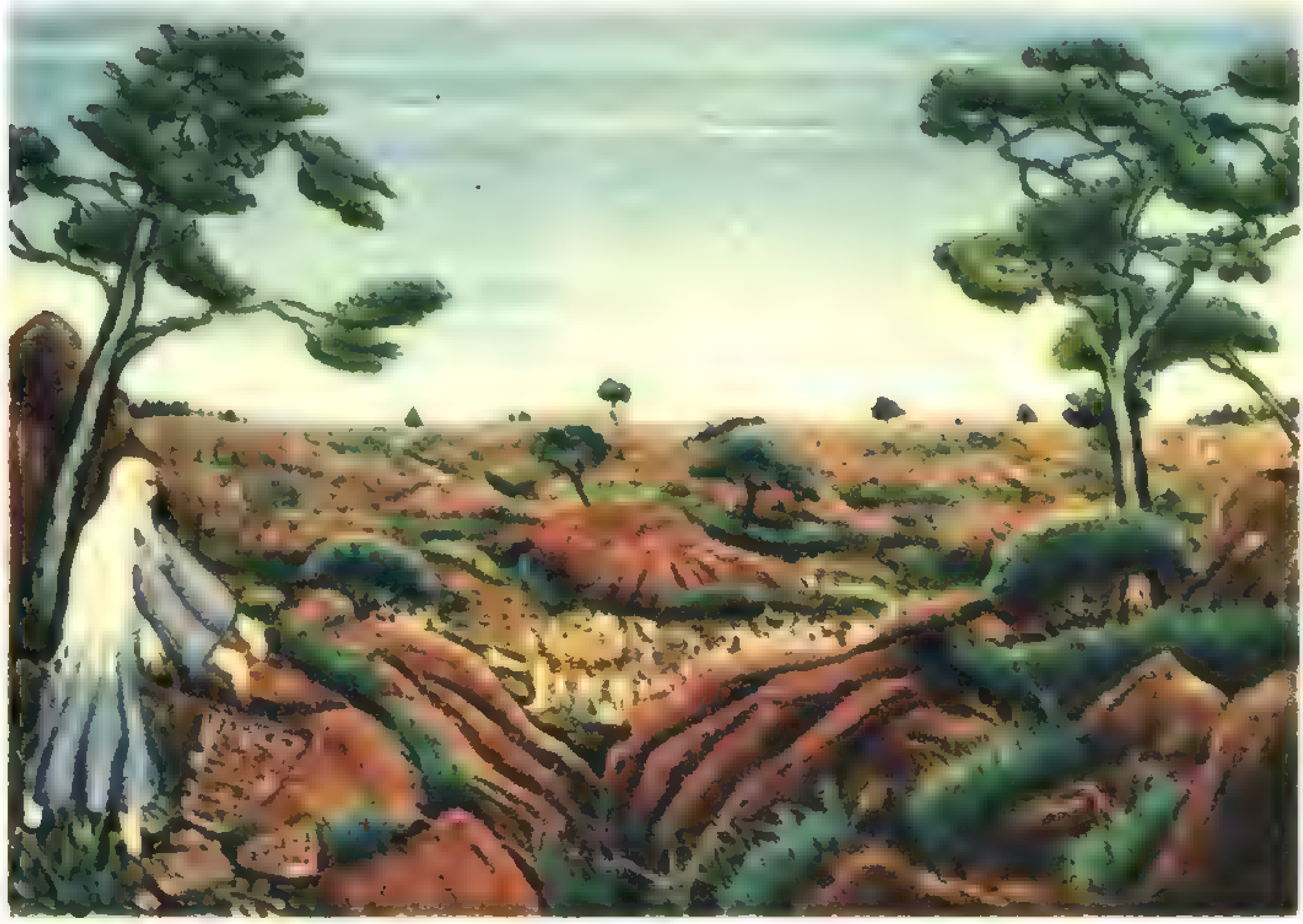
Visits to Café Society in New York inspired Gatto to four months' work on this canvas. Unable merely to hint at details, he minutely delineates every figure, clearly defines each object. Most of this is done with relief technique for the artist likes the feel of unthinned pigment.



OIL (24" x 30")

PASTORALE

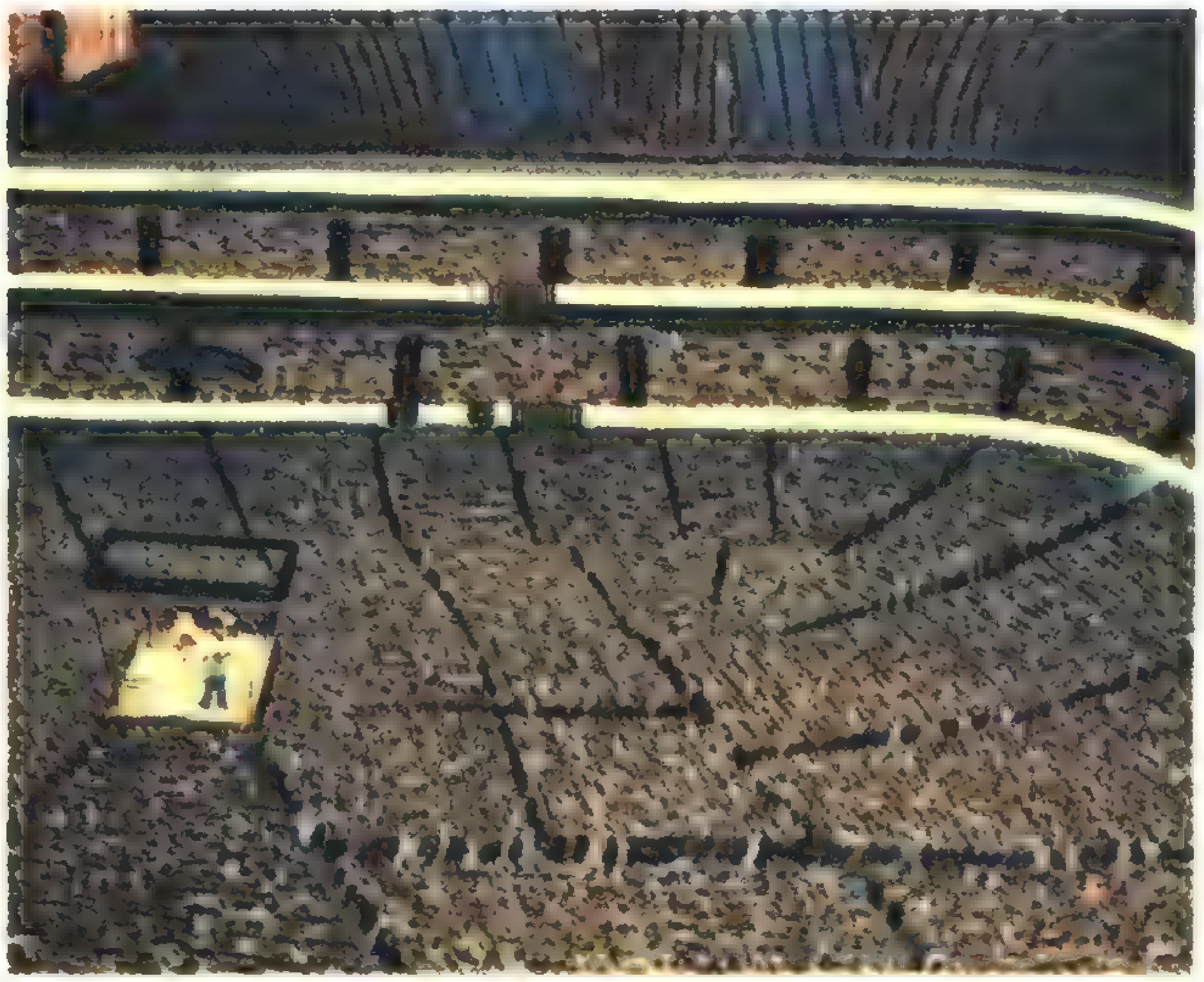
Always a city dweller, Gatto has had little experience with country life. In a nostalgic expression of his youthful dreams on New York sidewalks, he portrays the boys fishing in the foreground. The swans are straight out of a zoo. A feeling of reverie is produced by the late afternoon sky. Toward the middle left, the railroad, obviously a false note, is added for the contrast.



OIL (25" x 30")

MOSES

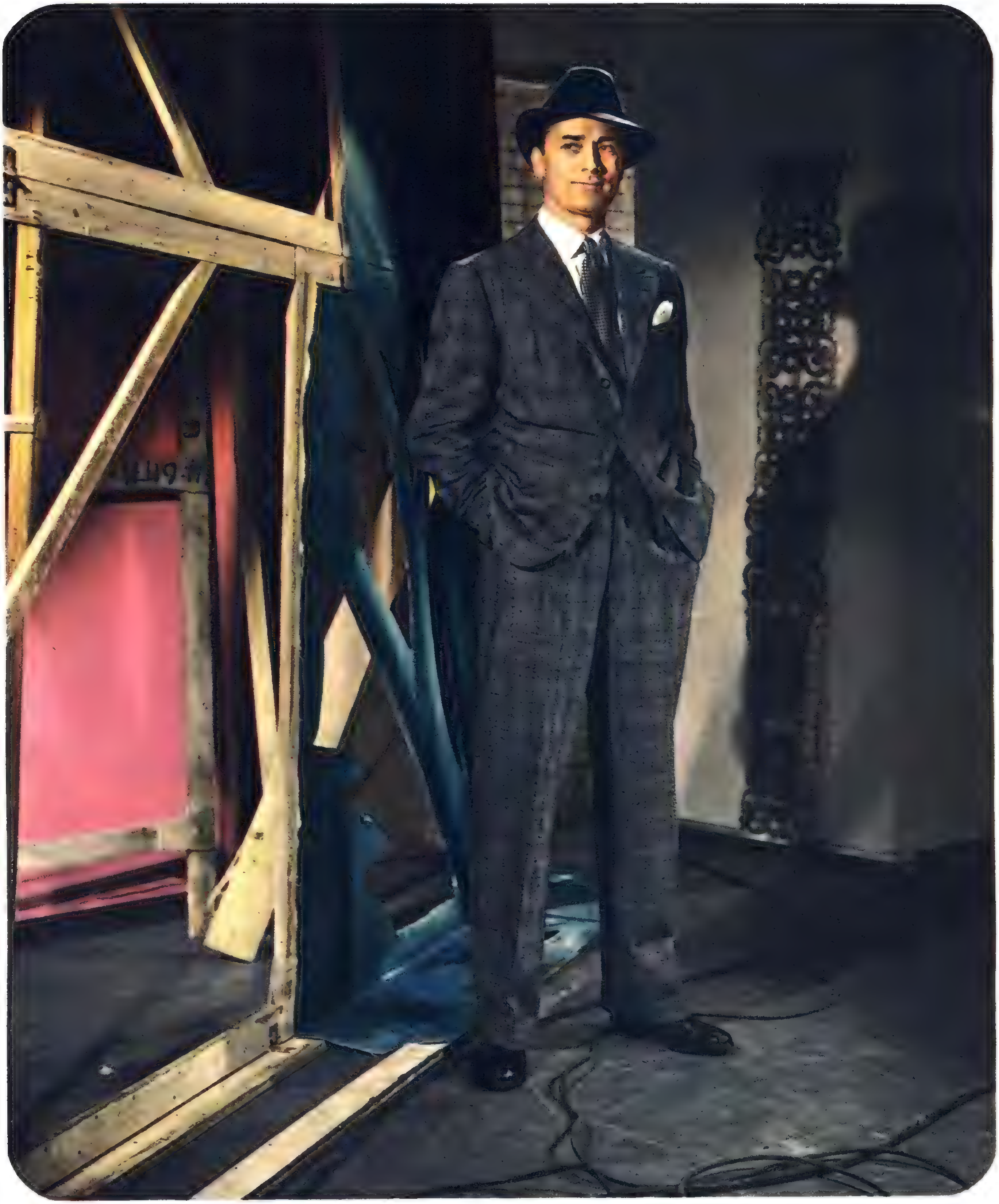
Without ever visiting the Holy Land, the artist has managed to capture the landscape and foliage of Palestine with remarkable fidelity. Non-primitive artists tried to influence his treatment of this subject, but Gatto's rigid fundamentalism would allow no tinkering with the Bible. This strictly literal portrayal which was painted in 1944 shows Moses angrily smashing the Tablets of the Law on the lower slope of Mount Sinai.



OIL (27" x 31")

MADISON SQUARE GARDEN

Before he finished the 9,000 faces in this view of Madison Square Garden, the artist was as ready to toss in the sponge as the fighter, Oma, who is shown here staggering from one of Mauriello's punches. But he kept on working his twenty-hour day until it was completed.



ACTOR OF THE MONTH

Brian Aherne

Photograph by Sydney Ravitz

"Present-day actors must dress like businessmen," says Aherne, with a suppressed regret for the era when actors could let themselves go with opera hats and fur collars. The only bit of swashbuckling he's permitted himself is a fur-lined overcoat. Also, because he's tall and fears being conspicuous, he chooses small patterns. An exception is this Glen Urquhart check suit, which has peaked lapels in the London style. His white broadcloth shirt with satin stripe, small-figured tie and straight-tipped black shoes are all in quiet good taste. Aherne has played *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* some 600 times—in the original production and a U.S.O. tour of Europe with Katherine Cornell—and has starred in many other plays and movies

Mystify your friends by mastering these sure-fire tricks with words and numbers

Every Man a Mental Wizard

by JEROME S. MEYER

THIS article is respectfully dedicated to those congenial souls who have enough ham in them to want to put on an act once in a while—and enough guile to get away with it. Young men of any age who want to make an impression on young ladies are especially welcomed.

There are some talented individuals with a mathematical genius for multiplying huge sums in their heads. This article offers a trick enabling you to pose as such an individual. There are some persons so limber in the upper story that they can memorize a laundry list, or what have you, at a glance. We give you a secret formula for accomplishing that too.

These are not ordinary parlor stunts or feats of legerdemain. Their primary purpose is not to amuse but to confuse—that is, to delude people into thinking that you are a mental heavyweight. Some readers no doubt, unhappily possessed of an inflexible honesty, will insist upon giving themselves away after performing their intellectual prodigies. But it is hoped that all but a few will restrain this unworthy impulse.

In any event, without more ado, here are some workable ways of fooling people into believing that you are an Einstein.

The Numbers Racket

Produce a sheet of paper and a pencil to write down a long string of numbers, like this:

7 8 5 3 8 1 9 0 9 9 8 7 5 2 7 9 6 5 1 6 7 3 0 3 3 6 9 5

Now give the list to your companion, turn your back and proceed to call off the numbers from memory. It's a pretty healthy list but it doesn't faze you one bit.

The catch, of course, is that your companion will accuse you of having memorized the list beforehand. You therefore write down another set of numbers, for example:

9 6 5 1 6 7 3 0 3 3 6 9 5 4 9 3 2 5 7 2 9 1 0 1 1 2 3 5

And again you turn your back and reel off the list with uncanny accuracy. When that has been accomplished, if more proof of your mental dexterity be required, you perform the stunt with another set of numbers—and another and another, as long as encores are in order. Furthermore, if a mere string of twenty-five or thirty is not sufficiently impressive, you can perform the trick with sixty numbers, or a hundred numbers, or as many as you want.

How is it possible to accomplish this feat which, incidentally, you will find much more impressive in the doing than in the telling? Have you really advanced to the upper brackets of mathematical genius? Yes, the answer is no.

All you need remember is the first two numbers. The rest is simple addition. If the first two numbers total more than 10, add the second digit on to your string of numbers; if less than 10, simply add on that number.

Take the first string of numbers. The first two digits are 7+8, which totals 15. Since 15 is more than 10, you tack on the 5 to the string, getting 785. Then 8+5 equals 13, so the next number to be added is 3. And 5+3 equals 8, so the next number is 8.

Similarly, in the second example, 9+6 equals 15, so you get 965. And 6+5 equals 11, giving you 9651, and so on.

Try your hand at it, starting with any two numbers, and you'll see how easy it is to write out a long series of digits as if you were doing so at random. When it comes to reciting the numbers "from memory," after handing the written list to your companion, you need remember only the first two digits, adding the others in accordance with the same system used in setting them down on paper. This will go a little slower, since it is not so easy to perform the necessary additions in your mind as it is on paper, but you can act as if the feat requires a little concentration—as indeed it does.

Several points of caution are necessary. First, it is always best to start with two digits that total more than 10. Your companion will never figure that 9+6 equals 5, but if you started with 31 or 24 and the next number was 4 or 6, he might see the obvious addition.

Also, be careful not to continue reciting numbers beyond the written list. Either memorize the last two numbers you write so you can stop at that point, or when you think you are coming to the end, just stop and say you have forgotten the rest. It will still be a pretty remarkable feat of memory!

Word Wizardry Without Weariness

The next brainstorm is one in which you demonstrate that you can remember ten or more miscellaneous words, after merely hearing them once, and call them off correctly, easily and in any order desired. Naturally, there is a trick to this too.

First of all, you must memorize ten words of your own and know these words thoroughly. These are your key words. They are the following:

1. Dog
2. Umbrella
3. Mouse
4. Bullet
5. Water
6. Airplane
7. Insect
8. Train
9. Elephant
10. Rat

This is not much of a job, but the management even gives you a trick for simplifying this mental chore. Merely remember the word dumbwaiter—a word formed from the first letter of each of the ten words—and you will find it quite easy not only to memorize the key words but also their sequence in the list.

In analyzing the words, you will note that each one conveys some idea of motion, such as "bullet," or otherwise summons up a rather vivid picture in your mind. All of the words lend themselves especially well to association with other (*Continued on page 180*)

MATERNITY
HIL-TON

Sgt. Braney nabs many a highgrader by the simple device of following his nose

Gold Is Where You Find It

by BRUCE McLEOD

WM. DuBOIS

EVERY time another shipment of gold from Canada's fabulous Porcupine or Kirkland Lake gold camps is checked into the Royal Canadian Mint at Ottawa, a stocky, ruddy-cheeked policeman up in Timmins, Ontario, grins happily around the black stump of an unlit cigar and gives himself a mental pat on the back. He is Sgt. Bert Braney of the Ontario Provincial Police—a cop on one of the strangest police beats in the world and probably the only man who struck gold in a grapefruit, a washing machine, a spare tire and a suit of long winter underwear.

Braney heads the Gold Squad, a band of policemen who wage war on the highgraders—those vicious pirates who rob Canadian mines of gold worth millions of dollars every year. For six years Braney has fought these gold racketeers and today he is said to know more about the gold rackets than any other man in Canada.

His beat is the bush, thousands of miles of villainous country studded with treacherous muskeg swamps, lakes and thick forests of jackpine, spruce and balsam. From June to August mosquitoes and black flies make a hell out of the bush. When winter comes, temperatures drop so low rum freezes in the bottle and the touch of metal sears the flesh off the naked hand. Miners call this hard-rock country—a vast belt of wild terrain from which men have dug more than a million dollars' worth of gold in the last thirty-five years and the birthplace of three of the richest mines in the western world.

The sharp jangle of a telephone in Braney's office at Temagami, Ontario, a small resort village about 280 miles north of Toronto, led him to his first bout with highgraders back in July, 1938. "Couple of strangers just blew in," a tourist camp operator at near-by Lowell Lake told Braney. "Say they want to sleep. Fellas who gotta sleep in the middle of the morning ain't been up to no good last night, I figure. Better come over and have a look at 'em."

Braney looked—and got the surprise of his life. From the window slots and upholstery of the suspects' car he extracted eight innocent-looking canvas bags filled with what looked like wet brown sugar. "It's sugar all right," Braney told the astounded camp owner. "About 40,000 dollars' worth of gold precipitates!"

Braney was right. The eight canvas bags contained 41,000 dollars in partly refined gold stolen from the refinery at the Dome Mine. It was the biggest haul of gold ever stolen in the Porcupine Camp.

But it wasn't until 1939 that Braney got his big chance to war on the gold pirates. In that year, Ontario, worried by the knowledge that highgraders were stealing a million dollars a year from the mines, set up the Gold Squad with Braney as its boss.

When you ask him about his first few weeks on the job his cautious blue-grey eyes twinkle. "I never knew anything could be so screwy," he says. "Now, however, nothing surprises me—not even the three miners we caught with test tubes full of high-grade gold stuffed into their bodies.

"They went to jail, but it's not always easy to get a conviction. Catching highgraders with the gold actually on them is tough business. And that's what we have to do before arresting them."

Once, police raided a house where they thought crude gold was being illegally refined. As they broke into the front door a woman heaved an armful of gold out a side window—right into the arms of the chief of police who was standing below. In court she denied everything—and was acquitted.

Last April, Braney thought he had a cinch case against a twenty-four-year-old Hollinger miner. In his room police had found powdered gold ore hidden away between some shirts in a dresser drawer. In court the accused denied all knowledge of the gold, then calmly produced his kid brother, aged twelve.

"I found the gold while playing cowboys and Indians," said the youngster. "I broke it up and put it in my brother's shirt drawer. He didn't know it was there."

The magistrate shrugged and dismissed the case.

Occasionally, though, the shoe is on the other foot. In court at Cochrane, Ontario, a woman said she was carrying gold because, "I wanted to make a tiepin for my parish priest." She went to jail.

Braney thinks most highgrading originates underground—sometimes a mile deep down in the earth where great globs of virgin gold stick out of the rock and quartz. Miners on night shifts are the worst offenders.

"They use all sorts of ruses to smuggle the gold out of the mine," explains Braney. "They hide it in their noses, ears, mouths, hair and between their toes. They even put it in towels, jars of jam, shoes or under their armpits."

At a mine in the great Rouyn gold belt of Quebec, an inquisitive mines doctor stopped a miner com-

HOFFMAN

Cook's Tour: Max Keller

Newcomers to the bailiwick of Chef Max Keller—The Town House in Los Angeles—will rejoice to hear he is a chef's chef. Last year, as President of the Epicurean Club of Los Angeles, with a membership confined to chefs, he ladled out to delighted confreres the art he perfected in St. Moritz, Bombay and London before simmering his memorable sauces on the back of the stove at New York's Plaza Hotel. California is his true love, for he says: "Deep down, I am a botanist." The latest Keller chef-d'oeuvre (unfattening) is Chicken Pago-Pago. "Saw top off coconut, save milk, wash inside thoroughly. Fry half a two-pound chicken in butter. Place in coconut cooked wild rice, fresh peas and oblong-shaped carrots in butter. Bone chicken and cut into small morsels. Simmer in pan with a little butter and half cup coconut milk until almost dry. Then add chicken and half cup coconut milk to coconut, replace coconut top, put in pan of hot water. Cook in medium oven a half hour."

ing off shift. "How's the burn coming along, Mike?" he asked, pointing to the miner's bandaged forearm.

"Shesa come along hokay," grinned the big Ukrainian.

"Better let me have a look," said the doctor.

Mike wasn't grinning now. "You look tomorrow," he said. "No got time for look today."

"I look now," persisted the doctor, deftly ripping off the strips of adhesive. Under the folds of gauze covering the burn he found several pieces of rock containing gold worth 200 dollars.

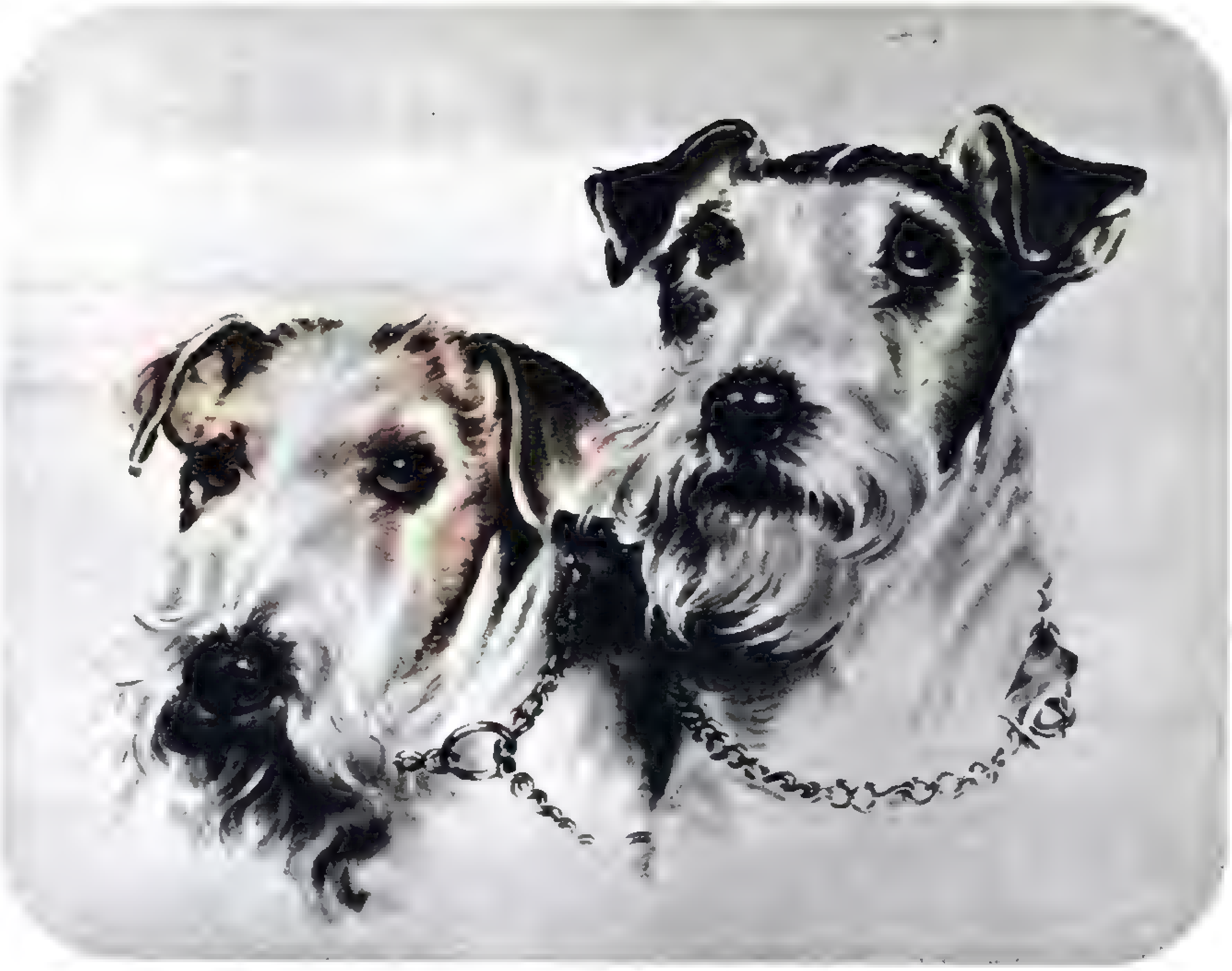
Great gold producers like the McIntyre Mine in Schumacher, Ontario, and the Dome Mine in Tisdale Township have long been plagued by the gold pirates. At one mine police caught a driller smuggling gold inside an oversized twenty-five-cent fountain pen. Another was nabbed with ore worth 400 dollars stuffed inside two grapefruit in his lunch pail. Still another was caught with gold hidden inside a hollowed-out plug of chewing tobacco.

"There have been instances," Braney admits, "where Canadian gold mines—especially small, new mines—have been forced to shut down because highgraders robbed them of so much gold they couldn't operate profitably during early development."

Once a miner sneaks gold out of a mine, he sells it to a "receiver" who pays between five and ten dollars an ounce for the crude ore. Next, in his amateur refinery—usually hidden in the bush or the basement of his home—the "receiver" attempts to refine the gold. The gold he turns out is by no means as pure as that produced by the big mines with their elaborate recovery and refining techniques. It is, however, pure enough to be poured into "buttons" and sold.

These "buttons" sometimes look like yellow muffins. Others are in a wafer form resembling a chocolate bar. They vary in size and may be worth as much as 4,000 dollars. In this form gold is known as bullion.

Now the gold is handed to "runners" who carry it to Toronto or some border city like Windsor, Sarnia or Niagara Falls. Here, the hot gold is turned over to an American selling contact who hires other "runners" to smuggle it across the border. Most of it reaches New York where it is peddled for about $33.25 an ounce to small-time American refiners. They resell the gold for about $34.95 an ounce—a slender margin of profit considering the risk they take.



HOPPEN

Lady Tweed and Anthony Adverse of Sayndalle

Owned by David W. Dole

The Wire-Haired Fox Terrier is geared for action and when he wants to play you cannot resist his impatient yap-yaps and the enthusiastic whump of his cropped tail against the rug. City life and haphazard breeding have softened the characteristically harsh coats of many Wires. This dog should be neither too short nor too leggy; the well-balanced Wire should not exceed fifteen and a half inches at the withers, should weigh about eighteen pounds. Students of the breed declare that the Wire-Haired Fox Terrier is descended from the rough-coated black and tan working terrier of Wales, Derbyshire and Durham—that he acquired his dominating white coloring and clean-cut head through cross-breeding with the Smooth-Haired. The Wire is a shameless show-off and his contagious gaiety is his special charm.

Runners work on a straight salary. Some get as high as 500 dollars a trip. Many of them are men, but women give Braney his biggest headache. "Trouble is," he laments, "you can't spot a runner by her looks. She may look like a Sunday schoolteacher and have a fortune in gold tucked inside her girdle."

Other favorite hiding places include car radiators, brassieres, spare tires, headlamps, garter pouches, car upholstery, gas tanks and specially-designed corsets.

Once in a raid on a well-known gambling den near Kirkland Lake, police arrested three musicians who had been touring the North as part of a string ensemble. Inside a violin several small gold "buttons" worth thousands of dollars were found. The concert tours made by the trio had provided an excellent screen behind which they had run a fortune in gold out of the North.

"Some of the bigger operators use planes," Braney says. "One big ring got away with 1,200,000 dollars in highgrade before we caught them."

This year police nabbed a Val d'Or, Quebec, man with 11,245 dollars' worth of gold in his car. This led to the smashing of one of the biggest high-grading rings ever uncovered. Its tentacles embraced African and other international connections and involved two Ferry Command pilots who confessed they had been smuggling gold by air in and out of New York. The FBI, U. S. Secret Service, Royal Canadian Mounted Police and Ontario Provincial Police worked together to smash the ring.

"Too many people," says Braney, "poo-poo highgrading. Some think it's smart to gyp the big mines. Others actually think it's fashionable to highgrade."

To fight the racket at its source many mines have adopted new and elaborate systems of checking miners as they come off shift, but contrary to a popular belief all miners are not searched as they leave the mine. Only those under suspicion are frisked. "We can't be too tough," explains a mines official at Schumacher. "Only about two per cent of the men are dishonest. We daren't insult the others by subjecting them to embarrassing searches."

When it comes to highgrading, says Braney, there is no honor among thieves. Slipping a pal the double cross is their favorite pastime. Sometimes in a Timmins or Kirkland Lake taproom you can hear a shifty-eyed character working on a sucker.

The gyp artist cautiously removes the top from a cardboard box. "Look," he whispers, "gold! Forty ounces of it worth more than a thousand bucks. But it's hotter than a July sunburn, so I'll let you have it cheap. Slip me 300 dollars and it's yours."

If the sucker bites, chances are he'll discover later that all he got for his 300 dollars was 40 ounces of brass filings. Or maybe they were lead granules coated with gold leaf. At one time this phony gold racket claimed so many victims among the highgraders themselves that no self-respecting buyer of bootleg gold would go to work in the morning without his little vest-pocket bottle of nitric acid. Dropped on phony gold, the acid bubbles and foams. It has no reaction if the ore is genuine.

Today, Braney and his assistants are making things tougher and tougher for the highgrader. New anti-highgrading techniques are being perfected and special gold lectures are being given at the Ontario Police School in Toronto. Now, police can tell if a man is highgrading in his cellar merely by watching the smoke from his chimney. The smell in his home may prove his undoing. Ashes, sifted from a stove used to melt down gold, are a giveaway and police have ways of telling whether or not a hammer has been used to crush gold-bearing rock. They're even using vacuum cleaners to clean up the racket. At Kirkland Lake recently police failed to find gold on a suspect until they went over his clothes with a vacuum cleaner.

Because of these new techniques several international bootleg gold rings have been smashed. A New York refiner and his Buffalo agent were sent to jail for handling hot gold worth 1,000,000 dollars. Three Sturgeon Falls, Ontario, men charged with peddling 400,000 dollars' worth of highgrade to American agents, all went to the hoosegow. At South Porcupine, six highgraders were put behind bars for selling 900,000 dollars' worth of stolen gold to seven Toronto refiners.

Police aren't kidding themselves, however. There's still a big job to do. Braney often looks out his office window at the busy Timmins street below. "Down there," he says quietly, "are women buying pork chops for dinner. Men buying shirts, driving cars, loafing on street corners. High school kids sipping cokes or playing juke boxes. Any one of them could be mixed up in highgrading. I wish I knew who was who."

In the gold camps, that's the sixty-four-dollar question. ##

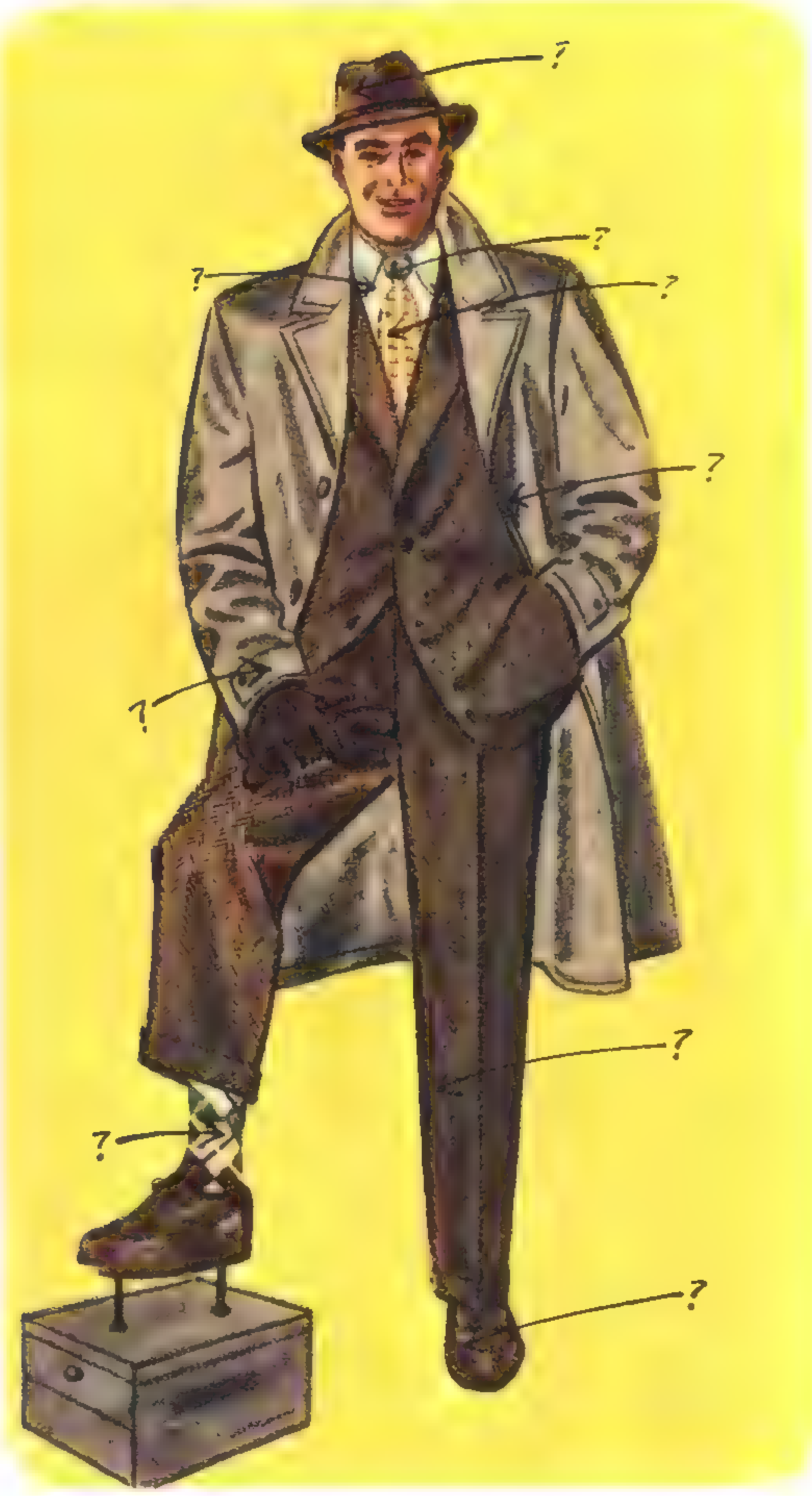
How's Your Fashion Quotient?

As a student of semantics, Esky has appointed himself a one-man committee for the purification of the language on men's garb. Loose phrases and misused words, avaunt!

by O. E. SCHOEFFLER

This month we are going to see if you know what you're talking about in the field of fashion. Below are twenty terms used in connection with men's clothes. Check the definition you think is right and be warned that there are a few jokers hidden in this deck. Turn your page around and take five for each correct answer. A good score is 80, fair is 60 and poor is 40.

1. Herringbone is
   a. Used to make collar stays.
   b. Zigzag pattern of fabric.
   c. Something you shouldn't get stuck in your throat.
2. Oxford is
   a. A kind of shirting, a dark grey shade, a low shoe.
   b. A university located at Stratford on Avon in England.
   c. A way of tying a scarf similar to an Ascot.
3. Chesterfield is
   a. A kind of gin rummy.
   b. A formal felt hat worn with the brim up.
   c. A fly-front fitted overcoat.
4. Challis is
   a. What the British call garters.
   b. A lightweight printed wool often used for neckties.
   c. A community of luxurious homes in the Swiss Alps.
5. A tab is
   a. A check you sign at a private club.
   b. An unusual shade, a blend of tan and beige.
   c A cloth strap which buttons down to hold a collar securely or tighten a sleeve.
6. Cheviot is
   a. A close-fitting overcoat for town wear.
   b. A low-priced French automobile.
   c. A rough-surfaced fabric originally made from wool of Cheviot sheep.
7. Brogue is
   a. A Scottish accent.
   b. A reverse calf tongue of a leather shoe.
   c. A heavy sole wing-tip shoe.
8. A crusher is
   a. Used for mixing cement.
   b. A lightweight soft felt hat.
   c. A turtle-neck sweater.
9. Whipcord is
   a. A coarse twill worsted of hard twist yarns.
   b. A twill weave tweed of soft yarns.
   c. A handle on a riding crop.
10. The difference between a silent butler and a wooden valet is
    a. Silent butler is one who graduated from being a dumb waiter; a wooden valet is one who wears a shirt as stiff as a board.
    b. The wooden valet is a wooden rack to hold one complete change of clothes; silent butler is a gadget with a lid in which you empty an ash tray.
11. Crew neck is
    a. A straight-cut neck opening on a pullover sweater.
    b. Stiff neck you get from rowing.
    c. Haircut closely trimmed in back.
12. Mocha means
    a. A fleece-lined boot.
    b. A soft suede glove.
    c. A special green tea that comes from Brazil.
13. Hand-picked edges are
    a. A special kind of razor blade.
    b. Frayed cuffs.
    c. Tiny stitches put in by hand at edges of a sport shirt or suit.
14. Covert is
    a. Close-woven woolen, usually in neutral shade.
    b. A special linen for underwear.
    c. The charge you pay at expensive night clubs.
15. Chukka is
    a. An India-inspired necktie pattern.
    b. What you hit with a polo mallet.
    c. Ankle-high shoe with two eyelets.
16. If you tell the alteration man you want a high arm scye you'll get
    a. The sleeves shortened.
    b. Close-fitting armholes on your jacket.
    c. High-waisted trousers almost under the arms.
17. Argyle socks are
    a. Special blend of Argus wool and lisle.
    b. Colorful plaid socks.
    c. Knitted holders for Scotch highball glasses.
18. Windsor knot is
    a. Special knot for a bow tie.
    b. A royal marriage.
    c. A large-size knot of a four-in-hand tie.
19. Bowler is
    a. A sport jacket with box pleats and belt.
    b. A hard hat.
    c. A football player in one of the famous New Year's Day games.
20. Benny is
    a. A short overcoat.
    b. A waistcoat stemming from the French Benné (behn-NAY).
    c. A peaked skull cap worn on back of head by college freshmen.

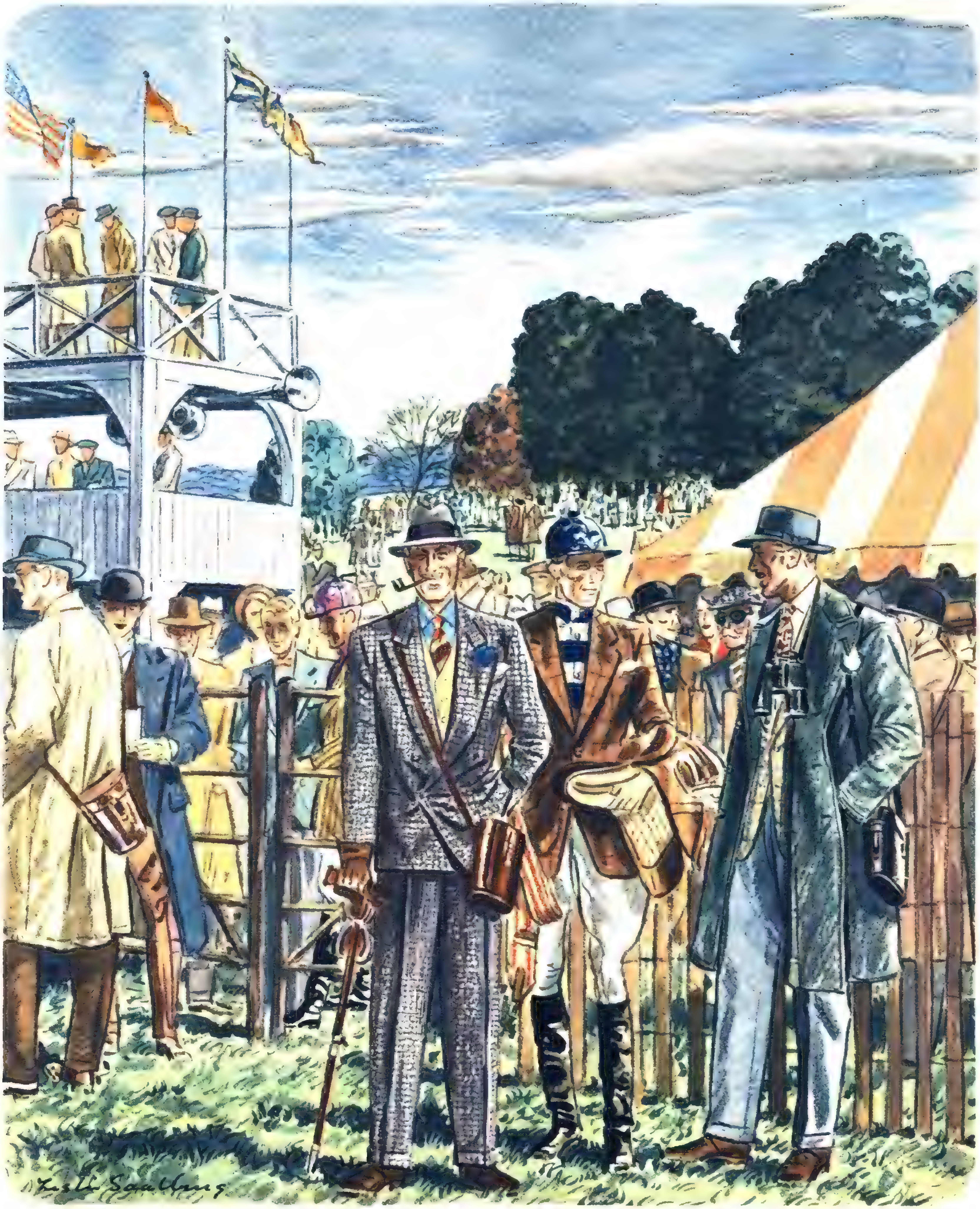


When you have finished this quiz you will be able to say what this man is wearing as indicated by arrows

Answers:

1. b.
2. a.
3. c.
4. b.
5. c.
6. c.
7. c.
8. b.
9. a.
10. b.
11. a.
12. b.
13. c.
14. a.
15. c.
16. b.
17. b.
18. c.
19. b.
20. a.

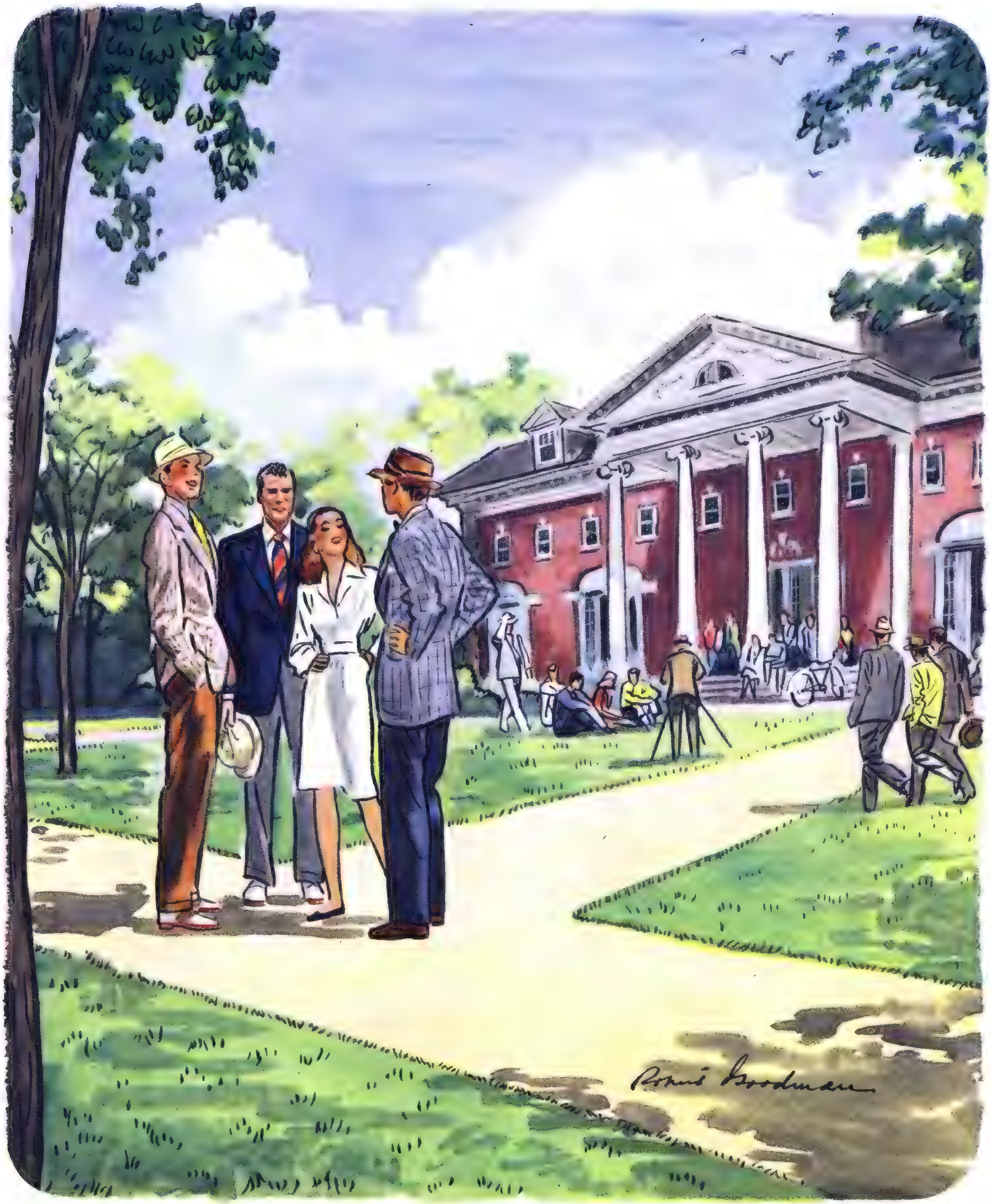
The man in the illustration is wearing crusher hat, challis tie with a Windsor knot, Oxford shirt, herringbone suit, covert cloth topcoat with tabs on sleeves, Argyle socks and brogue shoes.



COUNTRY RACE MEET

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

O, it's a fine, fair day and this gentleman jockey pauses for a word with his spectator pals before the start of the steeplechase. Besides the sideline essentials of shooting stick, binoculars and pipe, the man on the left is togged out in a grey worsted suit with a small shepherd check and a chamois-color flannel waistcoat to ward off the spring chills. His shoes are reverse calf, good for scuffing around in the grass. The binoculars' boy wears a Harris tweed short-length topcoat in the style known as British Warm. Under it he wears an overcheck tweed jacket with grey flannel slacks. His hat is a green rough-finish felt. The rider, in addition to his boots-and-saddle and his racing colors, wears a brown, Harris tweed riding jacket.



DIVIDE BY THREE

Drawing by Robert Goodman

It's tough for a gal to try splitting a week-end schedule so that all the brethren stay happy—and to make sure she gets invited back for the *next* house party. All of these eager three wear flannel slacks, combined with jackets. The joe in the center has a blazer-type jacket and striped tie, while the man at right wears a Shetland tweed jacket, snap-brim straw hat and plain-toe shoes. At the left, a seersucker jacket—a truly college-bred fashion. It was no expert who thought up this combination of seersucker and flannel. But when the sun shines warm in late spring and early fall, it pops out all over the campi (plural of campus, dullard!). Spontaneous as those saddle strap shoes, which are being worn a little bit cleaner this season.

The Esquire Sports Poll on Big-League Baseball

Smash seasons are predicted for players Ted Williams and Joe DiMaggio, managers Billy Southworth and Joe McCarthy, the Yankee and Cardinal teams by our intrepid experts who now ponder the wisdom of going out on a limb

THIS month, Esquire's sports poll experts don seers' robes, gaze steadfastly into crystal balls and come up with the following quartet of predictions about the 1946 baseball season:

Pace setter among big-league managers: Billy Southworth, who quit a cinch job with the Cardinals to hook on with the puny Boston Braves.

Most valuable among players returning from the service: Ted Williams, the celebrated "Slamming Slat" of the Boston Red Sox.

National League pennant-winner: the talent-glutted St. Louis Cardinals.

American League pennant-winner: the power-laden New York Yankees.

THE QUESTIONS

I. Who would you predict to be the outstanding major-league manager for 1946?
Billy Southworth 25% Joe McCarthy 23%

II. Of the returning servicemen to major-league clubs who do you think will prove to be the most valuable to his team?
Ted Williams 32.5% Joe DiMaggio 30.3%

III. How do you think the major-league teams will finish in the 1946 pennant race?

National League	***American League***
St. Louis	New York
Chicago	Detroit
New York	Boston
Brooklyn	Cleveland
Pittsburgh	Washington
Boston	St. Louis
Cincinnati	Chicago
Philadelphia	Philadelphia

If the experts are right, staid old Boston will house the two outstanding baseball personalities of the coming season. Certainly, the managerial spotlight will be sharply focused on Southworth. If he can convert the Braves from traditional "also rans" into a first-division club, he'll be accomplishing a feat which many experts consider highly improbable. (Note that the Braves are picked to finish no better than sixth in the poll.) The one expert in four who lays his chips on Billy the Kid is going out on a limb, but past performance makes Southworth a better-than-average risk. His last four years with the Cards, he booted home three pennant winners and two world champions.

One of the things the experts find especially intriguing about Southworth this year is that he's on the spot to emerge either a hero or a bum. Dave Griffiths of Scranton, Pennsylvania, says, "He has the best opportunity to prove his ability. Any noticeable improvement in the Braves' standing can be traced directly to him." Orville Henry of the Arkansas *Gazette* echoes this thought but speaks with sublime confidence about Southworth's chances. "He's turned his back on a better-than-even chance of capturing another National League championship for an uphill battle with a team that hasn't finished in the first division since 1934—but he'll come through!"

Popular as Southworth proved in the poll, he won out only after a tough fight with the redoubtable pilot of the New York Yankees, Joe McCarthy. McCarthy voters support their case simply by citing from the record. Joel Kritinger of New York expresses the sentiments of many when he points out that McCarthy has won eight pennants and seven world's championships since 1932. "He has always been the best and will continue to be," adds Joel. George J. Christie of WFEA, Manchester, New Hampshire, says, "His returning players will give him a winner—that makes any manager tops." And Guy Tiller of the Atlanta *Journal* puts the blue ribbon around the package—: "Force of habit. McCarthy has been the foremost manager more years than he hasn't."

The closeness of the Southworth-McCarthy race was matched by the balloting to select the returning serviceman who would be most valuable to his team. Ted Williams came to the wire a step in front, with Joe DiMaggio breathing hot on his skinny neck. No one gave the boys any real competition with the exception of fireballing Bob Feller who, incidentally, was the only pitcher to finish high up in the balloting.

Without question, Williams and DiMaggio stand apart as the greatest hitters in the game today. Stringbean Ted gets the jump on Joe in our experts' opinion largely because, good as he is, they expect him to get even better.

It is not surprising that Williams' backers are far from restrained in praising him. Francis J. Powers of the Chicago *Daily News* calls him bluntly, "the greatest hitter since Hornsby." On the same theme, Jerry Nason of the Boston *Globe* comments, "He has added power to his tall frame. He weighed 179, now weighs 197. He'll break Babe Ruth's home-run record." To which might well be appended the sentiments of Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington Senators: "Williams is the greatest hitter in baseball today."

But the race was close, and you could drop a blanket on the one-two finish put on by Williams and Jolting Joe from the San Francisco wharves. Supporters of Joe point out that he is not only an outstanding hitter but also the greatest outfielder in the game.

Williams and Southworth may be the people's choices as personalities but if the experts are correct in their prognosis, neither of them will be cutting himself a slice of the World Series melon next October. Neither Boston team is picked to win its league pennant.

In the National League, the picture has a bright Cardinal hue, with the majority of ballots naming St. Louis. Consensus of opinion seems to be that even though the House of Breadon did unload Jimmy Brown and the Cooper brothers and is threatening to trade or sell the other stars, there'll be more than enough talent left over to guarantee a pennant under the leadership of new manager, Eddie Dyer. It is interesting to note that one of the few experts who wasn't anywhere near as sanguine about Cardinal chances was Eddie Dyer himself. "If I were sure that Johnny Beasley, Stan Musial, Enos Slaughter, George Munger, John Grodzicki and Graziolia would be out in time for training, I would pick my club," says Eddie.

In the American League, the experts figure the Yankees will have very little difficulty making the grade. "Even the most pessimistic cannot deny the strength of players like DiMaggio, Rizzuto, Gordon, Sears, Henrich, Keller, et al.," says Don Statten of St. Louis. To which the majority of voters chant a solemn "amen." ##

Esquire Again Sponsors All-American Boys Baseball Game

For the third consecutive year, Esquire will invite the thirty-two outstanding boy baseball players from all sections of the country to participate in the All-American Boys Baseball Game. This year the game which is a highlight of baseball for every boy below eighteen years of age will be held August 10 at Wrigley Field in Chicago.

The boys will line up in two squads representing East and West, as they did last year when Babe Ruth and Ty Cobb were the managers. As in the past, net proceeds from the game will be given to charity.

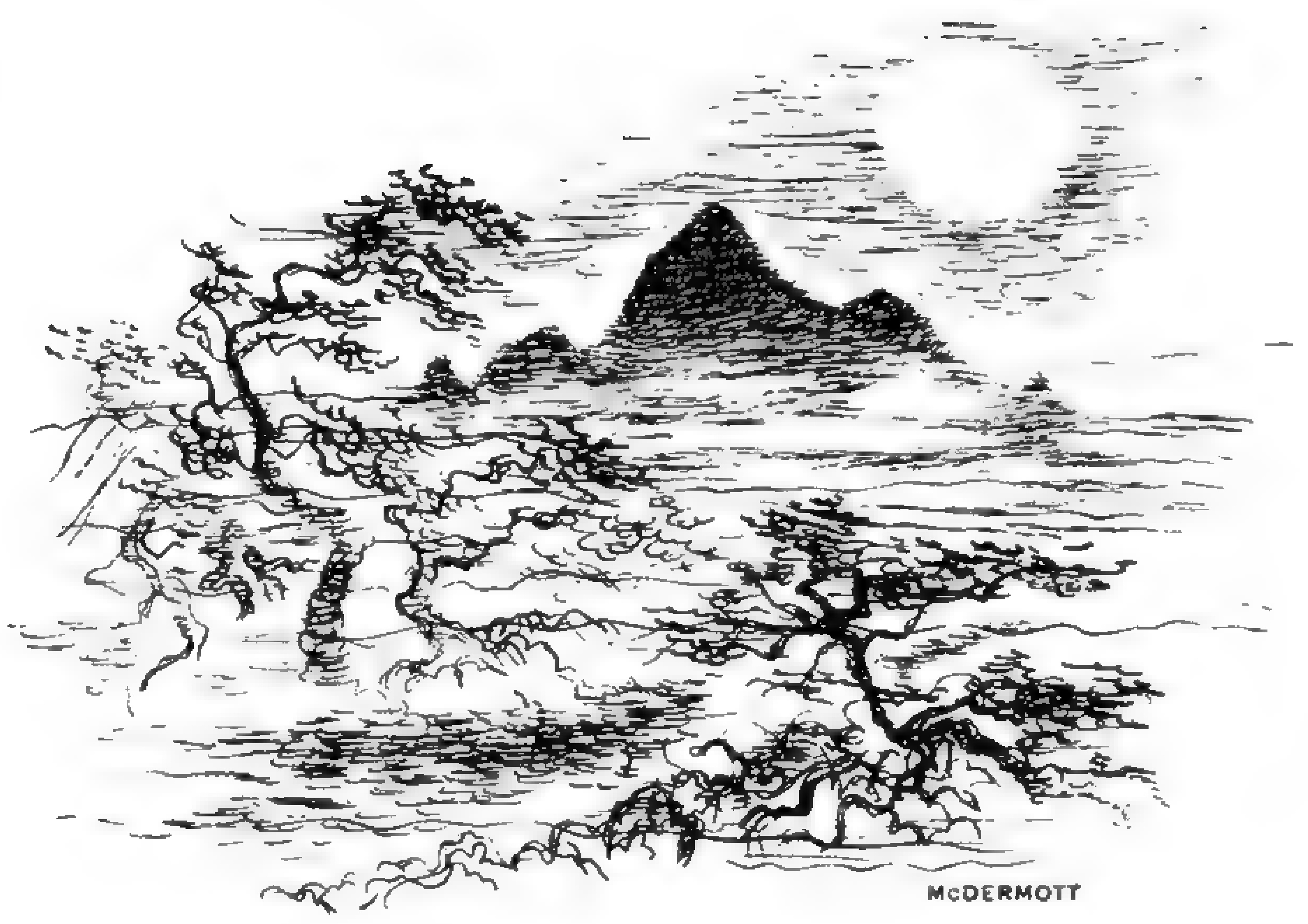
Players will be selected as in previous games by the following leading newspapers:

Arkansas *Gazette*
Atlanta *Journal*
Birmingham *News*
Boston *Globe*
Buffalo *Evening News*
Charlotte *Observer*
Chicago Sports Association
Cincinnati *Times-Star*
Daily Oklahoman
Dallas *Times-Herald*
Des Moines *Register*
Detroit *Free Press*
Houston *Chronicle*
Kansas City *Star*
Long Island Press
Los Angeles *Times*
Memphis *Commercial Appeal*
Miami *Herald*
Minneapolis *Daily Times*
Nashville *Tennessean*
New Orleans *Item*
Ogden *Standard-Examiner*
Ohio *State Journal*
Omaha *World-Herald*
Oregon *Journal*
Philadelphia *Inquirer*
Richmond *News-Leader*
Rocky Mountain News
St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*
San Francisco *Chronicle*
Seattle *Post-Intelligencer*

Moonlight adventure of three men seining for bait and catching a monster in an Australian mainland creek inside the great Barrier Reef

The Creature from the Mist

by NORMAN CALDWELL & H. S. MAZET



George, stripped of all clothing but his shoes, had lowered himself into the black water of the creek. He was taking the end of the seine across the creek mouth, sometimes up to his chin, sometimes swimming. In the big, flat-bottom rowboat Boyd Lee, veteran fisherman of the Barrier Reef, stood likewise ready for business, passing the net over the side. His body was white and his shadow beneath him was black in the moonlight.

Boyd lived on Grassy Island inside the Great Barrier Reef that stretches for more than 1,200 miles along the northeast Australian coast, and it was his motorboat that had towed us to this tidal creek.

"I'll show you how to get bait when we want it in a hurry," he had promised me. We had waited until well towards the beginning of the ebb tide before anchoring his boat in the large bay and heading for the creek in the flattie.

Around us now was the thick bush country and the rough mountains of Queensland. As far as I could see up the creek it was a black tunnel in the night, straight and steep-sided like a canal. Against the oily water I could see George's face now, going upstream, the line of corks bobbing after him. When all the floats were overboard I pulled a few strokes closer to our side of the creek mouth, and Boyd put his legs over the stern and slid into the water. He started, shoulder deep, to wade up the muddy-bottomed creek, dragging his end of the net.

It was ebb tide and near midnight as the big hauling net went into the brackish water. The night was intensely black, but it would not be long before moonset; in the velvet sky the Southern Cross seemed to hang almost near enough to touch. By the feeble yellow glow of my oil lamp, overhanging mangrove bushes looked alive and menacing along the creek which was moving in oily sluggishness toward the sea.

In following the slowly-moving cork line I had forgotten about the coastal mist. But now I suddenly realized that it was creeping in from the sea. Already it was silently flowing up the creek, reducing visibility to a few yards. These mists, I knew, grow heavier as the night wears on. Now I could see only a few of the curving line of corks bellied across the current; beyond them the mist, white and tenuous, glided upstream. No longer could I see the men hauling the net. They made no sound.

With the mist came a chill. From the bush strange sounds arose. Night birds jarred the air in wild calls. Garfish swirled along the surface as they fled from the seine.

The netters moved forward. Theirs was a slow, cold job as they forced their passage through the sucking mud and along slime-laden banks. Snake-like roots of the mangrove trees barred their path, tripped them and snagged the bottom line of their net.

The surface steamed white where the mist clung to its wet face. Scared fish were leaping, invisible in the fog. Heavy splashings told me of bigger fish trying to get past the net into open water. Now and again the bottom of the flattie bumped the cork line as I rowed slowly upstream.

There seemed to be so many fish that I hoped Boyd would make a good haul. For a quarter mile the two trawlers had pulled the heavy net, and it grew more cumbersome with every passing minute. Their passage was hampered by a remorseless series of underwater snags. The net had to be lifted over the sunken branches of age-rotted and fallen trees.

Boyd gave the orders in a low tone as the men swam or clung to branches until they found a way clear to carry on. And there was danger. The net might be enclosing a vicious shark or large swimming snakes or some other denizen of the creek with fangs that could rip naked bodies. But the men went forward methodically in the mist, outside the pale lamp glow.

To me in the flattie, it was cold. The damp mist began to seep through my woolen jersey. I shivered as I listened to the slap of the water where George and Boyd were moving and as I tried to keep up with them.

Then for a while the night was unnaturally silent; even the fish seemed to abandon their frantic efforts to escape. But suddenly the silence was broken by a tremendous splash. It seemed to be between the men and the end of the net. Grey fog was swirling about the boat. I could not see a yard ahead. Perhaps a rotted tree branch had fallen into the stream. That splash was not the sound of a small fish. It might be a whale shark leaping in a mad attempt to escape. I peered into the mist trying to spot a dorsal fin. The whiteness of the fog was impenetrable. There was nothing to tell me what had made that sound, but a sudden gasp came from George's end of the net.

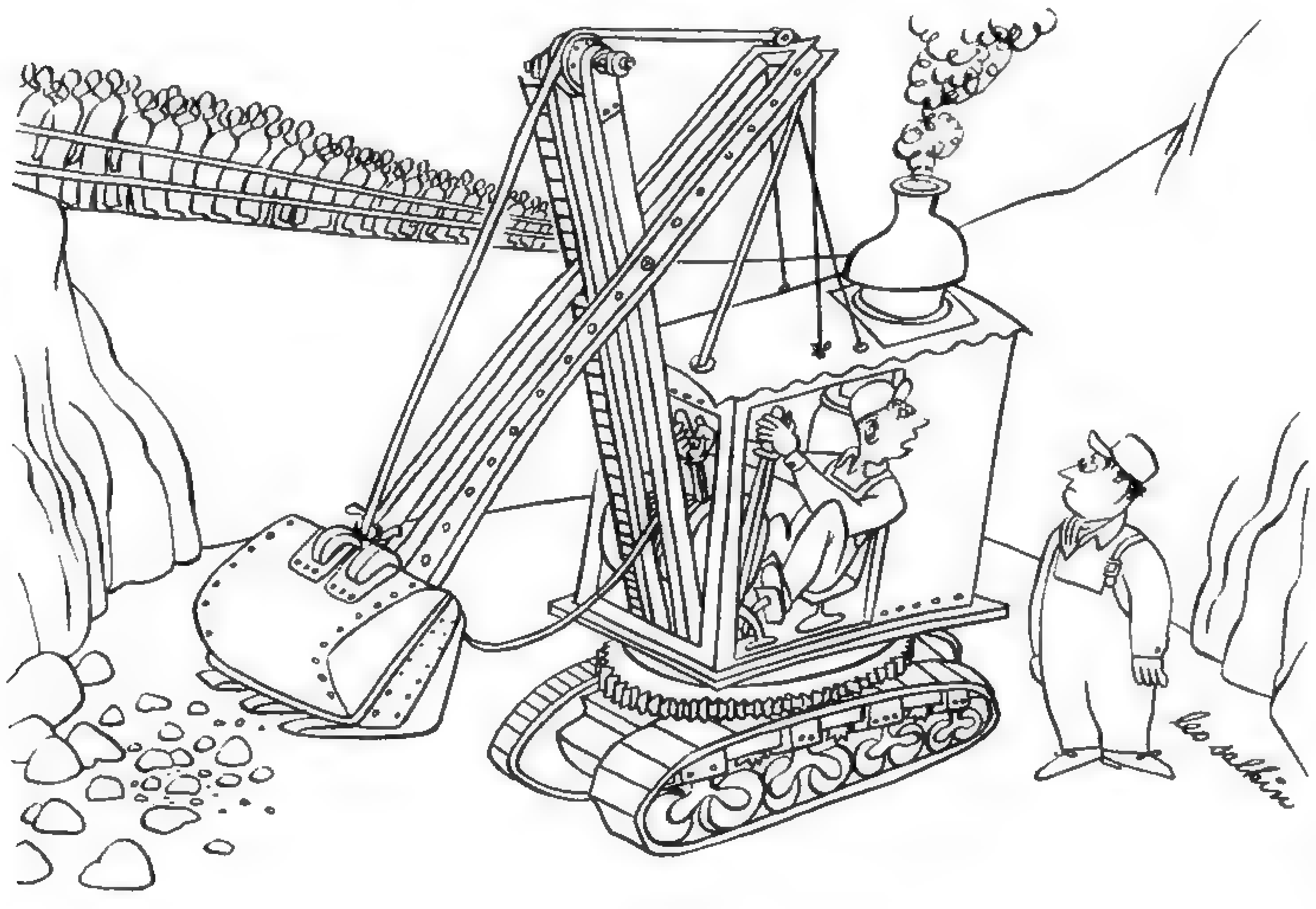
"All right there?" asked Boyd anxiously.

After a moment George replied, "Something big almost knocked me over!"

I heard Boyd snort. I sculled the flattie toward George in case he needed help. I held up the lantern, but a swarm of moths from the mist half drowned the feeble light.

Then from the sea came a light breeze. It strummed the treetops. As if at the touch of a wand the mist disappeared. The salt-laden air, soft at first, rapidly freshened. I could see the water now, dotted with star reflections. The night grew pale with magic beauty, for over the mountains of Queensland now the full, golden moon was sinking.

But the creek was still in black shadow. Bobbing net floats tumbled up and down when a large fish hit the mesh. On both sides of the creek a growing wind was piping a tune through the hillside scrub. The creek lost its haunted look. Little foam caps rippled the surface and slapped against the flattie's side. I began to enjoy the scene. The mist lifting seemed to have taken the cold with it.



"It worries me—I hope this doesn't die like vaudeville"

Then a second terrific splash brought me to my feet. Had a large shark been driven by the net into shallowing water? Could the men stay clear of its slashing jaws? Again I looked in fright for the telltale triangular fin.

Splash! Something broke out of the water. A wild swirling thing. I saw the shape plainly then. Making a desperate effort to escape over the main cork line was the long snout of a crocodile. I dropped on the thwart and seized the oars.

"Boyd!" I shouted. "Boyd! You've netted a crocodile! Do you hear? A crocodile!"

No reply. I yelled again. "A crocodile is in the net. Look out—it might be near you!"

Then I heard a short laugh from Boyd's side of the creek.

"Don't worry. You're safe enough there. We'll get it soon."

Get it! His coolness amazed me. The men might be somehow sure of their own safety, but thought of capturing that monster was incredible.

My shouting had aroused the bush-side. Screaming birds rushed about through the trees and overhead; the crocodile, hemmed in by the long net, became charged with galvanic action. Its tail-thrashing shocked the air and spray rose high into the mangrove trees. Water boiled as the reptile tried to force its ungainly body through the line of corks. Its snorting fouled the air. It made tremendous efforts to push through the bunt. Several times I expected the mesh to give way as the blunt, knobby head entangled in it. I have seen many a shark spin when hooked, but never before had I seen a crocodile twirl and twist as this brute did in its rage.

Tenaciously now it swam the length of the moving cork line, alternating with clambering, savage attacks on the net. Time after time it disappeared in a swirl of black water. Then I held my breath for fear it would attack one of the waders. Each time it submerged I shouted a warning to Boyd.

But so far the reptile had ignored the men. In its aroused rage it kept trying to fight through the net. If it succeeded in throwing itself across the cork line, probably the entire net would sink enough to let all the catch escape.

Inside the half-circle of corks the water boiled with leaping fish. The smacking of their bodies as they fell back deadened the far-off mutterings of the sea-thrashed reef. Birds still squawked and flew about in excitement, while from the creek banks, now bared by the outgoing tide, came faint, nauseating smells of decaying vegetation.

The waning moonlight lit up an aquatic hell. Bare, bent bodies of two men struggled silently through the water with their burdened net, a turbulent, fish-laden stream edged with black, velvety shadows, the giant saurian, a dark shape in the half light, bespattering these shadows with white foam. I knew that we must be nearing our journey's end, that the water must be growing shallower. How long before Boyd would call a halt? When they joined the ends of the net in the shallows, what about the crocodile?

"Boy—that last bite felt like a whale!"

"Put a runnin' loop into the line you have in the flattie," called Boyd. I did so, wondering what he planned to do. Then, "Work the flattie over to me and take my end of the net."

Fastening a mooring line from the bow of the flattie to an overhanging tree branch before taking the vibrating net into my hands, I threw Boyd the line he wanted. He started for the center of the turmoil. His wet body glistened white in the moonlight. Then it was lost to sight.

Did he intend to try to drive the crocodile out around the end of the net?

George had pulled his end to the bank. Inside the purse of the net the water was a maelstrom. But there was no hesitation on Boyd's part.

The reptile saw or sensed his advance. It shot upwards toward the net. Its weight as it struck the bunt swung George forward. My end was almost dragged from my grip. I took a turn around a cleat and the line held. The net bulged again and again from attacks. The crocodile twisted and turned from the deep center to the shallower ends, but could not break out.

Hemmed in, the brute changed his tactics. In its desperation it lost the crafty cunning that made it lie in wait for drinking cattle. It became a mad runaway. Its rushes were foolhardy. Several times its snout hit the flattie glancing blows. The monster kept to the surface until it saw Boyd, then dived. A few seconds later it was trying to escape by way of the slimy bank. But the bank was overhanging. The brute could gain no foothold. It slipped back into the stream. Boyd stood there, breast-high in the creek, waiting for it to come within range. The crocodile circled in mid-water, the stream churning like a whirlpool.

Now the saurian finished its mad gyrations in the shallows between the flattie and George. Hitherto a silent spectator, George shouted a warning. Boyd swung around, then splashed through the creek to where the big monster was making again for shallow ground. As it pulled up, the heavy tail lashed the surface with blows that would have smashed a man's body.

On the water-drained creek banks that were giving up a horrid stench, the crocodile swung half around as if to attack. Full moonlight stained the scaly armor a dark blue, the high ridges of the tail standing erect like teeth on a saw blade. The clawlike feet moved restlessly, drawing the monster nearer the man.

Boyd cast his loop. It missed the upraised snout by inches, and the crocodile slid back into the water. It circled afresh, darted for the net, and this time its teeth ripped a hole in the meshes. Fish began to escape. Boyd with a curse splashed to the spot and even as the crocodile made another attack on it, bunched the net mesh and tied the hold with a piece of line I threw him from the flattie.

Then the crocodile turned and came toward him. Both George and I shouted warnings. Boyd dived away in time to dodge the snapping jaws. Was the fight going to finish in the water? Then I sensed Boyd's tactics as he grimly drove the reptile towards shore. A moment more and the reeking mud flew back from its claws as the crocodile struggled to climb the slippery bank. But it slid down again and disappeared in deep water. I felt once more the smashing blow against the net. Suddenly Boyd was swimming to the flattie side.

"I'll get it in a minute!" he panted.

Then I saw the nearness of man and monster to each other. How I longed for the solid feel of my .303 rifle. Then both the crocodile and Boyd dived together, and a terrific swirl told me that they had met.

The head of the saurian came out and it was in flight toward the shallows. A voice beside me said, "A near go, that."

Boyd was hanging onto the flattie side, breathing heavily. The crocodile apparently was making good its escape.

"Let it go, Boyd," I pleaded.

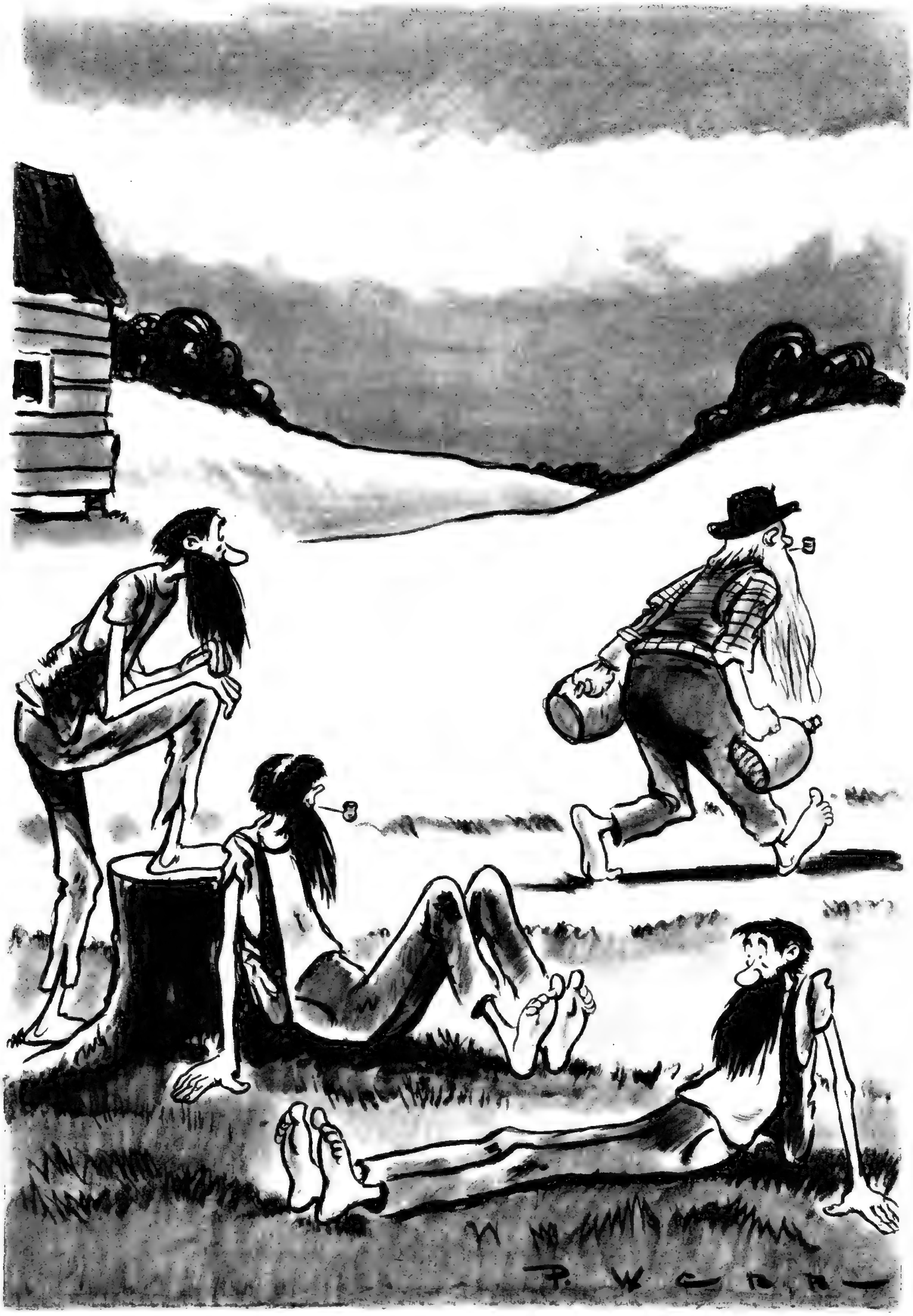
His answer was a snort, then he was after the brute again. His feet struck bottom. He raced through the shallows, and I saw him throw himself sideways bodily on the back of the escaping reptile. In the moonlight I saw him loop his line around the jaws and pull. The massive brute's body thumped the watery muck as it turned and started to drag Boyd back into the water. Boyd braced and jerked the line.

The crocodile turned and charged. Boyd jumped backward and upward, paying out line. The saurian rushed after him, gained a foothold on the bank and climbed up.

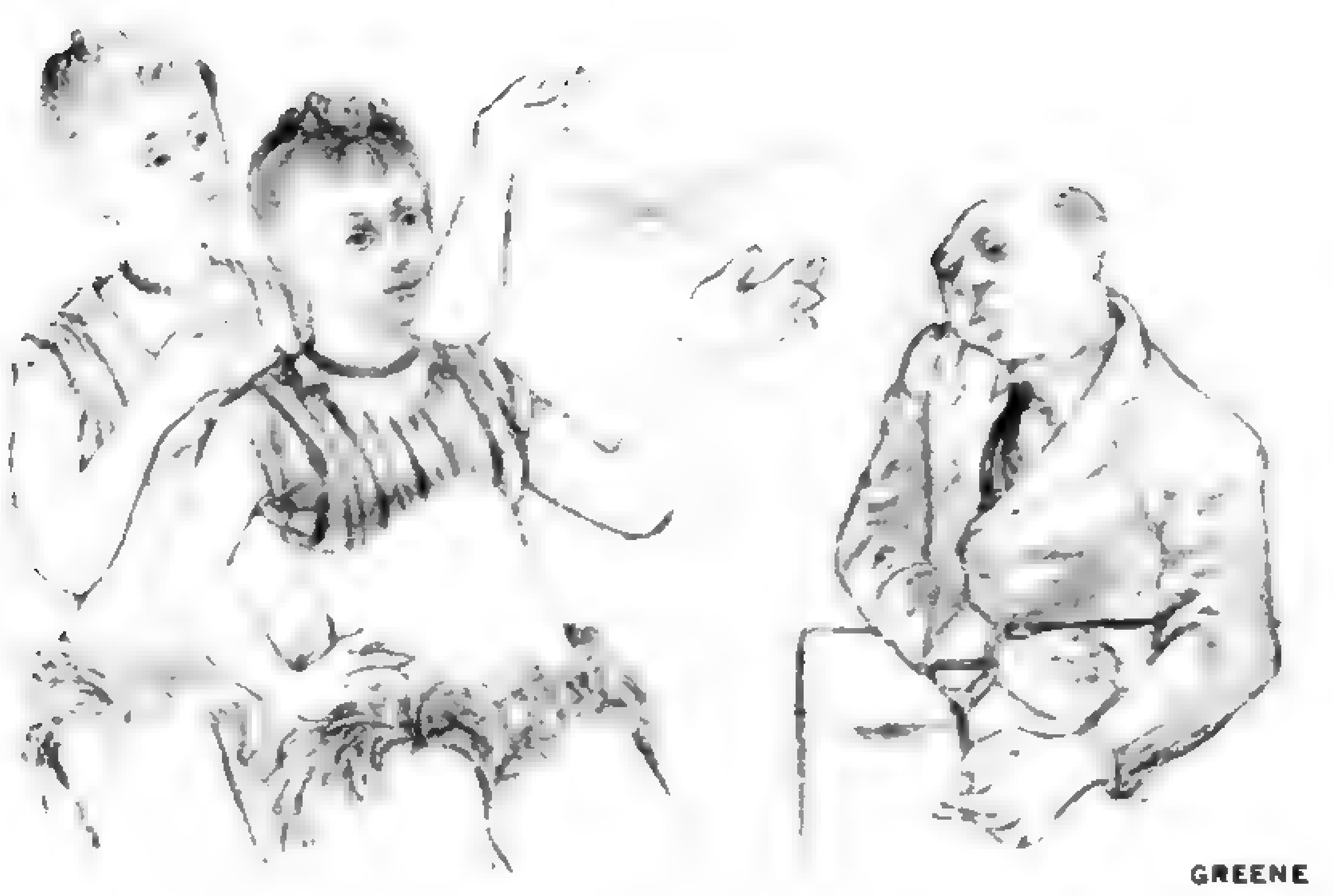
Once on firm ground Boyd whipped a turn of the line around a tree and jerked the beast to a full stop. Then, foot by foot, he hauled the crocodile to the tree and, with turns of the line around the trunk and tail, soon had it lashed fast, helpless.

A few minutes later Boyd was sitting in the flattie.

"We'll purse up the net now and get the fish into the boat," he said. "Then we'll see about the croc. He's a ten footer—ought to make a good hide." ##



"Paw wouldn't like it none ef he knew Oncle Tige was treatin' his ole woman's corns with his best squeezin's"



The Gay Evening

For Kitteridge the smile of the black-haired chorine opened the way to a new world of exciting, forbidden adventure

by ERNEST LEHMAN

KITTERIDGE side-glanced at his wife to see if she had noticed anything. Then, with an unobtrusive movement of his head, he swept his gaze across the crowded night club. Everyone appeared to be completely absorbed in the floor show or some private gaiety. It was quite obvious: not a soul—not even Carrie—was aware of what was going on.

He took a long, shuddering drag on his highball and looked up at the girl again. A shiver of excitement shot through his body. Wonderful, beautiful, young, dark eyes! She was smiling at him. Standing there on the brightly-lighted dance floor, second from the right, her slim hips undulating to a South American rhythm being sung rather noisily by a slick-haired Brazilian tenor, she stared boldly at him and whispered shocking, fascinating words with her bewitching smile.

Kitteridge rarely went to night clubs, hadn't been to one in years. He and Carrie preferred a good play, an occasional film at the Plaza or an evening of bridge at home. But this was their twenty-third wedding anniversary, and for reasons which he hadn't been able to explain fully even to himself, he had wanted a gay evening, something different. So they had gone to the Toreador after the theatre, to a ringside table. And it wasn't until they had been there for almost an hour, ill at ease and untalkative, that Kitteridge realized the whole course of his life was about to change.

There were six girls in the chorus line, stunningly gowned in lavender and chartreuse, and when they had first threaded their way past the tables out to the floor, the sum total of their beauty had been breath-taking. Kitteridge had made an embarrassed remark to Carrie, and then his eyes had met those of the girl, the slender, raven-haired creature with the ivory skin and the upturned nose.

Quite involuntarily, or so it seemed, he had smiled at her. And she had smiled right back. And from that moment on, there had been nothing else—not the blaring band, not the familiar face of his wife, not the noisy crowds and the clattering waiters, not the crooner and the dance team and the off-color comic—nothing but the exciting and dangerous adventure that he was starting out on, under the very nose of his wife, literally in the glare of the spotlight . . .

"Charlie Kitteridge? Not good old Charlie! Well whaddaya know about that? Bit of a jolt for the old girl, I'll bet." . . . "The moment I set eyes on you, Joyce dear." . . . (He hoped her name was Joyce) . . . "You aren't *really*, Charles? Why, honey, I'd never have taken you for that. Everything about you is so marvelously youthful—the way you carry yourself, the way you *think*! You're perfect for me, Charles, truly, in every way." . . . "Kitteridge, m'boy, I take off my hat to you. Didn't think you had it in you. Didn't think you had it in you m'boy. Didn't think you had it in . . ."

It was like a powerful electric spark leaping through space. He gasped inwardly as their eyes met and stared knowingly at each other across the half dozen yards of smoke-filled air that lay between them.

You lovely, desirable woman, he said wordlessly. I shall be happy with you for the rest of my life.

And she answered with her smile: I have waited for you and now you are here, strong and distinguished-looking and so much in need of me.

Kitteridge felt the blood rushing through every part of his body. She was smiling at him, and he at her, and it meant all this, and yet he—only he and she—were aware of what was happening.

Suddenly he felt Carrie's warm hand on his and there was tenderness in her touch and in the look on her face, and he squeezed her hand tightly as though trying desperately to hold on to the image of her faded beauty. But it was no use—it had been no use for so long. And even another gulp of the icy highball couldn't wash away the ache and the sweet sadness . . .

"Are you enjoying yourself, dear?" Carrie's voice rose above the din in the room and the loud music in his heart. It interrupted his musing.

"Yes, yes, of course," he said absent-mindedly, nodding his head, while with his eyes he followed the girl who was Joyce as she whirled and swayed to the music and wove intricate patterns on the shining black floor. Always her eyes came back to his.

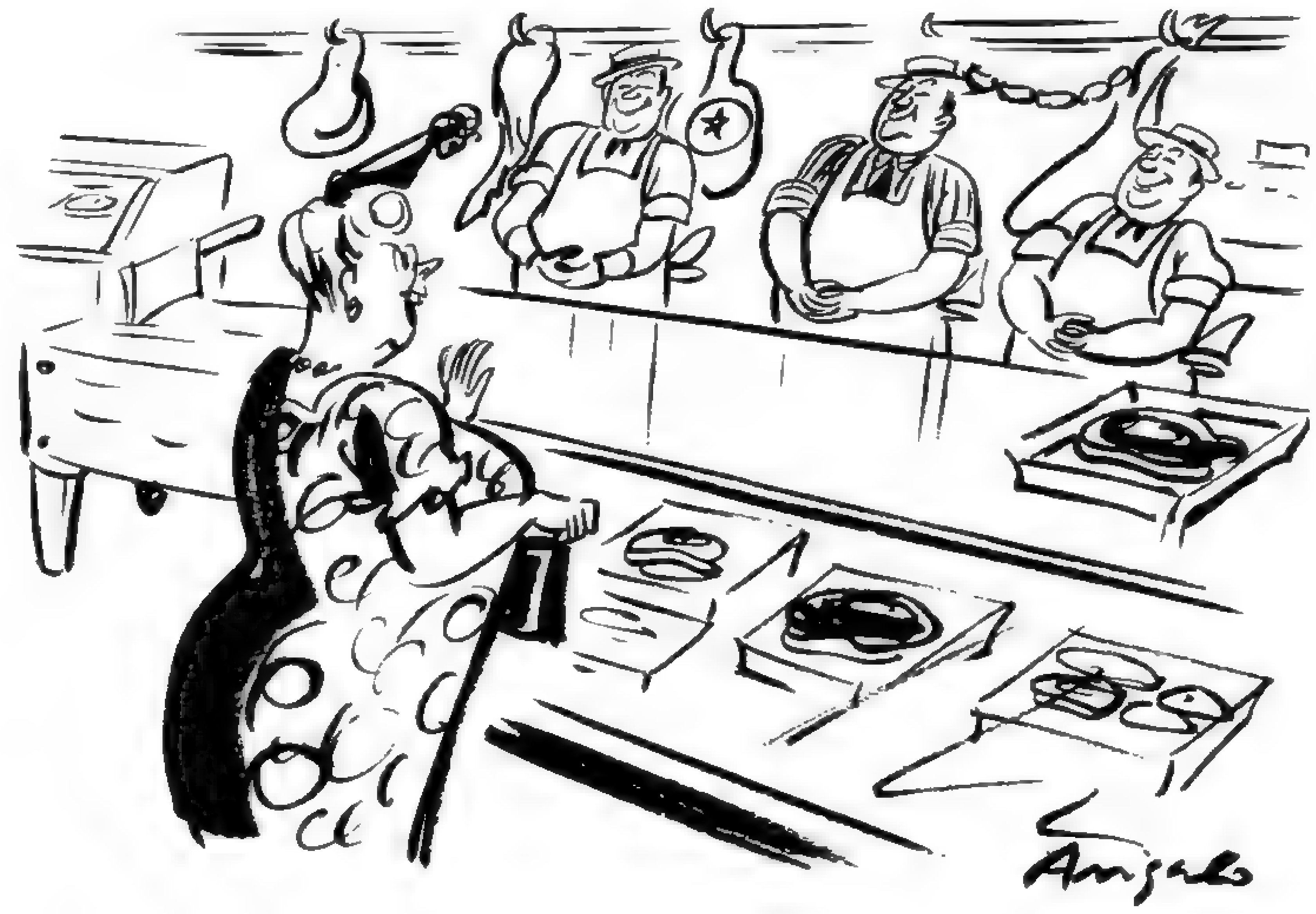
It was strange that no one had noticed what was transpiring between them. It frightened him a bit to realize how much alone he was in this. It would take courage and fortitude to see it through. But when their eyes met, he knew that it would be worth it. It would be worth anything . . .

"Carrie, please be sensible. Would you have me go on living a lie with you?" . . . "I hope you realize what this will mean to your daughter's future" . . . "Charles, as senior partner, I feel I have a right to say this. I don't think I'm being unduly stuffy when I remind you that the reputation of this firm can be only as good as the individual reputations of its members." . . . "Father, how *could* you!" . . . "Look, Charlie. I don't mean to butt in, but don't you think this sort of thing is . . .?"

A burst of applause exploded in his ears. The number was over. She was coming towards him now. She was going to pass his table on the way out. Her breast was heaving slightly. She was still smiling as she walked toward him. Her wondrous dark eyes smiled into his as he looked up at her . . .

"Of course, Charles dear, the answer is yes. I'd be happy and proud to." . . . "I'll be free in just a few months and then . . . and then . . ."

. . . And it seemed that his heart and his breath and the whole world came to a stop for one paralyzing instant, and now she was so close to him that they might have touched, might have spoken



"Well, well—look at the reconversion program!"

the magic word that would be remembered as the beginning . . .

"And do you, Charles Kitteridge, take this woman to be . . .?" . . . "I do! . . . I do! . . . I—"

. . . But she had passed his table and vanished in the smoky darkness and the dance floor was empty and suddenly he was aware of the man who stared at him across the floor.

For a fleeting instant, as he stared back at the eagerly searching eyes of this man with the familiar tired face, he prayed that someone, some voice, would suddenly speak in his ear and tell him that there were no mirrors on the walls of the Toreador and that it was not his own image that stared back at him. But the only voice that he heard was his own, calling hastily for the check and explaining to Carrie that it was quite late, while he fumbled nervously to help her on with her wrap.

As they walked up the carpeted steps, he looked neither to the right nor to the left at the mirror-lined walls which made all inner truths a hopeless lie, and he was several paces ahead of Carrie in his eagerness to escape from the night club, knowing all at once what he had never, deep down in his heart, stopped knowing . . . that the smile of the girl who was Joyce and the smile of the captain and the smile of the waiter and the smile of the hat-check girl as she now brought back his coat and the smile of the doorman who helped him into the cab were all so kind and gentle and terribly cruel in their sameness . . .

Carrie's hand reached out for his in the darkness of the cab and he held on to it tightly.

"Tired, Charles?" she said softly.

He stared out of his window, as though seeking something out there in the black night, but all he could see was the dark blur of trees slipping by. There was a hollow ache inside of him.

"Let's not . . . Carrie, next year . . . let's not go out . . ."

"Of course we won't, dear." She squeezed his hand.

And when he turned to her, she smiled at him, and it was the loveliest smile he had ever seen. #

However they knocked about, the early jazzmen never lost that old nostalgia

Backdrop for Jazz Composers

by CHARLES EDWARD SMITH

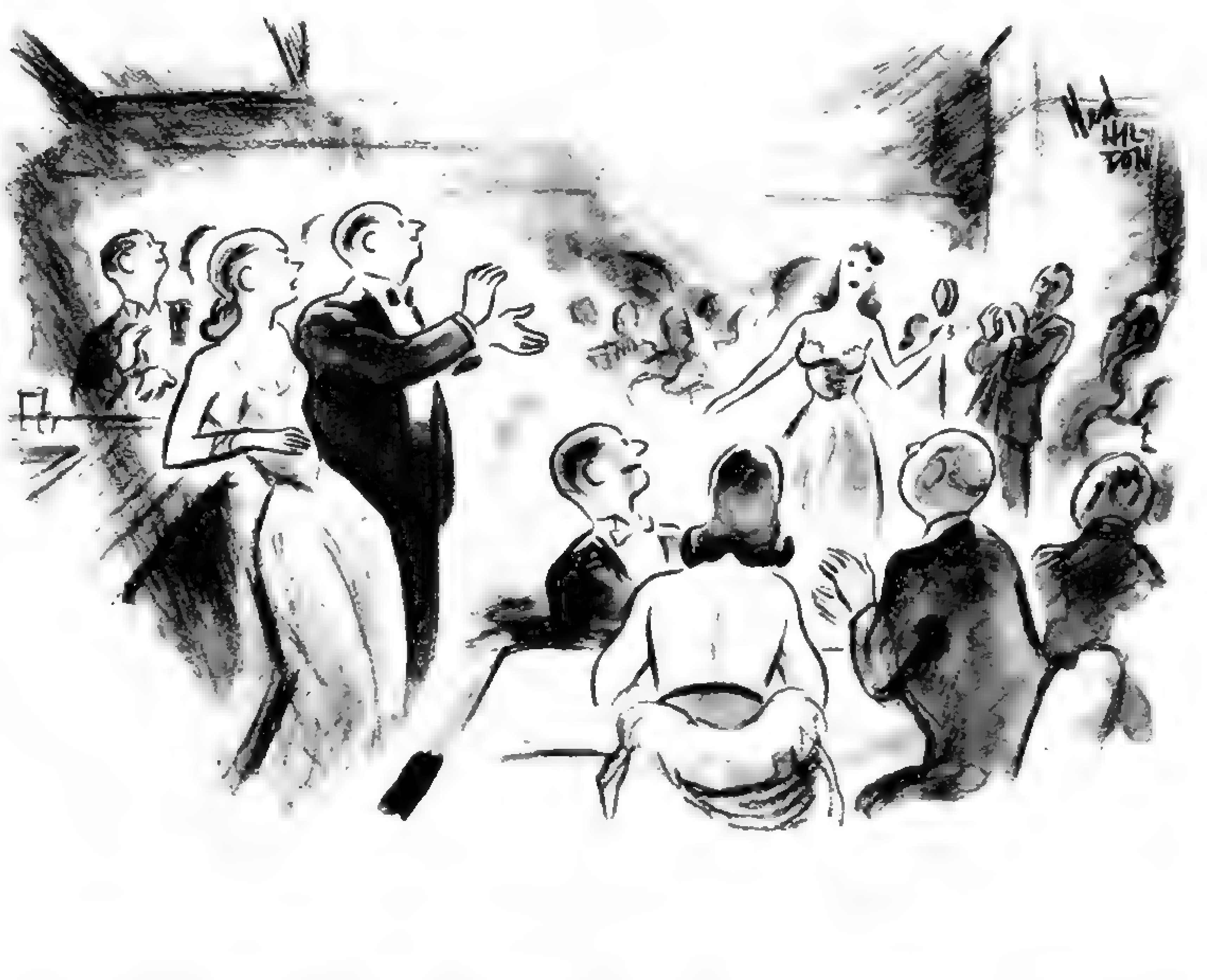
Spencer Williams, who wrote the jazz classic, *Basin Street Blues*, recently epitomized the shifting backdrop of jazz composing and playing in a few bucolic words about his life in England. "I live in England," he stated flatly, "a land that I love very much because it's so peaceful and quiet. I live out in the country with a lovely wife and two beautiful daughters." Williams might have rounded out his confession of joy by adding that the pastoral peace and quiet of the River Thames is a far cry indeed from what used to be New Orleans' wondrously gaudy Basin Street.

Spencer Williams is only one of the founding fathers of jazz who are doing business at a new stand. James P. Johnson and Clarence Williams, both of whom could have steered a course blindfolded through most any historic cradle of jazz, have taken to the rustic life and reside in a quiet suburban section of New York. Hoagy Carmichael, whose *Stardust* has beaten its composer to "immortality," fell victim to the stucco wiles of California and owns a home in Beverly Hills. There has been a general exodus of jazzmen from the hoary shrines of hot music, and to say the effect is marked is to understate the case.

There was a time when you could localize jazz and the blues by a very simple process. All you had to do was take the map of any one of a handful of cities, pick a spot, figure out the correct radius and draw a circle. The "spots" were ninety-nine per cent inside the circles. Now it's different. Today, if you don't keep up with who's playing where and writing what, you need a bloodhound weaned on an offbeat to help you find your way around. Jazz has lost its isolation complex and the well-defined localities of Kansas City, New Orleans, Chicago, Memphis and New York, which used to house the famed soloist-composers of hot, have given way to a common denominator of the juke box, movie theatre and leatherette-plated cocktail lounge.

Luckily, though, the early jazzmen were and are great talkers and memory experts, and the backdrop against which they did their composing and performing is clearly preserved in their nostalgic stories of lusher days.

Spencer Williams, who, as we noted, is now rusticating in England, finds his most pleasant memories associated with New Orleans and Basin Street. New Orleans was his home town—he was born there in 1889—and he worked in the gold-plated surroundings of Madam Lulu White's famed Mahogany Hall, one of the tonier pleasure pagodas. In recalling his stint in this show place of Basin Street, he says: "There was heaven on earth, where the dark and light elite would meet. Basin Street was my dream thoroughfare. It was called Amorous Avenue and was painted with the euphonic colors of real honest-to-goodness jazz. It was where Buddy Bolden, Al Cahl, Jelly Roll Morton, Tony Jackson, Edmo Shay, Porter King and all those famous old-timers played. That's why I said in my song, 'Won't you come along with me, down the Mississippi, we'll take a boat to the land of dreams, steam down the river, down to New Orleans.' I can still hear the hurdy-gurdy on Basin Street playing *Auprès De Ma Blonde*, or *Sur le Pont d'Avignon*. It used to wake me up every morning and it made sleep sweeter and wakefulness happier. I'll never forget Basin Street and my New Orleans."



"Don't clap so hard—people will think you're a waiter"

What Spencer Williams *might* like to forget, as he dreams halcyon dreams in the pleasant English countryside, is that little is left of what he knew as Basin Street, except the blue and white street tiles, and a mournful, ghostly echo of the great jazz music that once set the passer-by's lips to whistling and his feet to shuffling.

No attempt to piece together the backdrop of early jazz composers would be complete without a few words about ragtime. Jazz music was preceded by ragtime (piano music), and the story of ragtime is almost as interesting as the story of jazz. The ragtime composer-pianists were the "upper crust" of lowdown music. They played in the classy wine rooms of St. Louis saloons, while the less fortunate blues pianists rocked out their solid phrases in smoke-filled honky-tonks. The St. Louis wine rooms boasted potted plants, fabulous bars with pyramided glasses and frosted paintings, and individual call buttons for service. One of the most famous of the saloons belonged to a man named Tom Turpin who could play ragtime with such precision that he was nicknamed "The Metronome." Turpin was a huge man who stalked about in a diamond-studded shirt, wide-brimmed sombrero abaft on his head, his six-shooter alerted in his holster, and a paternal eye cocked in the direction of his gambling concession.

Ragtime, or "educated music" as it sometimes was called, seldom was written down. This was natural since not many of the ragtime pianists could read and write music. Yet much of their original music has survived, because it was written down by somebody with an ear to its value. In most cases, the writer would, like as not, pass it off as his own. There is, however, at least one notable exception. A pianist-composer named Louis Chauvin, who could neither read nor write music, had a friend named Scott Joplin, who not only could do both but had a widespread reputation as the greatest ragtime composer of all. Joplin took the time and trouble to copy down the tunes Chauvin thought up. It is noteworthy that Joplin was honest enough to give Chauvin full credit in such instances.

By the time jazz began to nose in alongside ragtime, there were fewer performers who were unable to read and write music. Nevertheless, very little jazz music was published at first. Jelly Roll Morton explained this in telling why his *King Porter Stomp*, which he played as early as 1905, was not copyrighted and published until years later. In his recorded memoirs which Alan Lomax, the long-time student of American folk music collected for the Library of Congress, Jelly Roll said: "We didn't copyright them then for a good reason. We kept them for our private material, that is, to battle each other in battles of music. Battles of music is old, ages old. And of course if we had the best material we was considered the best men and of course the best player always had the best jobs, and the best jobs always meant plenty of money."

Jazz Is Where You Find It

ON RECORDS—Our long-nurtured dream of an Esquire All-Star album has at last been realized. Two years ago we told you to look for a package of platters by some of our ballot winners, but the Petrillo ban and wartime shellac shortages made it impossible.

This time it's come true, and in a big way, thanks to RCA Victor. Instead of assembling a bunch of old records featuring the award winners, they commissioned this correspondent to assemble a band for a special recording date, to make four twelve-inch sides for a Victor Showpiece album.

All-star bands are about as easy to put together as a broken record. I wanted to get Duke Ellington and some of his men, but they had only one evening available. All the other musicians I wanted were busy and/or available at conflicting times of day. Then I conceived the wild idea of trying to get Louis Armstrong, making this the first time the two most famous figures in jazz—Duke and Louis—had ever recorded together in their twenty-odd years of waxing.

It turned out that this plan wasn't so wild; Louis was willing and inspired, which was all we needed. We started recording at 8:30 in the evening, didn't get through until three in the morning, but wound up with four sides which are, if nothing else, unique in jazz history.

Duke and Louis were featured on *Long Long Journey*, a blues. Billy Strayhorn took over the piano for the next number, *Snafu*, featuring Louis and two of our award-winning saxmen, Johnny Hodges and Don Byas. Then Red Norvo, unfazed by five stage shows that had kept him working all day with Woody Herman, came in to join us on *The One That Got Away*.

For the fourth side we made a lovely old tune, *Gone With The Wind*, admirably suited to the melodic gifts of Hodges and Byas.

The other stars on hand were Charlie Shavers and Neal Hefti, trumpets; Jimmy Hamilton, Duke's clarinetist; Remo Palmieri, Silver Award guitar man; Chubby Jackson, Woody Herman's Gold Award bassist; and Sonny Greer, Duke's perennial drummer.

The band was labeled Leonard Feather's Esquire All-Americans, and your humble maestro accepts the blame for the three original tunes listed above. He doesn't, however, accept the credit for a series of wonderful solos which makes this album a must for every jazz lover.

P. S. Your dealer will have the album on sale this month.

—LEONARD FEATHER

One of the most colorful figures among the early jazzmen was a Negro organist and pianist named Clarence Williams (now living in a suburb of New York as we noted). Williams, who was born in Plaqueemine Parish in 1898, was part Creole Negro and part Choctaw Indian. He left home when he was young, allegedly to join a minstrel troupe. But instead of joining the minstrels he hotfooted it to New Orleans where he hung around Jelly Roll Morton and other pianists and learned to play the blues by ear. He toured Louisiana vaudeville circuits for a spell, after which he went—"over the bayou"—in the company of such musicians as Bunk Johnson, and a violinist-pianist-poolroom shark who called himself the Pensacola Kid. Williams finally returned to New Orleans when the owner of a vaudeville house that was in brisk competition with the one he was playing threatened him with violent demise if he didn't quit. Williams was flattered, but preferred the climate of New Orleans.

Clarence Williams was one of the many noted jazzmen who loitered awhile in Basin Street on the Mahogany Hall's payroll. He looks back on those days with much the same pleasure as his "Cuz Spencer" Williams (no relative). "It was kind of nice during the day," he recalls. "You could hear the girls upstairs. One would be playing the guitar, the others singing softly, *Careless Love*."

After Clarence Williams had played music by ear long enough to be satisfied that he could get farther by learning to read and write it, he commenced studying and by and by he began composing. He started a publishing house in New Orleans in 1915, moving it to New York in 1920, just in time to introduce New Orleans jazz to those venturesome New Yorkers who owned crystal-set radios. Since then he has sold out and retired. Williams' publishing venture was a sound and vital contribution to early jazz for it helped to close the gap between the men who played and wrote jazz and the men who published music. If Williams had not become a publisher as well as a composer and performer, we would lack much of the source material necessary to reconstructing the story of jazz. It was Clarence Williams' publishing house which gave us *New Orleans Hop Scop*, a tune-out-of-blues that is probably the earliest published example of anything resembling boogie.

Although Clarence Williams' publishing helped to keep the early jazz picture clear, it still is clouded by the fact that no one composer could ever be sure that the strains and phrases he wrote were really his own. This is what is meant by the expression, often repeated, that "jazz is derivative," or in other words that it derives from itself, or in still other and less euphemistic words that it frequently is lifted. None of the composers thought of the derivative process as lifting. They liked jazz music too well to want to hog it. And besides, even if one of them could have proved a tune was his, the sale price would not have been heavy enough to tickle a copyright lawyer's palm. A famous jazz composer once remarked that when he and his New Orleans colleagues reached what they thought was going to be the promised land of New York, "you could sell a four-bar strain for ten dollars and get the wonderful sum of twenty-five dollars for the whole twelve bars."

The history of lifting jazz—or lifting any other music for that matter—could be contained in several books. A word might be said about it here to show that it often is not malicious, and indeed frequently is a health process.

Music, like any other art, is not performed in hermits' caves for the enlightenment of a cloistered few, but rather tends to get around more than somewhat. This especially is true of jazz music where the composers and performers live amidst informal surroundings, hear a lot of original music, and are hard put a few weeks later to tell what phrases are theirs and what phrases aren't theirs. It is true, of course, that there always are a few burglars on the scene ready and willing to filch anything they can get their sticky hands on and call it their own. But your dyed-in-the-down-beat jazz performer is and was too involved in his own creating to spend much time trying to figure out how to get at someone else's. In the heat of composition, he might borrow a few bars that suddenly came to mind, untagged. But if he did, he was in good company. Bach, Beethoven and Brahms often strengthened their music by picking the brains of composers that had preceded them.

On the whole, though, the period of early jazz—with its paradoxes of genius and illiteracy, hot music that was good enough to live but not to write down, musicians who were celebrated when they played in dives and lynched when they tried to walk down the streets as self-respecting citizens, and joints that were erected for vice with music incidental only to become famous for their music—seems to have been one of the most productive in musical history. It must have been a good time to live. Jelly Roll Morton, telling his story to Alan Lomax, summed it up:

"They was wonderful days," Jelly Roll said. "I would like to see those days back again." ##

Foxes Have It, Too

GREENHALGH

Trapper's tale concerning a captive silver vixen and her wild whiteface mate, as related to Jim Kjelgaard

by **AL SWANSON**

I WAS released from the Army in 1943 on a medical discharge—a piece of shell had plowed into my thigh. But I felt good, was able to get around all right, and suffered no undue inconvenience. After loafing about a while I decided to go into upcountry Wisconsin and see what was there.

I'd saved a little money and I liked what I saw in Wisconsin. There was a lot of wilderness that promised good trapping and plenty of lakes that looked like wonderful fishing.

I'd lived in similar country before and knew how to get along in it. I knew I wasn't going to get rich, but wealth isn't one of my ambitions. I like to be where I can take a deep breath without bumping my chest into a dozen people.

My original plan was that trapping would furnish the greater part of my income. I knew I could get along. But land came cheaper than I thought, and after buying everything I wanted I had almost nine hundred dollars left. So I decided to acquire the beginning of a fur ranch.

I knew what I was up against. I thought that if I started with just one pair of foxes, and learned about them as I went along, I might build up something pretty decent over a period of years. But I wanted to start with the best possible foundation stock, and I read everything I could find. It was evident that mutation foxes were the coming thing.

Platinums are mutations, but there's a lot more to it than that. Mutations are a great many different shades and colors. When a platinum and silver are bred, the litter will be half platinum and half silver. I got in touch with a reliable fox breeder and bought a whiteface male and a straight silver female.

The male was the most beautiful animal I've ever seen. It's hard to describe such a fox. His fur was a light silver with blue undertones. He had black ears, a dark streak across his back. A splash of white went down his face. The female was a splendid animal, too.

I had two distinct fox personalities. Fur ranchers can change the color and texture of a fox's fur, but all foxes, with the exception of the Alaskan blue fox, are descended from wild reds, and nobody has succeeded in breeding the wild instinct out of them. My whiteface male crouched in his crate and rolled his eyes at me. My silver female sat up in her crate, grinning happily. So I had one wild and one tame fox. The fur rancher had told me they were a mated pair, and he was right. They were not only mated, but devoted.

The male scooted into the kennel and hid as soon as I released them into the pen I had built. The female, however, trotted all around the pen examining her new home.

I watched them for about three weeks, while I built up rosy dreams of foxes that were to be. They were an ideal pair. They'd breed, and I'd have a fur ranch.

But one morning I went out to find that the male had escaped. I don't know how he got out; there were no holes in the fence, and the gate was tightly closed. I looked in the kennel and he was not there, nor was he anywhere in the pen. The little silver sat mournfully by herself.

I knew that I must get him back. Another male would cost at least 400 dollars, and I hadn't that much money. The silver female looked sadly at me, as though I were to blame, and curled up beside her kennel. I went into the house to try to figure what to do.

It was certain, I thought, that the whiteface male would not go very far. There's heavy cutover all about my place. He'd run into a likely hiding place to stay until night. Then he'd probably forage. I took six number two traps, padded the jaws with cloth and set them in runways. The next morning I found a waddling old porcupine and two red foxes which I liberated because their pelts were not prime. Nor did I have any better luck for two months. Just when I had decided that my whiteface had either left the country or met with disaster, a light snow fell and I discovered exactly what he was doing.

When I went out, all around the fence that still held my little silver were the tracks of another fox. He'd approached the fence, and my silver had gone eagerly up to sniff noses with him. Tracks said my whiteface was coming back to see his mate.

It was a wonderful chance and I revised my trapping system. Instead of going into the cutover, I set my traps around the fence. About a week later I found two of them sprung, and a few silver-blue hairs clinging to the clothbound jaws. That ruined any chance I might have had.

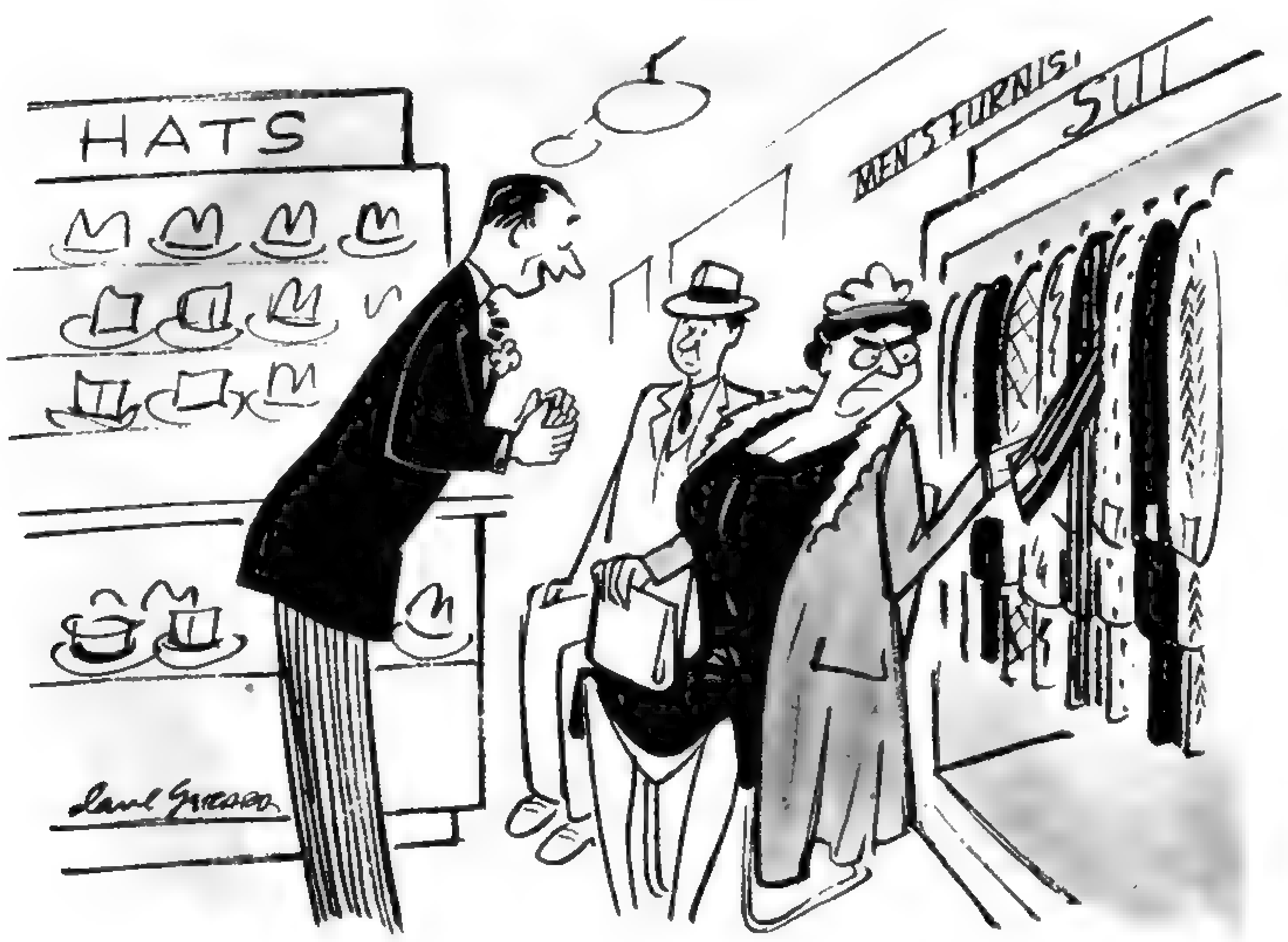
The whiteface fox still came to visit the vixen. But he'd inherited all the faculties and keenness of his wild ancestors. No matter how carefully I set my traps, he avoided them. Another month elapsed before I decided to gamble heavily.

I opened the gate and liberated the silver female.

It was, perhaps, a foolish thing to do. But foxes are no great travelers, and it seemed to me that the female would promptly join her mate. I thought the pair would den up somewhere near by. Then I'd be able to get the pups. It was a long chance. But I had a lot of money invested, and thought I'd take a chance on finding the pups. The next morning, just after dawn, I started out to look at a line of traps I'd set along a small stream. Then I stopped in my tracks, surprised.

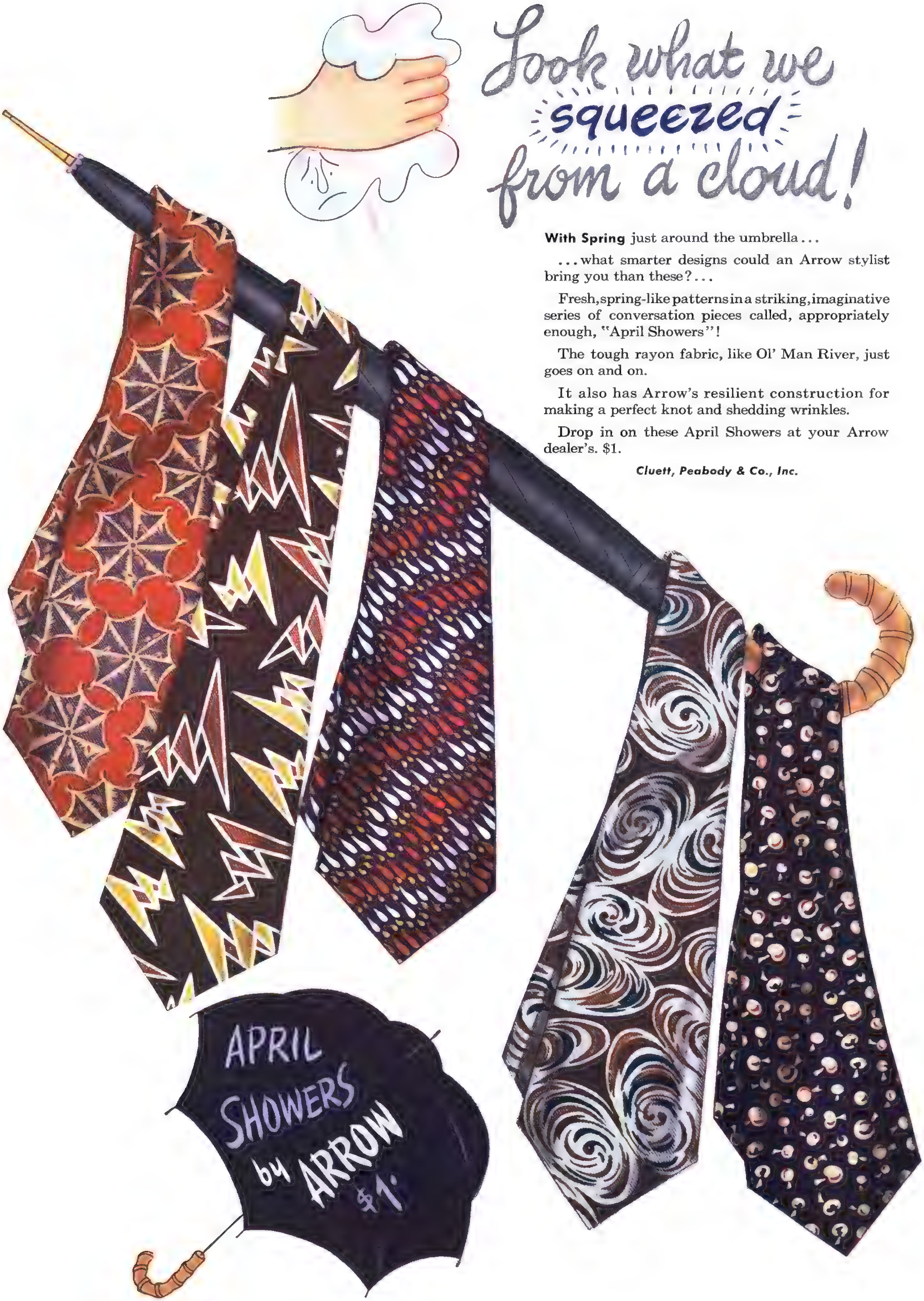
Though the gate was still open, the little silver female sat squarely in the center of the pen. I rubbed my eyes, hardly daring to believe that I'd seen something dive into the kennel. But, when I lifted the cover, the male lay in a far corner trying to hide. Obviously they had met in the forest. I will not be the one to say they talked things over. But, instead of setting out for the wild life he desired, they had come back to safety and security.

On second thought I decided it might not be so amazing. Many a married man will know what I mean. ⌗



"Now, madam, what shall I show your husband?"

Look what we squeezed from a cloud!



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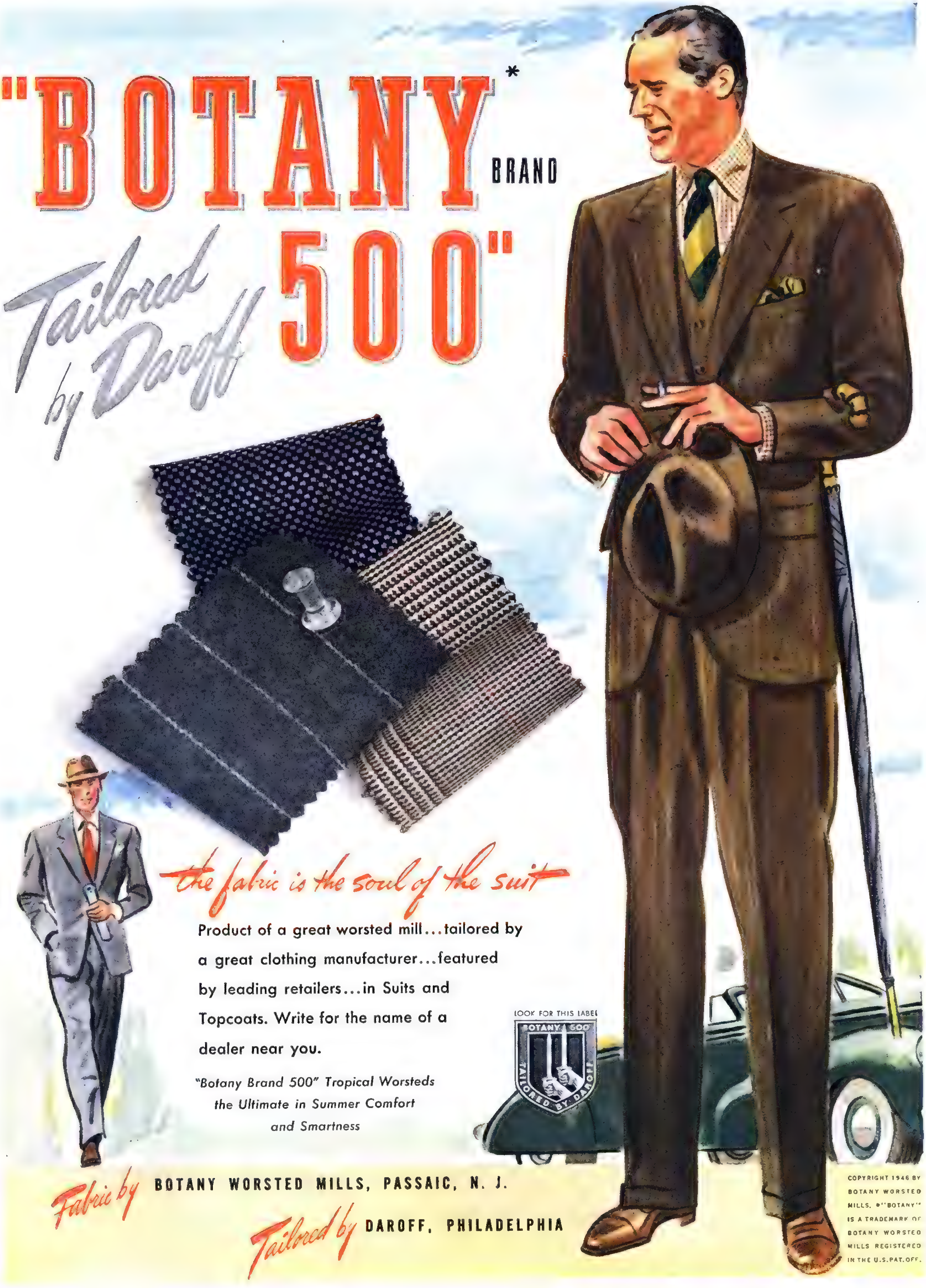

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The Lost Paradise

Jeremy's world was sharply divided into circus-goers and those who stayed at home

by B. S. MISHEIKER

Jeremy knew it wouldn't work with his mother. Rusty said he should just keep on asking until she got so tired of saying no that she would say yes. But the second time Jeremy had mentioned it to his mother, she had turned an angry pair of eyes at him and shouted, "I said no, didn't I?" And Jeremy knew it was hopeless.

"I tell you what, I'll go and ask your mother if you can go," offered Rusty. "I'll tell her my ma and pa are going, and all us kids are going, and the circus only comes once a year, and so why can't you go too!"

The two boys hurried round to the back door, where Jeremy's mother was washing some things in a tin tub. Rusty clasped his cap behind his back.

"Please Mrs. Daily let Jeremy come to the circus with us tonight," he began. "We're all going, all us kids and my ma and my pa, and the circus only comes once a year, and the teacher always makes us write about it afterwards at school, and if Jeremy doesn't go too, then he won't be able to write anything...." Rusty lamely ran out of arguments, and Jeremy turned a pathetic little face to his mother.

"I've got no money to squander on the circus. I told Jeremy he can't go, and the next time he comes round bothering me he'll get what's coming to him!" Mrs. Daily slapped a piece of clothing into greyish water.

"I knew it wouldn't help," said Jeremy as they moved away. He was trying hard not to cry, so he puckered up his lips to whistle, but no sound would come.

"Let's go and watch the big tent go up," suggested Rusty, and they started running back to the big clearing on the other side of the railway tracks.

"Look, there's Roger!" shouted Rusty, who already looked upon Jeremy as a lost case.

"Hey Rog! Going to the circus tonight?"

"Sure," answered Roger, "and you?"

"Sure I am," said Rusty, "only Jeremy's ma says he can't go!"

"Gee that's tough," Roger mumbled, intent on watching a big white horse.

"Look the big tent's going up!" Rusty scampered off with Roger at his heels. Jeremy didn't follow them. His heart felt heavy and aching. The world seemed filled with two types of people—those who were going to the circus tonight, and those who couldn't go. He tried for a while to play a game with himself, pretending that he was going after all, and that he was just looking around before going home to get ready for tonight. But little Stinky Joe came along and spoiled it all.

"Jeeze, Jeremy, are youse going to the circus tonight?"

"Naa, I can't go."

"Jeeze I'd love to go tonight..." Stinky Joe sighed and drew his sleeve under his nose in a quick familiar gesture. Jeremy felt suddenly awfully sorry for him. They always teased Stinky Joe at school, and nobody ever wanted to play with him, and here he was, wishing he could go to the circus just like himself, and not being able to. Everybody was going, everybody was going to walk through that tent flap, sit down on the benches and watch the wonderful things tonight, except Stinky Joe and himself.

Together they wandered about, drinking in the scenes around them. A real cowboy passed right by them, so close that Jeremy could have put out his hand and touched him! A juggler came out and practiced a few turns, but such a big crowd collected that they had to stand on tiptoe to catch a glimpse of him. A big caravan was pushed into the booth by an elephant, and everybody said that must be the lions inside.

They found a hole in the canvas side of the tent, and Jeremy and Stinky Joe took turns looking inside. It was dark and they couldn't see anything, but they went on looking for a long time.

Dusk had fallen, and big lights were strung up on poles around the tent. Big, glaring, cheerful lights. Crowds were turning up early in order to get the best seats. The band came out and played a loud march, urging everyone to come to the show. A little canvas flap was lifted, and a man started selling tickets. The crowd milled around, laughing, shouting, flowing in through the canvas doorway. The whole town seemed to be absorbed into the big top, until the clearing around looked strangely empty and forlorn.

"Yuh know"... Stinky drew his sleeve under his nose, "they say a man puts his head right into the mouth of a lion.... Jeeze! I wouldn't do that. Would you do that Jeremy?"

Jeremy didn't answer, he watched the man in the ticket booth draw the little curtain. The opening in the tent was being closed. The show had begun. No matter what happened now, it was no use. Tomorrow the circus would be gone. ⁂

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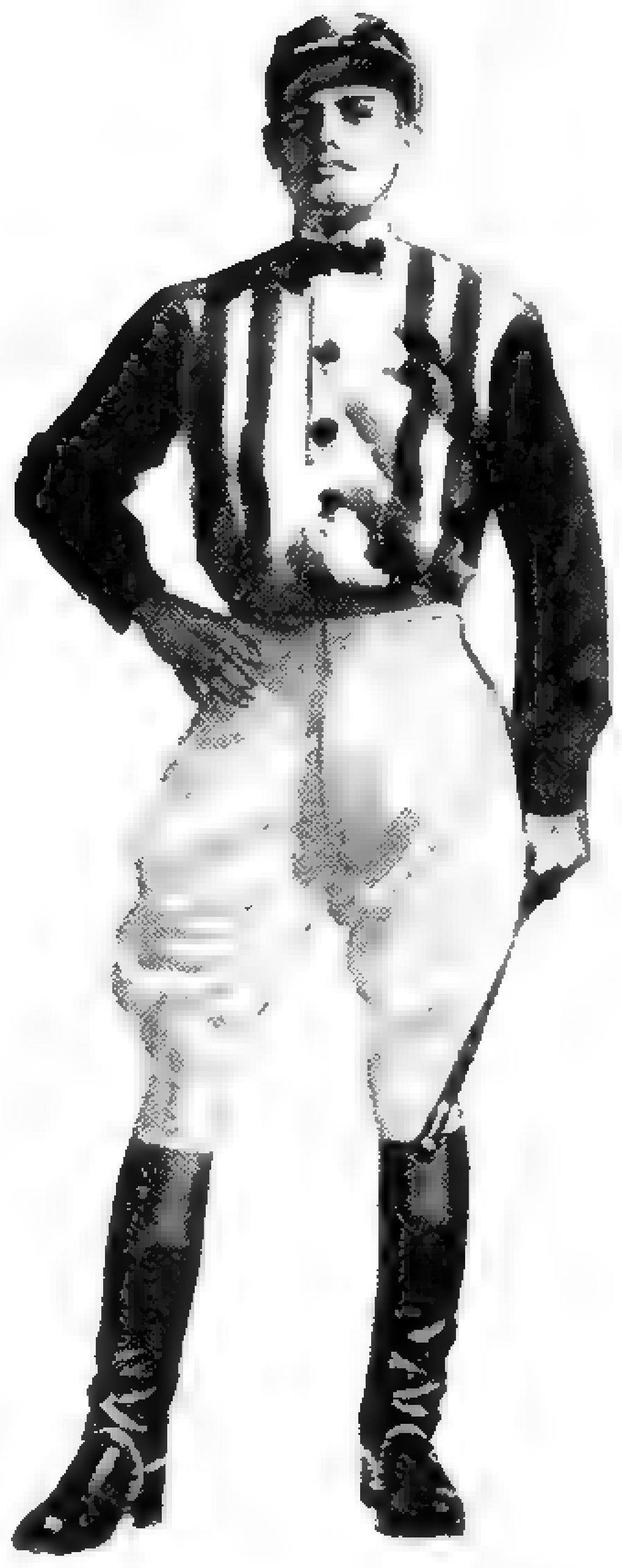

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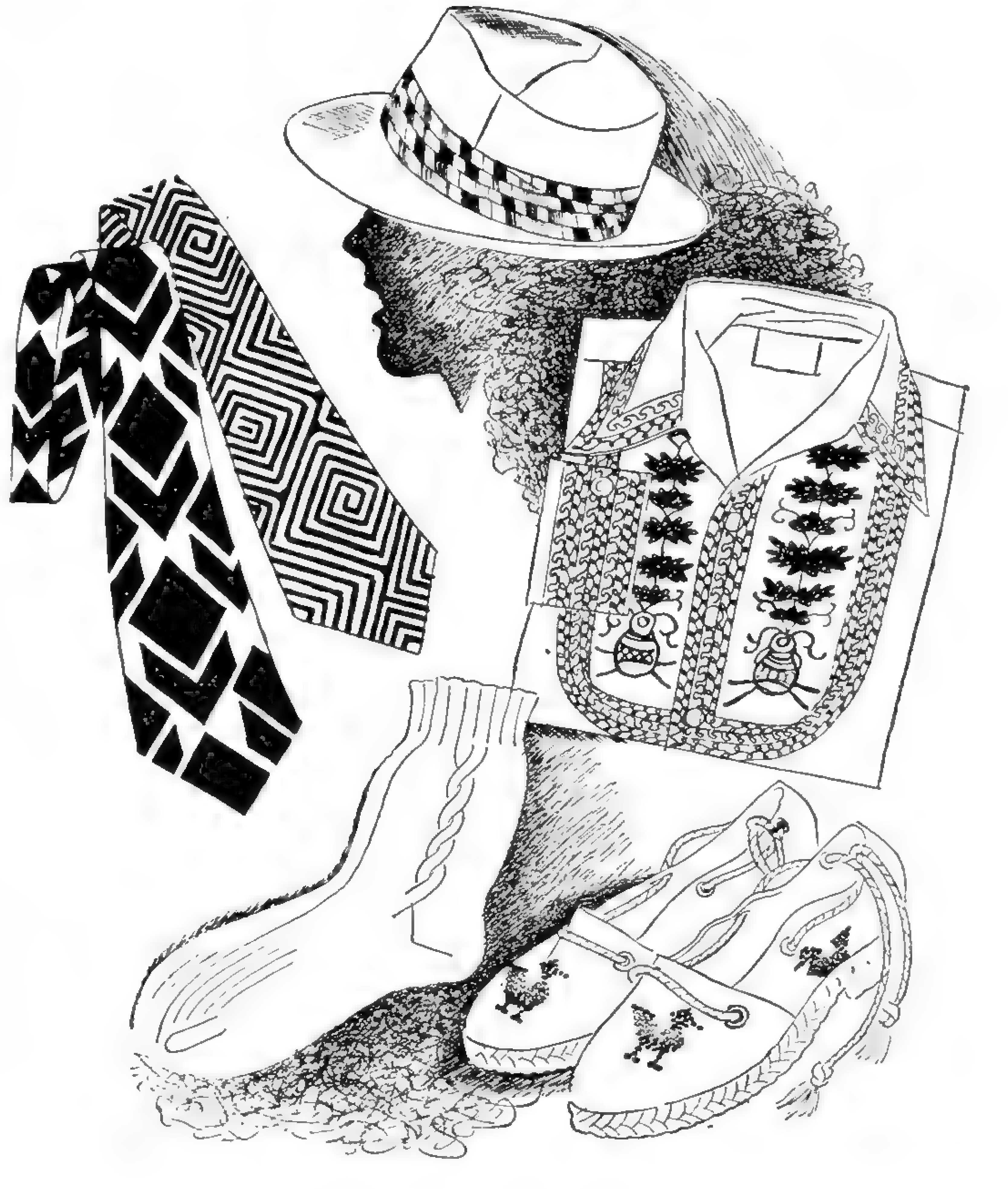
Major Resort Notes

Northern playgrounds introduce Alpagartes and Mexicana shirts

by **O. E. SCHOEFFLER**



FOLLOWING the biggest, boomingest southern resort season in history, the northward currents of men's fashions have brought some refreshing new ideas.

A case in point is the Mexicana shirt. Differing radically from generally-accepted styles for sports and resort wear, this shirt of plain white linen has ornate embroidery in the front, at the collar and also at the cuffs, as shown in the accompanying illustration. The ornamentation in bright blue, yellow or tan stands out sharply against the white background. Probably this will find a limited acceptance in the early stages of the fashion cycle.

Giant geometrics describe the new designs in neckwear. With vivid splashes of color and almost limitless numbers of floral and other patterns prevalent, it's small wonder that these new angular designs, which strike a happy medium between the large and the less blatant effects, are meeting enthusiastic acceptance among well-dressed men. As the drawings portray, it's all done with angles. One vivid and one dark tone, such as bright red with black or dark blue, are combined in accenting these interesting patterns for ties.

Alpagartes (pronounced al-pa-GAR-tez) is a new name in the fashion fare. No, you don't pluck off the leaves and dip them in hollandaise sauce before eating. They're a new kind of beach sandal, reminiscent of the espadrilles from the south of France in the 'thirties. Stemming from Central America, they have rope soles and heels and coarsely-woven cotton tops in blue or white that form a background for native designs. Their spontaneous adoption by well-dressed men at Palm Beach and other southern playgrounds in this country forecasts a more general popularity.

Grass fiber is making headwear news. Hats made of these light-color fibers have the advantage of being light in weight. They are styled with a pinched crown and medium-width brim. Colorful puggrees are in tune with the casual appearance of these hats.

Hand-knit soft wool anklets with a single cable-stitch effect on each side are indicative of the luxurious trend in accessories—a natural aftermath of wartime rationing. In blue and yellow, these anklets furnish a dash of color.

India madras swim shorts were so widely accepted on the famous beaches at Nassau, that it is safe to predict many men will wear them, or similar plaid cotton shorts, in northern resorts. The latest versions are bright in tone, and the model with side straps is preferred. ##

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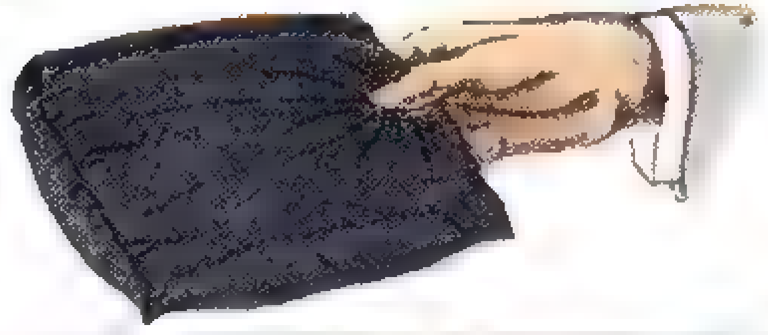
that folds to pocket size



Zephyr $10^{00}

Beckhoff sketches the Zephyr at a Long Island Country Club

Satisfaction Unconditionally Guaranteed Made from Miracle Fabric

A new miracle fabric developed out of wartime research and experience now gives you "the coat you never expected to find"—a fold-up raincoat weighing less than 10 oz. that is actually stronger than coats of fabric 5 times as heavy. This is the new *Zephyr* by Rainfair—a raincoat with this amazing combination of advantages:

- 1—100% waterproof
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- 3—Weighs about 10 oz.
- 4—Folds up pocketsize in a self-fabric envelope
- 5—Absolutely odorless
- 6—Will not stick, harden, or crack
- 7—Grease and oil proof, stainproof, mildewproof, sunproof, acid proof
- 8—Can be cleaned with a damp cloth

These are the reasons why thousands are discovering that *Zephyr* is the raincoat that gives more than anyone could ask. Many men are buying two, an extra one to keep in the car or office.

You can get Zephyr waterproof raincoats at America's finer men's stores everywhere. Select one today. To avoid disappointment if your retailer doesn't have Rainfair's *Zephyr*, for name of nearest store write to: Rainfair, Inc., Racine, Wis.

(Figure at right wears the Zephyr Golf Suit. It will be available later at men's wear and sporting goods stores everywhere.)

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ESQUIRE ON THE RECORD

BEST SELLERS

***Compiled by* GILBERT SELDES**

Not Music

Treasure Island—R. L. Stevenson
Decca—Thomas Mitchell
Orchestra—Victor Young
Director—George Wells
Moby Dick—Herman Melville
Decca—Charles Laughton
Adapted by Brainerd Duffield
Orchestra—Victor Young
Stories for Children
Capitol—Margaret O'Brien

The business of recording narrative or drama undoubtedly got its impetus during the strike a year or so ago; but the releases keep coming. Columbia has made rather a specialty of recording such radio programs as Corwin's, and there are signs in the sky that the great commercial comics will not be lost to the record business. Orson Welles and Charles Laughton are the most active voices.

And such a natural exploitation as Margaret O'Brien for children's stories shows admirable judgment.

Treasure Island makes a special note of "sound effects." Naturally, since we are getting dramatized fictions here, we expect sound to be as true, or as useful, as it is in radio

The questions are: will customers listen to a story or play many times over? Will people continue to buy such albums for relatively few playings?

Ambitious Project

The History of Jazz
Capitol—Various Groups
1. The 'Solid' South; with Leadbelly, Zutty Singleton, Wingy Manone and others.
2. The Golden Era; with Paul Whiteman, Jack Teagarden, Red Nichols and others.
3. Then Came Swing; with Benny Carter, Sid Catlett, T-Bone Walker and others.
4. This Modern Age; with Coleman Hawkins, Nat (King) Cole, Billy Butterfield and others.

(And four interesting booklets by Dave Dexter, Jr., who executed the entire project.)

These forty sides, in four albums, are dedicated to the proposition that even the remote beginnings of the great American music are recoverable, if not exactly reproducible, by men now living. The recent re-arrival of Bunk Johnson reminded us how brief the span is from New Orleans to the purest jam sessions of today.

In such a collection as this, you can't get the re-pressed originals of a Morton; in Whiteman's *Wang Wang Blues* you do get the original arrangement and members of the outfit which recorded the piece—Whiteman's first—in 1924; but there are missing men, who died young.

Naturally, the album cannot offer top men under contract to other companies; but those named alongside here are versatile enough to give you a balanced picture. The two middle sections will not suffer as much criticism as the first and last; because people are far more disputatious about the far beginning and the latest moment in swing and jazz than they are about the transition periods.

Popular-Classic

Schubert Melodies
Columbia—Marek Weber
Swan Lake—Tchaikovsky
Victor—St. Louis Symphony
Conductor Vladimir Golschmann

In the first of these, Columbia has given to a conductor known chiefly for Viennese waltzes and tangos, the job of recording some twenty items by a profound romantic. Somehow I am dubious at finding the *Unfinished Symphony* stuck in with the *Erl King*; how unfinished is it to be?

Swan Lake, called a "recordrama," marks another tendency—to excite the listener's interest by a printed addition to the recordings. It is appropriate here because the pictures show the *Swan Lake* ballet.

Miscellany

'Down-East' Music with a Salty Flavor
Musicraft—Earl Rogers

With his guitar, Rogers wanders from *Blow the Man Down* to songs of crime and sudden death (*Brookfield Murder, Ocean Burial*). This is a rich field for material; we have a special character in songs about events.

Way Down Yonder in New Orleans
Majestic—Louis Prima

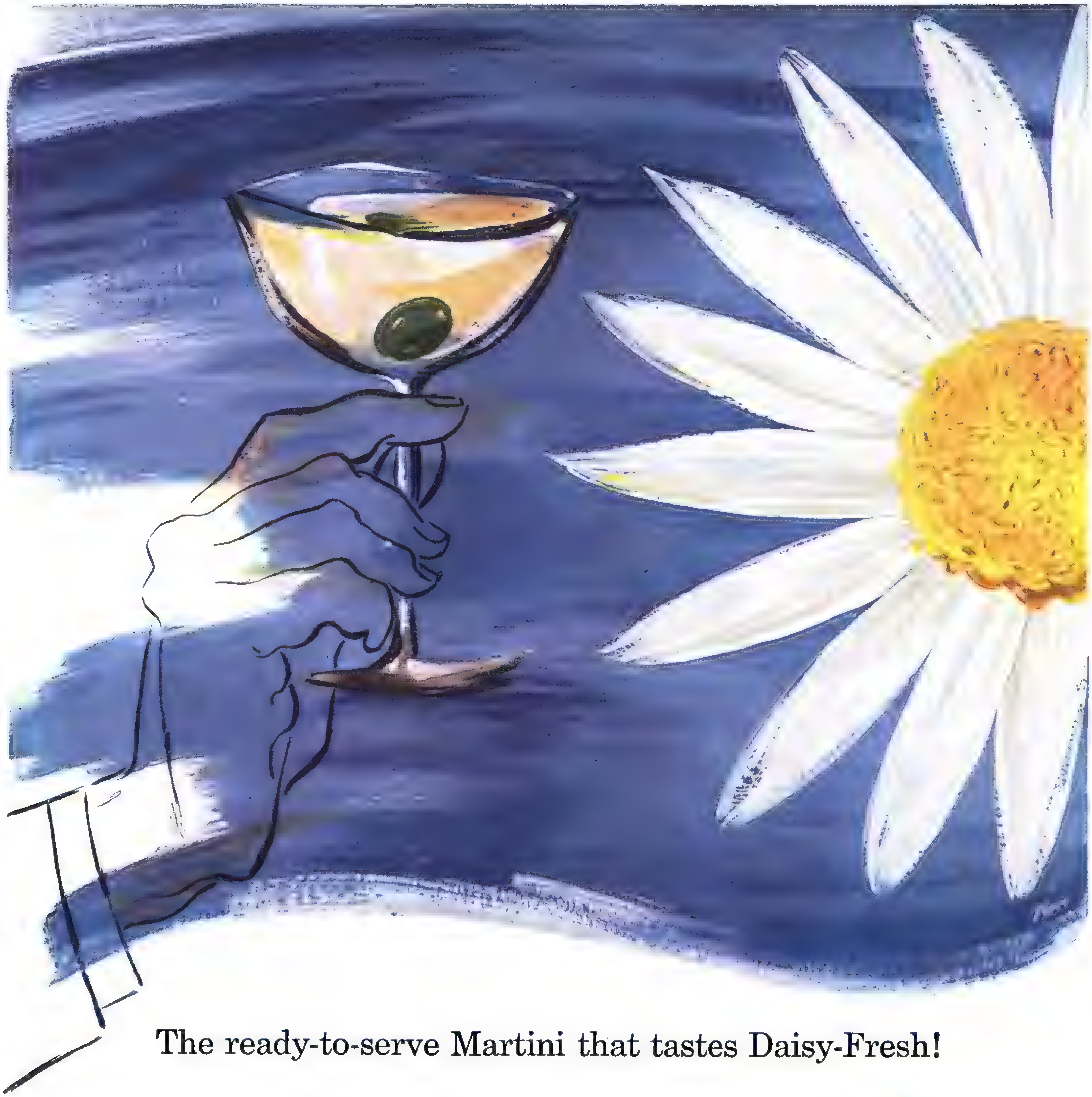
Louis Prima's popularity is boundless; and it is for such matters as the old-fashioned material he uses here. It's not New Orleans jazz, kiddies.

Lonely Room—Rodgers
Decca—Alfred Drake

Decca issues two records of the less familiar songs from *Oklahoma!* Included are *It's a Scandal* and two sides of *The Farmer and the Cowman.*

Welcome to My Dreams—Burke-Van Heusen
Decca—Bing Crosby

The old master let's you in on the sentimental melody of the *Road to Utopia.* Also another spring song: *It's Anybody's Spring.* At this writing, the other one—*It Might as Well Be Spring*—is a top favorite and deserves it.



The ready-to-serve Martini that tastes Daisy-Fresh!

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dry martini
Hiram Walker
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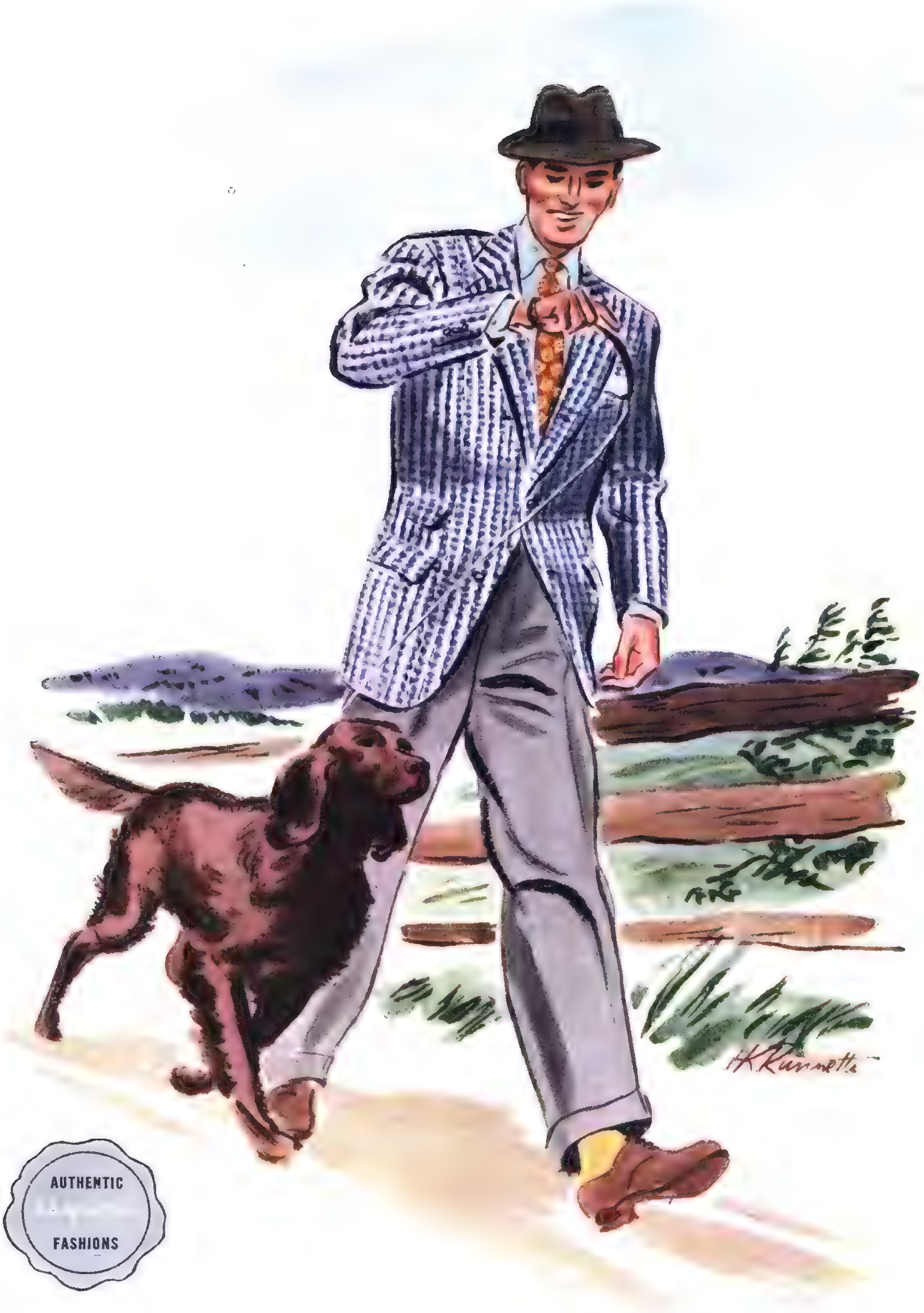

AUTHENTIC
FASHIONS

PACE SETTERS

Drawing by H. Runnette

Rover and a dog's best friend set off at a brisk clip up the country road. We suspect that the leash won't last long and Rover will be bounding off in search of something on the wing for a point, even if it's only a butterfly. The two-legged party is right out in front with his sport jacket in the new light tone. White threads are woven with blue, and the small over-all pattern is trend making. There's another new note in those low-set buttons. With the jacket he wears grey flannel slacks, which also are lighter in tone than the usual "grey flannel color." There's a nice bright note in his printed foulard tie, against his Oxford shirt. His stitched brown hat is a popular plain style for country wear and is smoothed up with a plain ribbon band.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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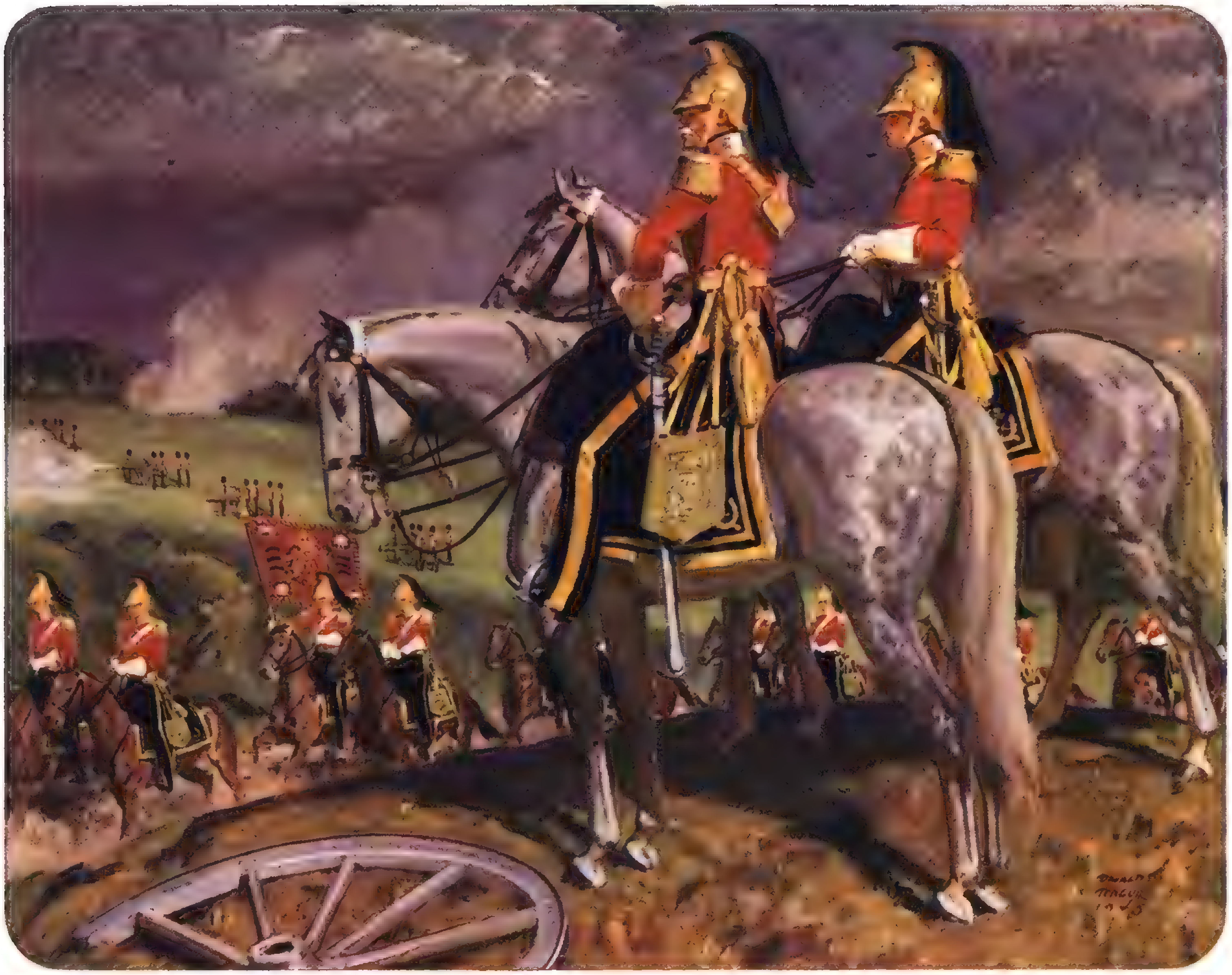
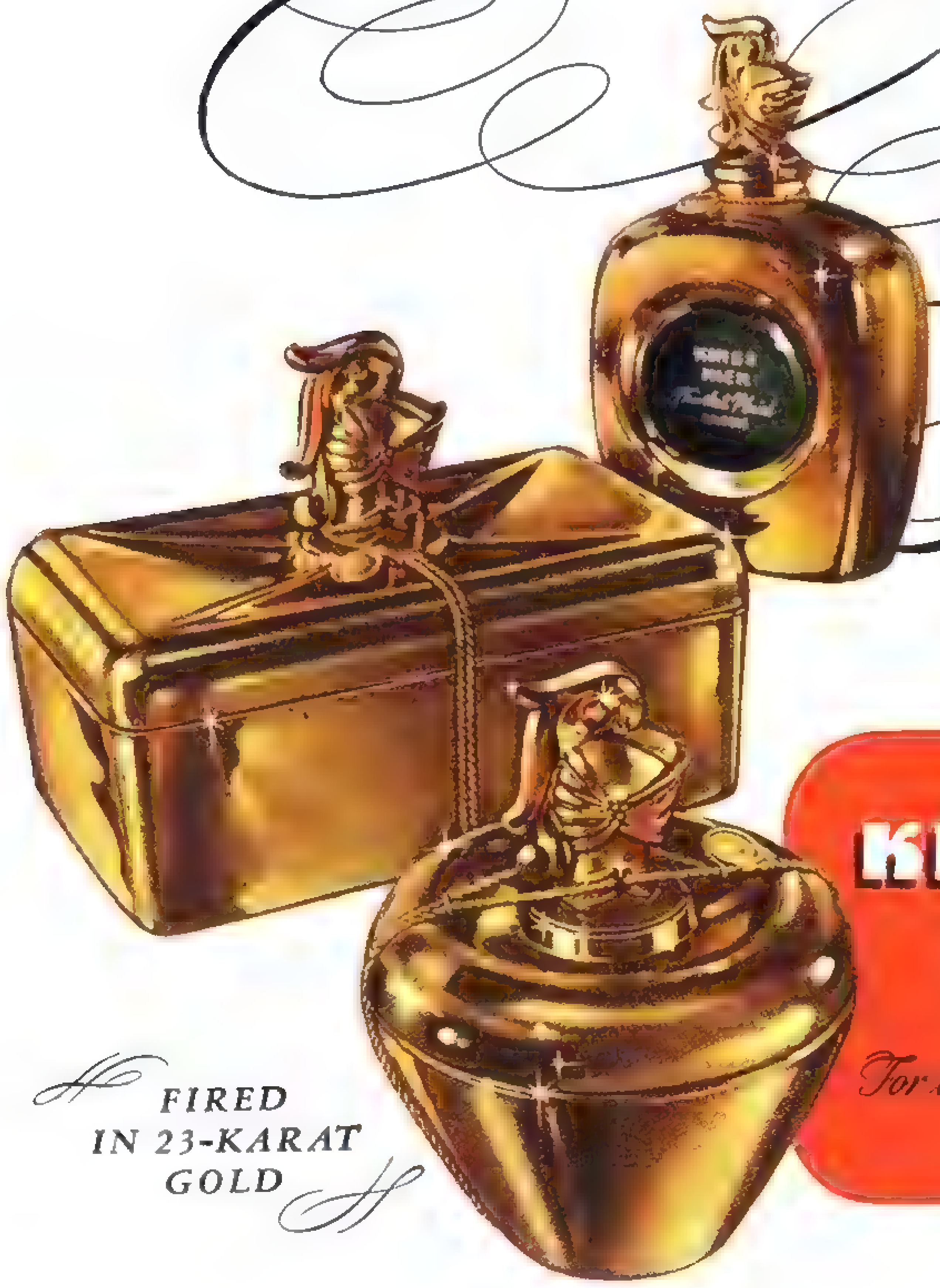


Officers 6th Dragoon Guards (Carabiniers). One of a series of paintings in the Kings Men collection by Donald Teague.*

Toiletries WITH A GOLDEN HERITAGE OF Britain's Great Traditions



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*Beautiful color reproductions of the Donald Teague painting, illustrated above, without advertising, ready to frame, will be mailed to you upon receipt of 25¢

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First Nights & Passing Judgments

Continued from page 91

dramaturgy is still weak; his last act, for one example, is redundant and might well be dispensed with; but he hints that he may have some future competence.

In the way of musical shows, finally, the Kern-Hammerstein *Show Boat* proves in its revival after these many years to be still one of the American stage's melodic treasures and a better show all around than anything we have been offered since the same twain's *Music In The Air* of fourteen years ago. Jan Clayton, in the present cast, is a considerable improvement over Norma Terris, who was the original Magnolia; Charles Fredericks is an at least fifty times more engaging Ravenal than Howard Marsh; Kenneth Spencer is a better Ol' Man River Joe than Bledsoe and comes pretty close to matching Paul Robeson who followed the latter in the second production several years later; and while Carol Bruce is no Helen Morgan, her Julie nonetheless has a moving quality of its own and, surely, a visual beauty that the late lamented Helen's measurably lacked. A few of the other roles miss something, in particular the Parthy Ann originally played by Edna May Oliver and the Frank by Sammy White. But small matter.

It is, as it has been before, an evening of honest sentimental delight, and with some of the best songs that Kern or anyone else in his American set ever wrote. #

Train to Blois

Continued from page 73

wandered up and down the road, hoping against hope for a staff-car. I shivered in the warm December sun. My head turned from side to side seeking inspiration. I looked idly at the pawnshop next door. The conventional gimcracks filled the window—a hunting horn, three andirons, some old plates, a pair of fine riding boots, a plaque of decorations and in the center of it the Legion of Honor. I looked up. Good Lord, I thought, a fellow must be pretty low before he will pawn a Legion of Honor. *Legion of Honor!* Legion of Honor?

I had not served two months on General Pershing's staff for nothing. The inspiration came quickly. *I knew!* The Legion of Honor carried first-class railroad privileges on any train in France. I smiled. My hand slipped into my pocket and I fingered my billfold. I paid my check and walked into the pawnshop.

Monsieur Fitte came forward, old, bent and grizzled. On his shabby coat the soups of yesterday fought for recognition with the vintage wines of the years past. He shrugged his shoulders questioningly. He did not speak. A year in France had taught me I must not come to the point too quickly. I was just looking around. I moved from one crowded counter to the next. Finally, I came to the group of decorations. "The Legion of Honor?" I asked, as though I didn't care whether I bought it or not. At least I thought I was being indifferent. "*Combien?*"

"Fifty francs."

I'd been willing to pay one hundred, but a year's bargaining in France had taught me that this was unnecessary. I shook my head. "Twenty-five."

The game was on. At twelve minutes before four your father was decorated with the Legion of Honor for thirty-two francs, fifty centimes. I looked at myself in the mirror. It was a handsome decoration. I looked again. I saluted myself.

Monsieur Fitte returned, "It is difficult," he said in a combination of French and very bad English, "to acquire the Legion of Honor without having first won the *Croix de Guerre*."

This was a serious comment. "The *Croix de Guerre*," I remarked. "*Combien?*"

Monsieur Fitte and I went into an executive bargaining session and presently the *Croix de Guerre* appeared on the manly chest of the newly-heroic lieutenant. "Many a man had gotten the *Croix de Guerre* for less trouble," I thought. I did not respect the *Croix de Guerre*. I had an idea that it came up with the rations.

And now Monsieur Fitte saw his opportunity. It was not every day that he could sell decorations. "Does *mon lieutenant* wish some palms on his *Croix de Guerre*? *Mon Capitaine* Fonk has sixty-two palms on his *Croix de Guerre*."

"No," I said modestly, "I couldn't use sixty-two. But a couple would not look bad. Would you suggest two or three?"

"Why, *mon lieutenant*, three. Two bronze and one silver. All three for ten francs." I got them for five.

"*Mon lieutenant* would like to look at other decorations?"

It was a comprehensive collection, and before long I had the Military Cross, the Distinguished Service Order and the Mons Cross.

"Ah, but *mon lieutenant* should be an internationalist. At least one decoration should come from Italy and one from Belgium."

Not bad at all! I admired decorations, particularly if there were enough to make a couple of rows of them. And so the Military Order of Savoy and the Order of Leopold were added. M. Fitte (let me say for his great artistic temperament) was lost in admiration. It was no longer simply a question of selling.

"*Tiens*, you could not have won all of those in one year," he said, as he looked at the two service stripes on my left arm. "You should have four, five, six. Marie!" He called to his wife, "Take the

Continued on page 128

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Train to Blois

Continued from page 127

tunic from *mon lieutenant* and sew on these service chevrons."

He walked to the back room and came forward with two glasses and an age-old bottle. The glasses were filled and with a smile, Monsieur Fitte raised his "To Our Hero!" I didn't bat an eye.

Finally, the Frenchman grasped my arm excitedly. "*Mon lieutenant*, you should have been wounded. Marie!" he called, "three wound stripes for *mon lieutenant*."

Five minutes later the tunic reappeared, no longer a somber, uninteresting olive drab. The coat was a noble garment. It gave me the appearance of one who is at least a major general. It told a story of heroism seldom equaled. I had three-and-a-half years of distinguished service. From Belgium to the Alps, the Allies testified to my courage and to my valor. I had been wounded three times. Still I could smile.

I raised my glass again, paid Fitte and was about to depart, when M. Fitte, in a moment of generosity such as I am sure he himself could never remember, picked out the scarlet *Fourragère* of the Legion of Honor and buttoned it on my shoulder. M. Fitte came toward me, brought both heels together, smiled, saluted, leaned forward and then kissed me first on the right cheek and then on the left. M. Fitte then stood back and saluted again. I drew myself up to attention and returned the salute. I felt the same glow that I might have felt had I been standing in the Court of Honor at the Invalides.

Monsieur Fitte was no longer a mere pawnbroker. In my eyes he had attained the stature of a Marshal of France.

I looked at my watch. I had ten minutes to catch my train. No cause to worry now. The Legion of Honor was but one of my many decorations.

I walked up to the newsstand to buy *La Vie Parisienne*, but certainly no such hero as I was could be found reading *La Vie*. I must read something in keeping with my dignity. *L'Illustration* would do nicely. I couldn't read it, of course, but the pictures would be reasonably interesting, and after all, Blois was only an hour and twenty minutes away. A French major came up as I was paying for my magazine and I brought myself up to a dignified salute.

"It is you who should be saluted," said the major.

"*Mon commandant*," I murmured deprecatingly as I walked toward the four-thirty train.

I got into the train in a leisurely manner and looked over the compartments with care. There was no use tempting the fates too far. I finally found an empty compartment and sat down. If the train would only start I would be safe. Blois was the first stop.

I opened *L'Illustration* and turned the pages carefully. I looked at my watch. It was four-twenty-eight. The door opened and in walked an American general—a major general at that! Over the top of *L'Illustration* I took in the sight. One thing was favoring me. The general wore no service stripes, and the two ribbons that he wore caused me no worry at all. How could a Mexican Border Medal and a Phillipe Badge compare with my medals? I almost laughed. Why, the general had practically no experience. I looked up again; the train was beginning to move. I was safe.

The general took a seat opposite mine and smiled. I gave just the modest nod that a lieutenant might give a major general. The mere fact that I was a hero did not make me less modest. The general looked at me with great interest.

"You have seen some real service, lieutenant."

"Yes, sir," I said. My modesty was really pretty overpowering.

"I see you thought there was an obligation even before the United States came in."

"Yes, sir. I thought—well, sir—that if we should do anything it should have been done when Belgium was invaded."

The general nodded quietly. He looked at me. "You know, lieutenant, I have only been over for two weeks myself, but I have learned that it isn't etiquette to ask a man how he won his decorations, but well, to hell with etiquette. Tell me about them."

Many things flashed through my mind. Of course, I had carried the message from Foch at the first Battle of the Marne, where I had

Continued on page 130

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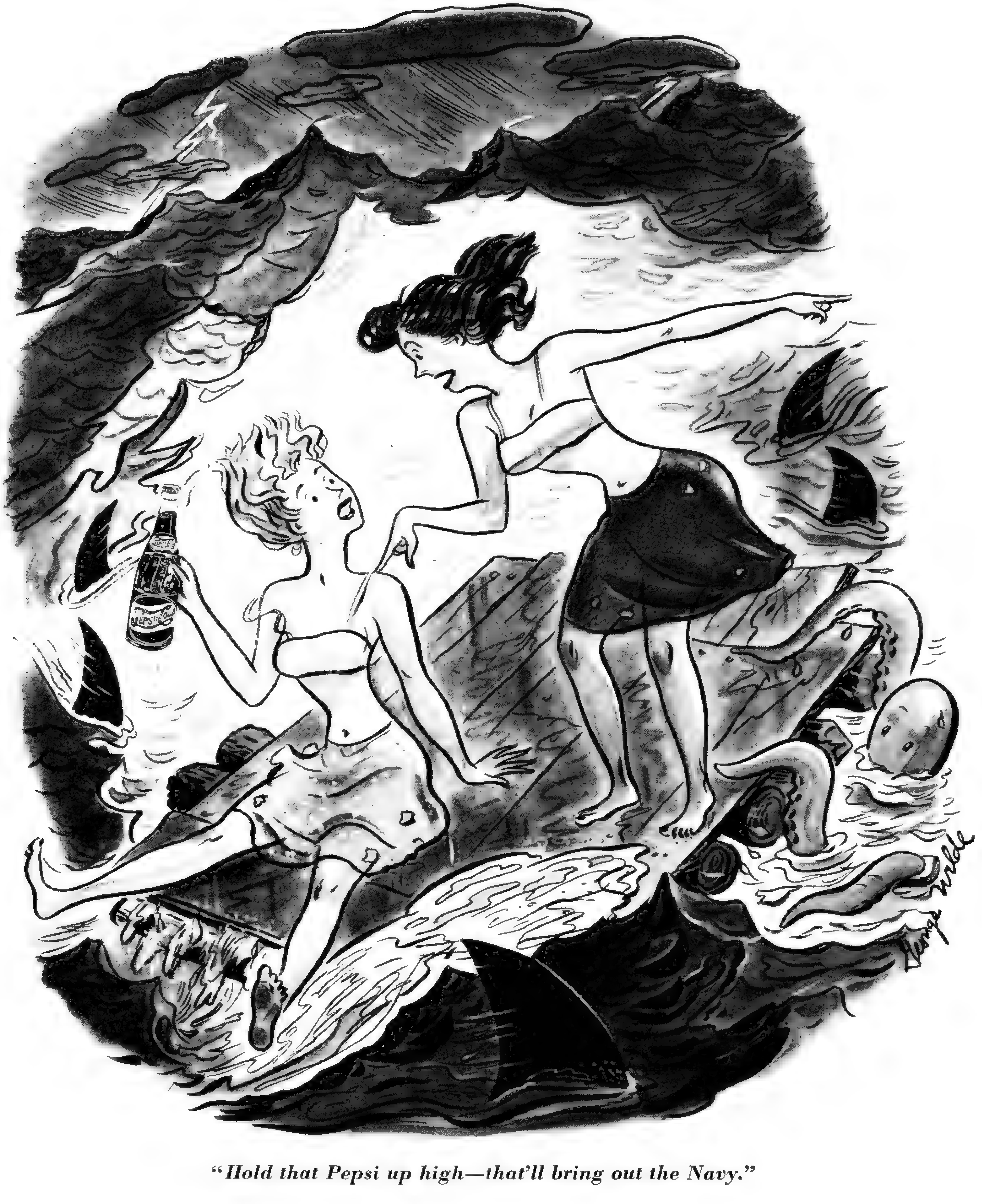

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WORN WITH PRIDE BY MILLIONS

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Train to Blois

Continued from page 128

served with the Iron Division. I saw myself reeling into Papa Joffre's headquarters, covered with dirt and sweat from my hard ride, exhausted, almost fainting, but carrying the famous note: "My right has been rolled up; my left has been driven back; my center has been smashed. I have ordered an advance from all directions." Joffre had kissed me, with tears in his eyes. Then there was that day when Burgomeister Max had told me that life did not matter, but that it was only honor.

I could entertain the general for an hour and twenty minutes easily. And then I just couldn't.

I remembered the answer of the young English captain who had won the Victoria Cross. I had known Captain Anderson for a long time. We were friends. Finally one evening after a number of whiskey and sodas, I had asked him how he had won the V. C. Captain Anderson had looked up at me. There was genuine surprise in his eyes. "There was a bit of a skirmish."

The general looked up and said, "And they call us braggarts. Good boy." He leaned over and patted me on the knee.

We were skimming along through the country, and soon we were pulling into Blois. No trouble here. I had been adjutant of the post. I knew everybody, and they all knew me. I got up to leave and saluted the general formally.

"Lieutenant," the general stood up and put his hand on my shoulder. "I have a boy. If he were ever to win distinction as you have, I hope he would carry his honors as modestly!"

I said, "It was nothing, really nothing." The general smiled and I hopped off. I looked around the station office for Ben Morris, the transportation officer, but of course, Ben would be up at Madame Fouchard's. The sergeant in charge looked at me. There was no credulity in his welcome.

"Hell, lieutenant—been robbing the national museum? Glad to see you back." He shook hands with me. I looked at my watch. I had only a quarter of an hour to make the appointment, but that was enough.

I walked up the familiar streets. Casual officers sent there for reassignment or discharge eyed me enviously. Finally I reached Madame Fouchard's. I hurried through the side gate and in the back door. I could hear Madame Fouchard and the six heroes of the Battle of Blois organizing.

"But," said Red, "how in the hell can he get here? He missed the three o'clock train and the four-thirty is an all French train. They told me so at the station. That's true, isn't it? Ben knows. He handles those French trains."

"I don't know," drawled Ben, "I haven't the vaguest idea if he has stolen General Harbord's car or requisitioned a government plane or walked."

My hand was on the knob, but I listened.

"Tom said he would be here, and I have implicit faith in his inability to miss a good party."

I opened the door. Seven pairs of eyes were on me, seven mouths opened. Madame Fouchard turned to me. Bobby Long was on his feet exclaiming, "Attention, you bums. Good lord, it's the Prince of Wales!"

"Madame," I said as I kissed her on both cheeks, "seven bottles of Vouvray, 1893. No substitutes. Kiss me!"

"Gentlemen," Bobby Long called out, "are you ready? *Chanson nationale!*"

Seven clear voices started *Mademoiselle from Armentières,* and the reunion of the Heroes of the Battle of Blois was under way . . .

* * *

"Yeah," Tommy said, "that's swell. The world goes to hell, only fruit salad remains. What did you do with 'em, Dad?"

"Put them in a trunk in the cellar with my old junk. I kept them so that when my son would say to me, 'Pop, what did you do in the great war?' I could tell him that story." ⧺

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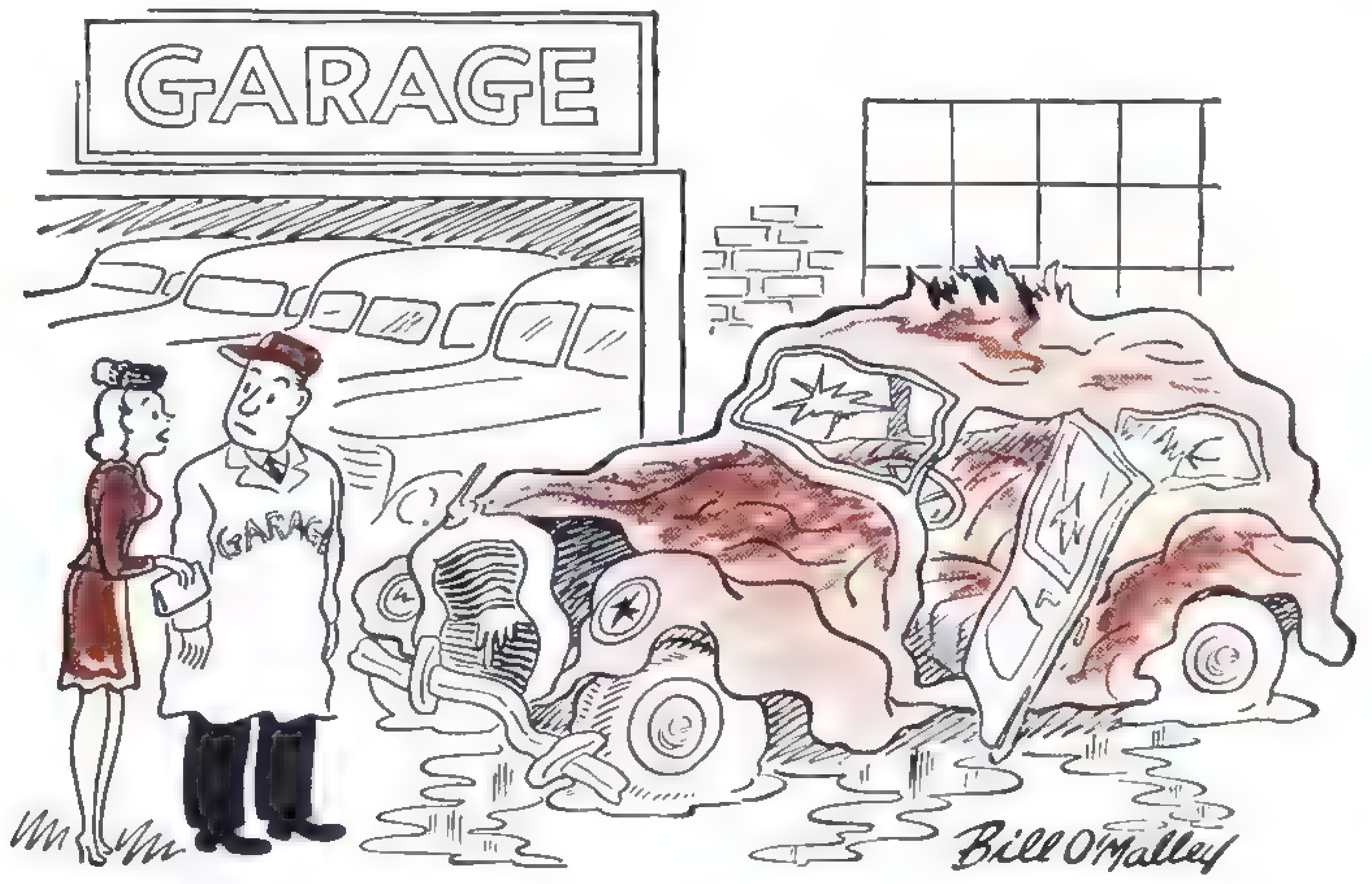

"Oh, yes, and the clock stopped, too!"

Message Found in a Bottle

(and what happened afterward)

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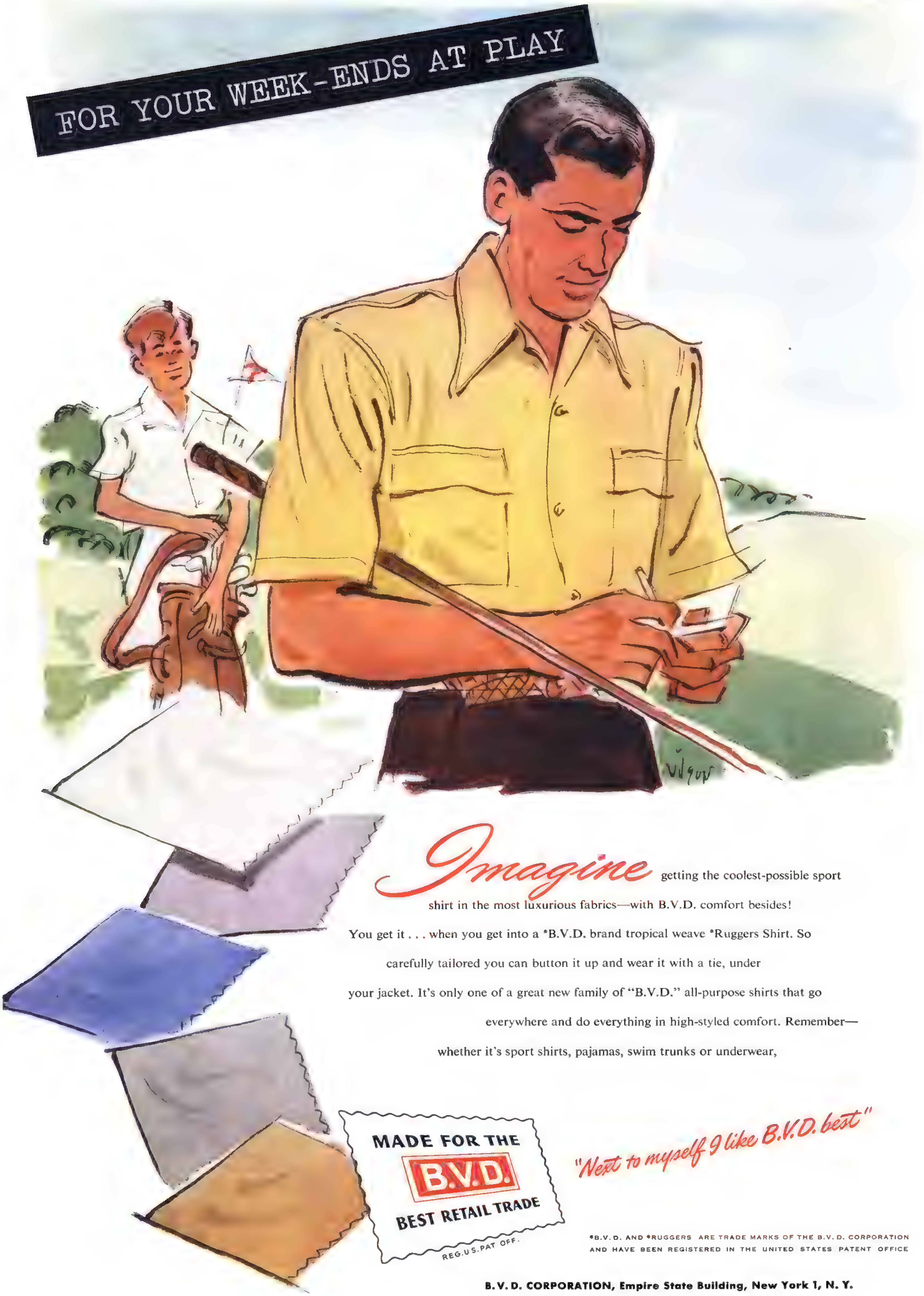

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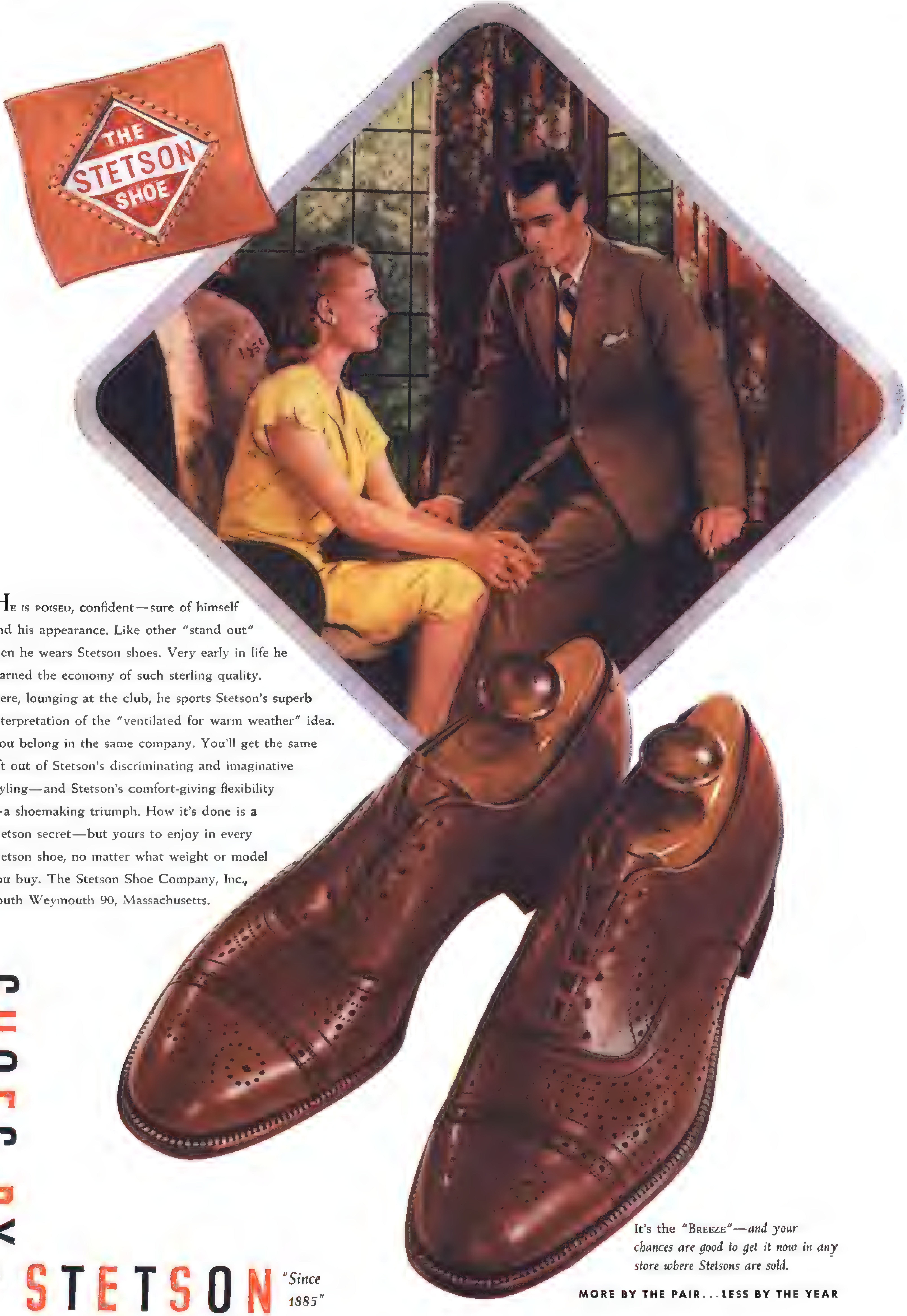

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Your Name in the Papers

Continued from page 83

sleeve. "You tell Mike, will ya? Tell 'um the kid don' mean nuthin'. Mike's a pro, see? He's a pro and he's tough as hell. But the kid don' mean nuthin'."

"Okay," I said. "Mike won't hurt him." The little soldier seemed relieved.

Two or three other fighters came in. Most of them looked like fighters. Fighters in fatigues. A tall boy with heavy shoulders came in. His hair was dark and curly, and his nose was a little too straight and solid-looking at the base.

"Hey, Doc," Mike said stiffly. "I'm gonna knock your head off."

"Hello, Mike." The kid was quietly handsome, discounting a long scar that ran all the way around the point of his chin. His eyes were brown and alive.

"You Bertellotti?" I asked.

"Yes, sir."

"I'm Flanagan from the *Herald*—New York."

"Yes, sir. I saw your picture in *Yank* when you were up in the Bulge."

"How'd you get mixed up in this fight business?"

"Well, sir, I guess I just like it." He smiled, a clean, straight smile with white teeth. "I boxed a little, professional, in college to pick up extra money."

"You drew a rough bird tonight, I'd say."

"Yes, sir. Mike's tough, all right. I'm all right, though. Maybe I'll get a draw."

"Sure you will. Probably you'll kick the hell out of him." The kid stripped off his fatigue jacket, kicked off his pants. He was really built, and his good-looking head seemed out of place on such a thick neck. His skin was tan-white, without any pink in it. He trotted over to the bag and punched a few rhythmic strokes that made the room echo b-r-r-r-t, b-r-r-r-t.

"Ah, Doc—hey, cut it out," Shorty said. "You gotta gitcha hands fixed first." The boy backed away from the punching stanchion, shadow-boxing.

"All right," he said, holding his hands out obediently. The little soldier wrapped them in a couple of yards of gauze, whispering earnestly. It struck me that the kid was big; more than six feet. I hadn't appreciated his size before. Shorty came up to the middle of his chest, not more.

"Take it easy, Shorty," the kid said aloud. "He won't hurt me." I walked over to watch the wrapping process. The kid had good hands. Hands with long, slender fingers, a little bony and spatulate at the tips, but clean. His nails were clean and had a filed look about them. The kind of hands that make you look at your own in self-consciousness.

"Come on, Irish," Morris yelled at me. "Let's get squatted. The press seats are gone already."

"Good luck, Doc," I said.

"Yes, sir," the kid said, and he smiled. His thin, hard nose wrinkled. I hurried out to catch up with the boys. They had picked four good seats in the second row. I sat down next to a Wac. A good-looking chick, but her mouth was too wide, and her hair was about halfway between blonde and brown. Not bad at all, but not my type. She was buried in *Stars and Stripes*, completely unconcerned about the more or less profane yelling behind us. And even more unconcerned about me.

"Good seats," Lambert said. He leaned over Morris and poked my arm. "Who's the dame?"

"How the hell would I know?"

"Making a big hit with her, I see."

"Shut up."

The first bout came on. A couple of small colored lads—about a hundred and a quarter—well muscled and shiny with sweat. They put on a pretty good exhibition of boxing. They couldn't hurt each other with fourteen-ounce gloves. The bouncy lad in the white corner got the decision, but I couldn't see any difference. The girl was still reading her paper, I noticed, at the end of the bout.

There were a couple of other fights before the finals came on, but not much to get excited about. The semi-finals were fairly good; light heavies, I figured, but I wasn't interested enough to check up on it. One was a boy from Montana who won on points—the other guy was a soft touch.

When time for the finals came around, the girl folded up her paper neatly and sat on it. She watched the entry aisles hopefully, as if something pretty big was about to happen. It did. Doc Bertellotti came out, solemnly, all wrapped up in a shiny yellow dressing gown. He wasn't smiling; he just looked businesslike. The bright yellow did something for his dark hair. He was plenty handsome. The chick's eyes sort of glowed, but her mouth was serious. Grim, almost. I touched her arm.

"I figured you didn't like fights," I said, working on an introduction. She looked at me, but her expression didn't change at all, and she didn't say anything. Just looked. My ears got hot, so I mumbled something about being sorry, and decided for damned sure she wasn't my type. About that time big Mike came stamping down the other aisle like a two-ton truck, shaking his hands over his head and yelling back at the boys. Both boxers climbed through the ropes and sat down on their little stools, swaddled in their robes, towels tucked in around their necks.

We were nearest Mike's corner, but I could see the kid's head and shoulders through the smoke. His eyes were closed, and his shoulders were relaxed against the corner post. Then he opened his eyes, and looked over my way and grinned. I thought

Continued on page 136

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BOSTONIANS AT THEIR FINEST

Your Name in the Papers

Continued from page 135

it was for me until I saw the girl lift an arm and wave at him. He nodded three or four times, then closed his eyes again and slumped back against the post. Little Shorty was fussing over him, mumbling in his ear, rubbing those big shoulders under the dressing gown. The announcer came out and started his chant.

"And now for the final match, two heavyweights," he yelled. The G.I.s quieted down, buzzed impatiently. "The challenger, Doc Bertellotti, weighing in at one hundred and ninety-nine pounds . . ." he waved a hand toward the white corner. The kid got up, looked around, and sat down again. ". . . versus Mike Bernoski, Lucky Strike champion, weighing in at two hundred and thirty-one pounds." Mike got up, went through the handshaking process again. He looked ridiculous, but the boys loved him. The fighters went to the center of the ring; the referee told them the usual story about clinches and to come out fighting. The kid slipped off his robe and carried it back to his corner. I noticed that the gloves were six-ounce professional fighting mitts. That made a difference. The arena took on an air of professionalism—the same feeling you get when you hold down a good seat in Madison Square.

"The kid looks good," Morris said, "but the big guy will beat him to death."

"I don't know," I said. "My money's on the kid."

"He's outweighed."

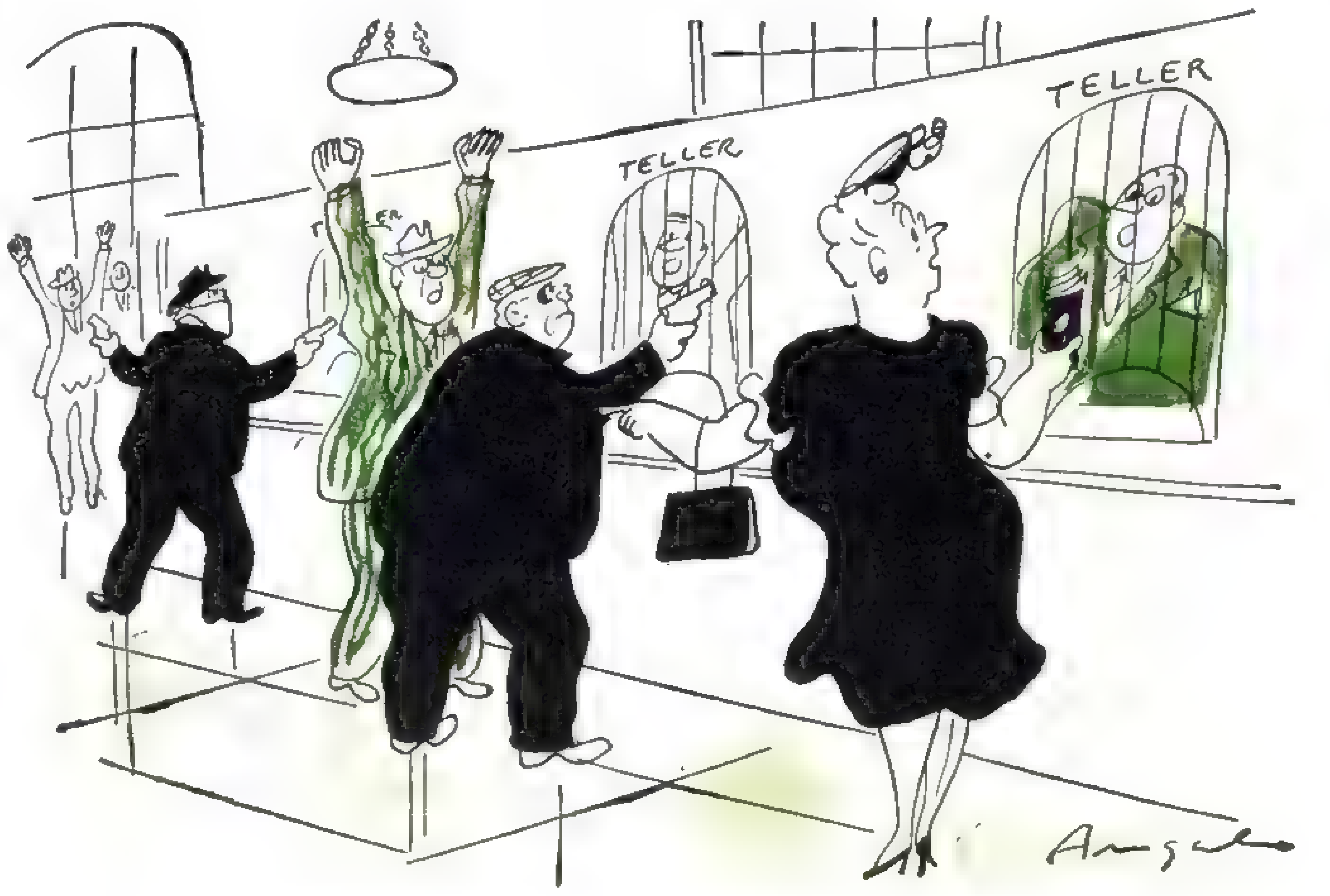
"Sure. But he's faster'n hell."

The bell rang. They both came out fast; the kid was wearing a mouthpiece. It puffed out his upper lip and made him look buck-toothed. He was fast, all right. He slipped in a couple of lefts under Mike's gloves and landed both of them, solid, on the jawbone. A couple for the judges, I thought. The kid could box, no doubt about that. But he wasn't a fighter. His punches were clean and fast—straight in and out. And his footwork was good. Mike looked the same as he had in the dressing room. His gloves were out in front of him, his expression dead, his eyes cold. Now and then he flicked out a hook against the kid's body—punches you could feel in the third row. He had a way of getting his shoulder into it. He drove in a left that beat down the kid's hand, and chopped over a right that landed in the middle of the face. The girl's hand grabbed my arm. I looked at it, but didn't say anything. Her fingers dug into my arm. She was strong, for a girl. And then the kid landed one in the middle of Mike's chin. It didn't look like much, and it didn't sound solid. But Mike went down, and the ref started a count.

"He's bleeding," the girl said. The kid was bleeding, all right. He had smeared the blood around his nose some, and there was a red ribbon running down the little hollow above his upper lip. The bell rang. Mike got up and went to his corner. Outside of the blood, the kid was just about the same, maybe breathing a little heavier, with his eyes closed, relaxing against the post. I could hear Mike grunting at his seconds, but I wasn't listening to him. I couldn't take my eyes off the kid. The girl hadn't taken her hand off my arm, but I didn't notice it much. I don't yell at fights or wave my arms around. I don't usually get much upset about fights. But I was this time. The girl was excited, too. I could hear her breathing, almost sobbing.

The second round started. The kid came out with the bell, but he didn't seem to be all in it. He was tired, or something like that. Mike lammed him on the ear once, and the kid flinched, covered up his face and danced away. Then he came back, and his eyes looked mad as hell. And he began to fight. Mike backed up into the ropes, covered up; the kid kept crowding him. He wasted a few on Mike's gloves, and then swung a right that gave the big bird a fat eye. And then Mike sort of

Continued on page 138



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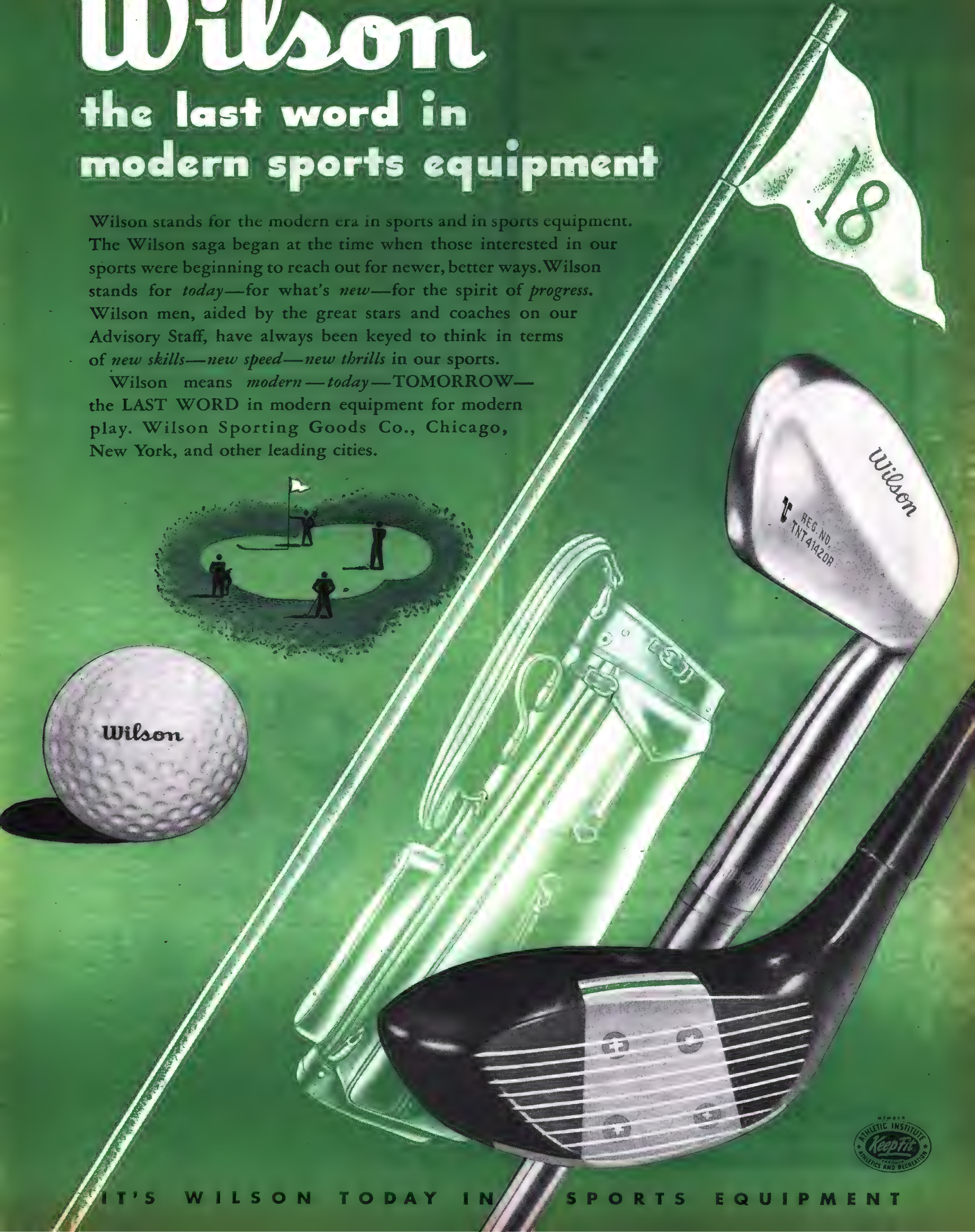
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Your Name in the Papers

Continued from page 136

pivoted out on his left foot and let go a punch that landed right on the kid's beak. You could hear it all over the building. The kid staggered and dropped his hands. All of a sudden the place was silent. I was holding my breath, and I guess everybody else in the place was, too. There wasn't a sound except for the smack of that wicked little mitt on the kid's chin. The girl dug her fingers into my arm until it really hurt. The kid straightened up with the punch, and then teetered over to the right. He didn't crumple up the way most kayos do. He fell straight; his knees didn't buckle. He might have hurt himself if the referee hadn't caught him about halfway down. The ref squatted there in the ring, holding the kid, looking around sort of helplessly. There wasn't a sound in the gym. Mike turned his back and scuffled off to his corner and stayed there.

The kid didn't wake up. He was really out. There wasn't any need for counting, and besides the ref was busy. He let the kid's head down easy, and motioned for Shorty. The little soldier came in with a towel and a bucket of water. The fight was over.

The girl was still clutching my arm when they brought the kid around and made him stand up and get out of the ring. It was a couple of minutes before the crowd started to leave, so we just sat there, the girl holding my arm.

"Let's go back to the dressing room," Lambert said.

Okay," I said, and shook my arm a little. The girl didn't let go.

"I want to go back there too."

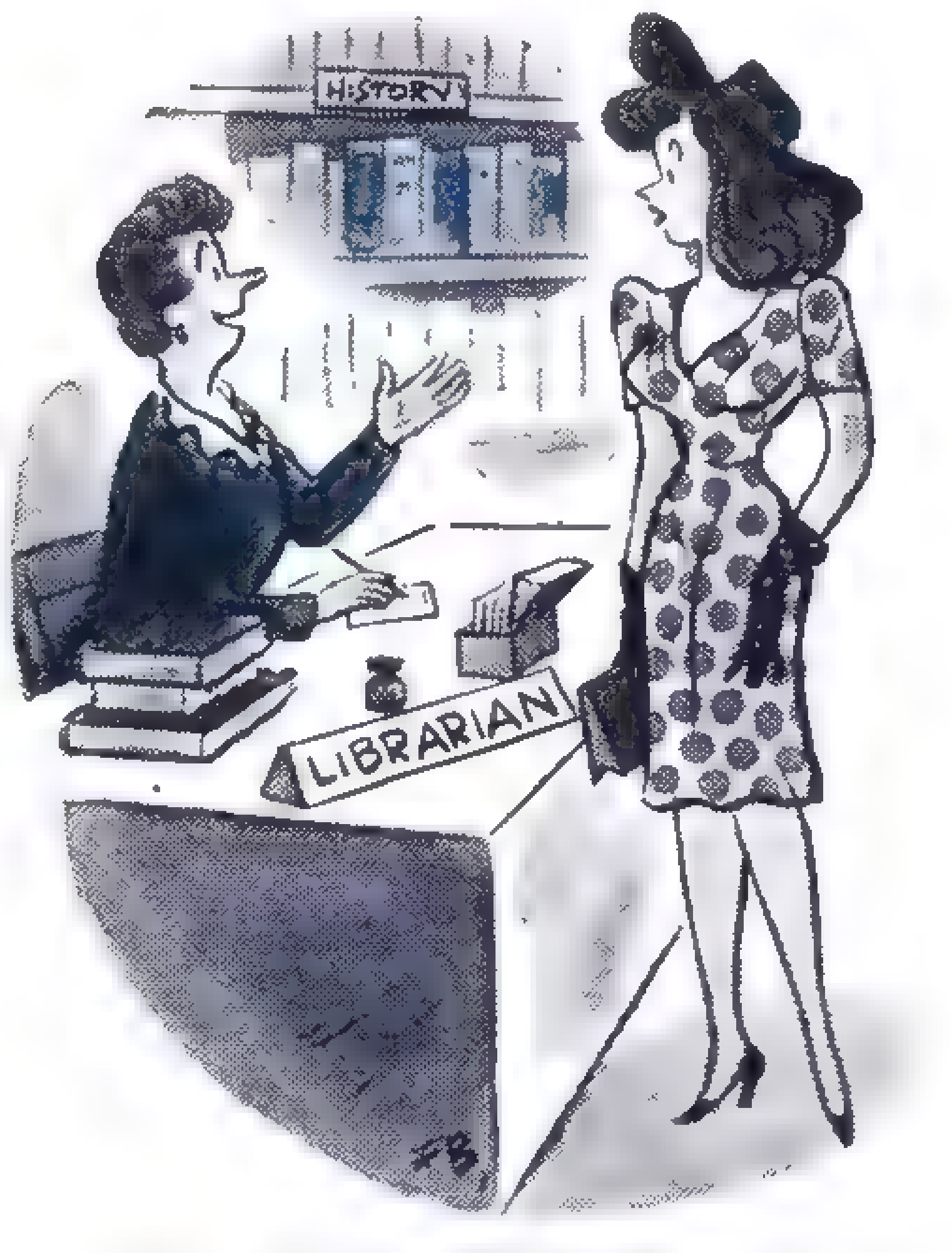
"What the hell for?"

"I've got to see Doc. I've got to tell him something."

"Tell him tomorrow. Besides, they won't let you in there."

"They will. They've got to."

"All right," I said. "We'll see about that." She was still hanging on to my wrist when we got up and wiggled between the seats to get to the aisle. We made a silly-looking procession back to the dressing room. Morris knocked on the door and stuck his head in.



"You'll find 'The Bride's Cookbook' in fiction!"

"Okay for a dame to come in here?" I couldn't see in, but I heard somebody say it would be all right. We went in. The kid was stretched out on the padded table, his chin hanging over the edge. He had a wet towel slapped on the back of his neck, and his nose was still dripping a little blood. The girl stood there, looking at him, not making a sound. Big Mike stood at the edge of the table, his bandaged hands dangling helplessly somewhere in the vicinity of his knees.

"Oh, hell, kid. C'm' on. Lemme rub ya down." His bare shoulders were hairy, and sweat was running down the small of his back.

"Get away from me, you big bastard," the kid said. "Get away from me."

"Aw, jeez, kid. Don't get sore. I didn' wanna hurt ya . . ." there was real sincerity in Mike's gravel voice.

"Get the hell away from me, will you?" The kid sat up suddenly. He didn't look so good. He'd had a hell of a beating, and he knew it. His left ear was swollen, and the top of it was tilted forward, the cartilage broken. His nose was a rotten mess, pushed over to starboard. It was broken, of course, but still straight. It might be a trifle lopsided, though. He looked at the girl. And then all of a sudden he started to cry. Big sobs. He covered his face with his hands, but the tears, pink with a tinge of blood from his nose, soaked into the bandages.

"Oh, damn it," he said. "Damn it all to hell." The girl let go my arm and went over to him, put a hand on his bare back.

"I don't want to be a fighter," the kid said. "I don't want to fight. I want to be a doctor. How the hell can I fight and be a doctor? I'll look like hell—a hell of a looking doctor. I'm going to quit. By God. This is the last one."

"Aw, jeez, kid. You don't hafta quit," big Mike said. "You don't needa quit. You're awright. Honest-ta-Gawd, kid. I went down, di'n I? Ya don' wanna quit."

The girl put her other arm around the kid and just held him there, his head pressing against her breast. I got a bit choked up.

"It's all right, Doc," she said. She didn't say it, really. She just breathed it to him. She was crying too. The kid dropped his hands away from his face and stared at her. His eyes were red, and he looked a hell of a mess.

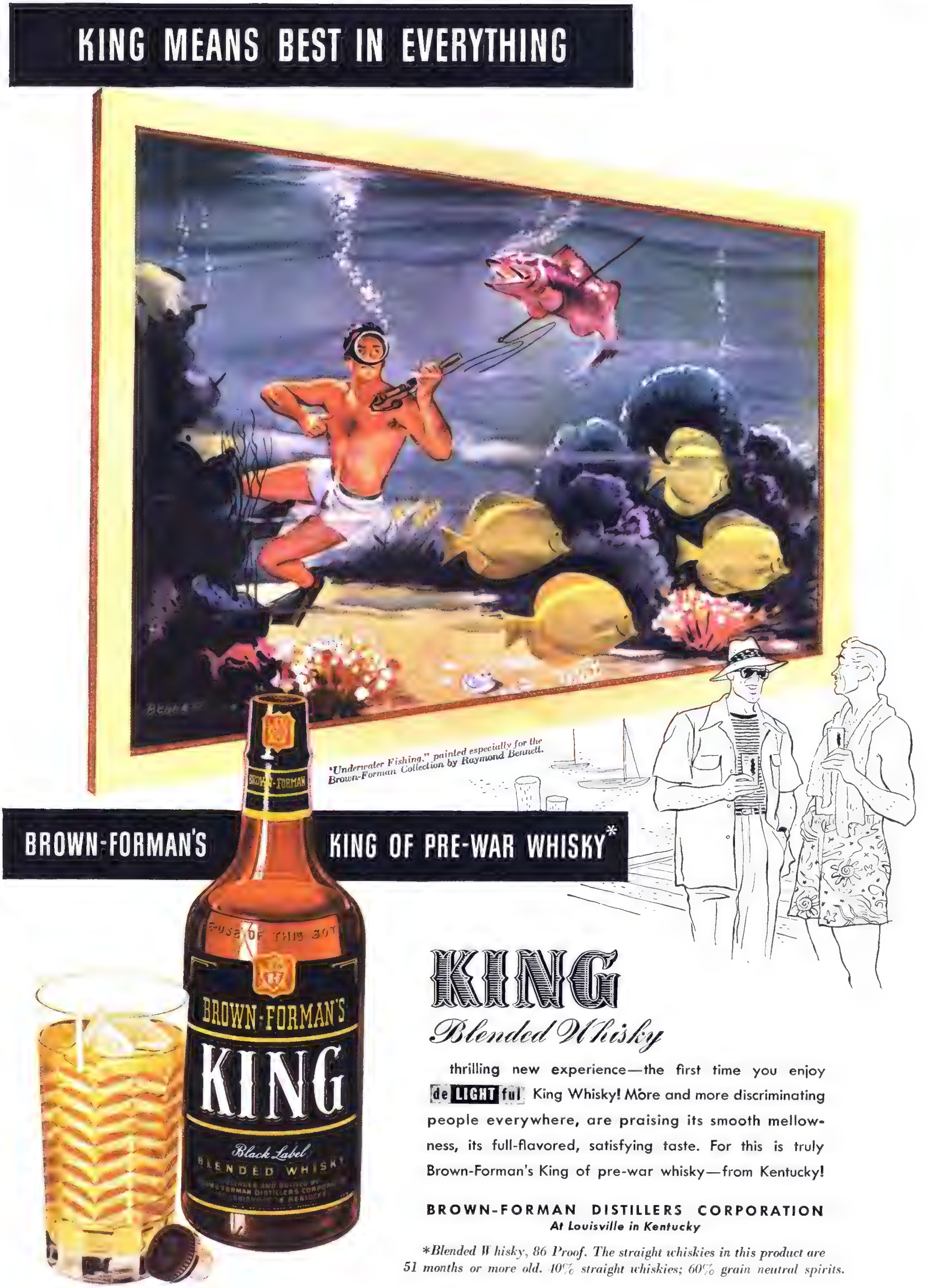
"Shut up, Margaret. Stop sniffling. And get the hell out of here. I'll meet you in the Red Cross for a cup of coffee. Go on." The girl let her fingers trail across his damp back, lovingly. Her mouth was too wide, but she had a hell of a nice smile.

"All right," she said. She turned around and walked out, without looking at any of us. The kid smiled, a shy sort of smile.

"You can put that in the papers if you want," he said.

We went outside, walking fast. It's a long drive to Paris. #

Continued from page 83



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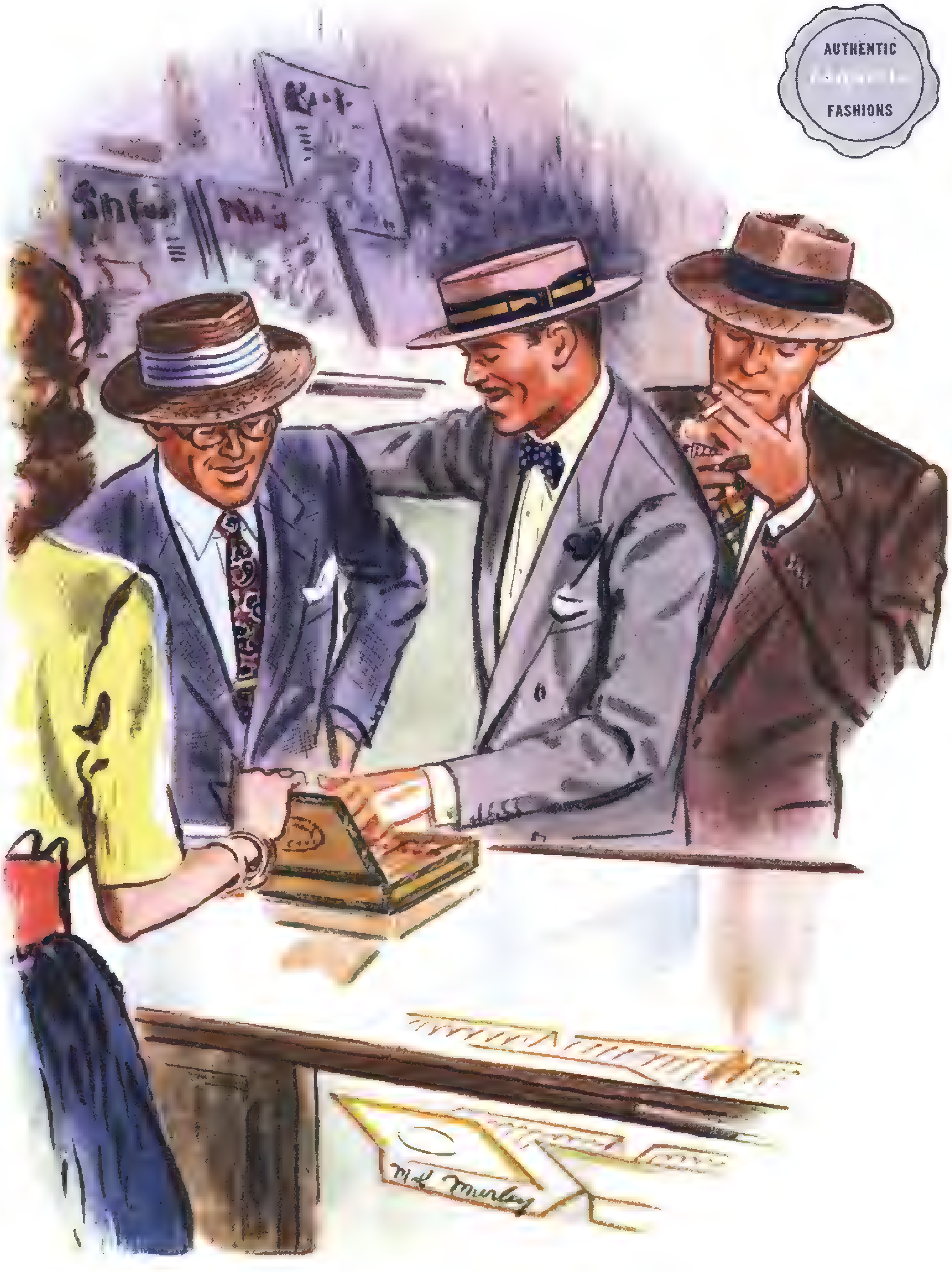

CIGARS, CIGARETTES...

Drawing by Malcolm Murley

After luncheon these three stop by at the cigar counter to do their tobacco shopping and enjoy a kind word from the pretty lady before they return to the rigors of executive life. With good heads on their shoulders, they also have good hats on their heads. The man in the red-white-and-blue combination at left, takes a plain white puggree on his pork pie coconut palm hat. (It could double for wear with a summer dress jacket.) The middle man—and we don't mean his business—has a club striped band on his sennit (boater) straw skimmer. The cigarette man liked that color combination of black band on tan felt so well last winter that he got the same hat idea in mesh weave panama. "Don't let a good thing get away," says he.

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White Rock *keeps you sparkling, too!*

A Great Town for Characters

Continued from page 86

and set up housekeeping. Muriel went about telling people that while she didn't really love Ralph, and never had, she was fond of him, admired his character and respected the keenness of his mind. She repeated all this to old Mrs. Hatten, of all people, when Ralph took her to call on the old lady one Sunday afternoon.

Now, I ask you? Is that the kind of thing a girl says about the man she plans to marry, and right to his face too? Ralph's mother was a lady of the old school, pretty prim and strait-laced, I must admit, and she was pretty shocked when Muriel got to talking about birth control and how marriage was simply an economic arrangement, like any other. She rebuked Muriel for her attitude, but Muriel said she believed in being open and aboveboard; that she wouldn't marry Ralph or anybody else under false pretenses. She gave the old lady as good as she got, if not better, because Muriel had the statistics at the tip of her tongue to back up everything she said. When I heard about that conversation later, I said, "Good for Muriel!" I guess I never liked Mrs. Hiram R. Hatten too much. She was an old windbag, I always thought. She'd talk your arm off if you gave her half a chance. Personally, I think there should be a little give and take in a conversation, but old Mrs. Hatten carried on a monologue, with nobody getting a word in edgeways once she got you cornered.

By the way, I don't believe you said where you're staying here in town. Oh, so you got a room at Mrs. *Cagle's*! Ha, ha, ha! —Excuse me, please! . . . Well, it's comfortable, I hear. The only drawback I can think of is this: they say if you put down anything valuable, and leave it unguarded for a minute, you'll never see it again. I'll bet Mrs. Cagle was glad when you showed up like manna from heaven—a complete stranger like you! All her regulars left long ago. Oh, well, she sets a fair table, they say.

But let's get back to the Little Theatre. Muriel and Ralph got it organized without too much trouble. They went in for deep, gloomy plays, but everybody went at first, for curiosity, if nothing else. Julia Apgar said to a group right after the first performance, "If this is the way you acquire culture, I'm content to carry my load of intolerance and ignorance into the grave with me!" . . . Julia's got a sharp, sarcastic tongue at times.

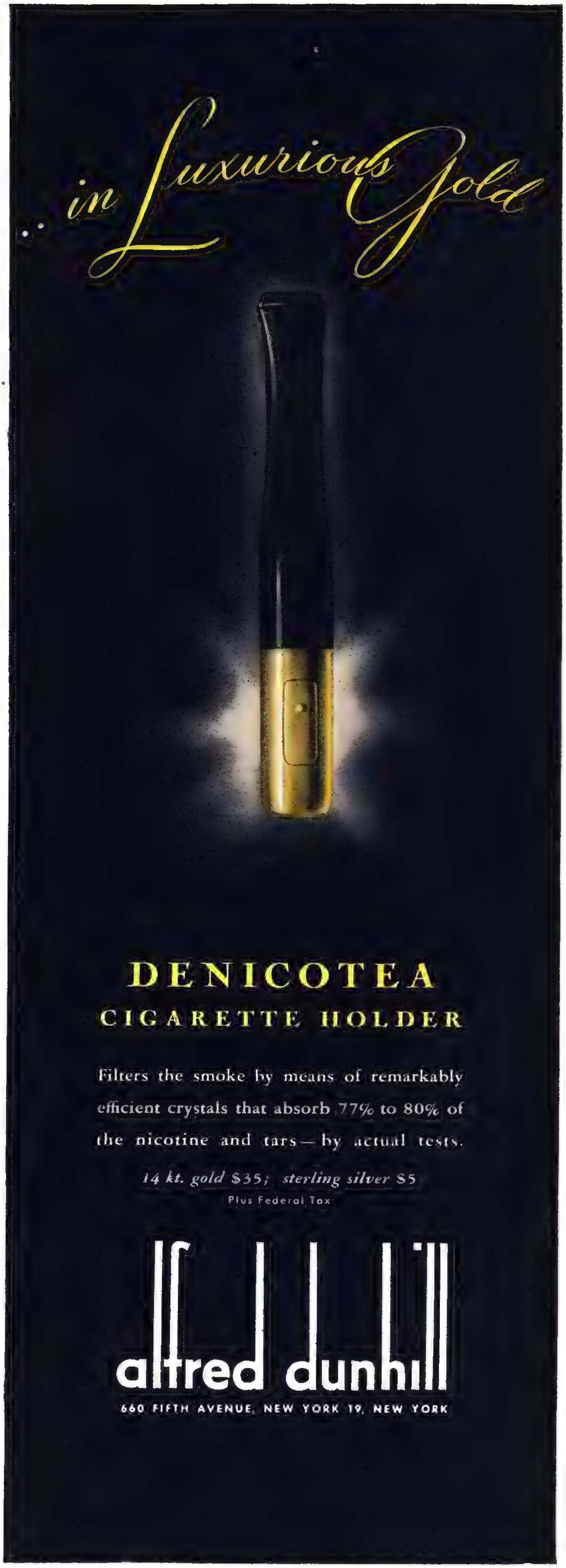
What's that? You want to know how Ralph's marriage panned out? The answer is, "Not so good." Maybe he was really happy for a time, like he said afterwards, but I don't see how he could be, with all that intellectual honesty morning, noon and night. But to give Muriel her due, I think she did her best to make him a good wife, according to her standards, and I suppose they got along as well as most for a year or two. Then a fellow named Malcolm McCue came to town as foreman at the paper mill. Malcolm wasn't intellectual the way Ralph was, but he was as fine a looking man as you ever laid your eyes on; and what's more, he had a way with the ladies. All the girls in town were after him, and some of the married ladies, too, but Muriel Hatten, who didn't notice him at all, was the one who took his eye. That girl must have had something, because Malcolm fell for her just as hard as Ralph had. He joined the Little Theatre and played peasants and cruel landlords just to be near her.

Muriel saw a lot of him, and it wasn't long before she had forgotten all about Ralph and was head-over-heels in love with Malcolm. Now, that sort of thing is common enough, as everybody knows, even in a small town like Maidenhair Falls; but when it happens, it ought to be handled with secrecy and caution, and the husband should never be allowed to suspect anything, as my wife always says. But discretion wasn't one of Muriel's strong points, and the first thing she did was to tell Ralph frankly that she and Malcolm were in love with each other and planned living together—not in any underhanded way, but openly before the whole world. Well, at least she told her husband first: later on she announced her intentions publicly at the Play Reading Committee meeting.

The upshot of all this was that Muriel moved out on Ralph and rented a bungalow on Merriwell Street, right next door to Mrs. Emory Ponders. Mrs. Ponders was pretty riled up about the whole thing. She planted butterbean vines on that side of her porch so she wouldn't have to witness Muriel and Malcolm McCue living openly in sin. When I told that to Julia Apgar, she laughed and said, "That's what Dolly Ponders says, anyway. I think, myself, that she planted those butterbean vines to have something to peep through!" Julia's nobody's fool. . . .

Well, I guess Muriel should have taken her boy friend and left town with him; but maybe she couldn't do that without going back on her own moral standards. Now, Malcolm didn't seem to care one way or the other. His work didn't depend on the good will of the town, and as long as he had Muriel, he let things rock along. People began to talk a lot, as you can well imagine, but if it bothered Muriel, she never let on. She just acted as if she was Joan of Arc, or something, and pitied those who didn't understand her. It was as if she'd determined to *prove* something by brazening it out and staying in town. Maybe she was plain stupid, as so many said; or so egotistical that she figured what applied to others couldn't

Continued on page 144



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A Great Town for Characters

Continued from page 143

possibly apply to herself. Julia Apgar, who's a pretty good judge of character, said there wasn't anything the matter with Muriel except that she was educated beyond her capacity to absorb knowledge. Take your pick.

Of all the people involved, Ralph Hatten was the easiest to get at. People knew it, too, and pretty soon they began to ask him if he meant to stand idle and let another man break up his home. Ralph said that his home was already broken up, and what could he do about it, anyway? He said that if his wife preferred another man to him, that was her business and his hard luck. The only civilized course of conduct was to accept that fact as gracefully as possible. That sort of talk didn't go down well with people. They sort of turned against Ralph, for the time being, anyway. . . .

Are you a married man, too, Mr. Boyd? Oh, you are, but your wife won't be with you this summer? I see. H-u-u-m! Well, you mustn't let what I've said bother you or get you anxious. You see things in the paper, but don't stop to realize how seldom it really happens, after all. Oh, you have implicit *confidence* in your wife. Well, that's a mighty heartening thing to hear a young man say these days. . . . H-u-u-m!

And now to get back to Ralph Hatten. Pretty soon his brothers came to see him. They told him he had to do something at once to stop the scandal. They said his mother was prostrate with grief and shame. Said she couldn't show her face until the matter had been properly settled—and Ralph knew what they meant. He told his brothers to mind their business, and let him alone.

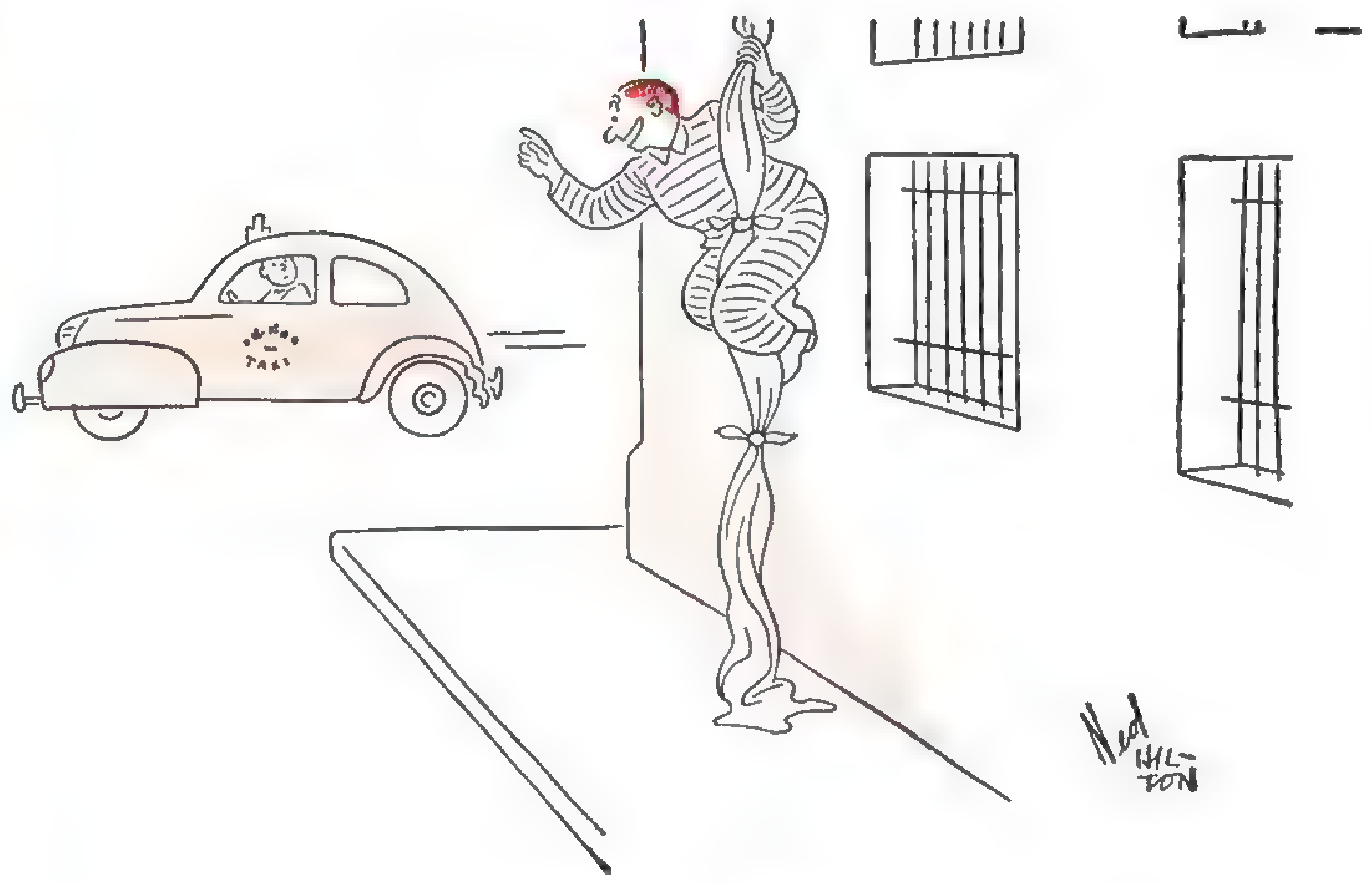
Then, little by little, people began to cut Ralph in public. He belonged to the country club, and it happened the first time out there in the main lounge. Judge Spottswood Clarke saw him come in from the bar and said, "Ralph, I knew and respected your father all his life. Your father was a man. He would have been the first to protect his home and the honor of his name. He would approve of what I'm going to do now, if he were alive!" Then he turned stiffly and walked out of the room. A lot of others, particularly the lady folks, followed. Ralph didn't go to the club after that.

First, it was only his friends who cut him; later, it was almost everybody in town. The waitresses at the Burton House, where he was taking his meals, refused to serve him after a while. He would go in and take his regular seat, but they'd pretend he wasn't there. All this must have been hard on a high-strung, educated man like Ralph, particularly when the proprietor had to ask him to quit coming there. Then one Saturday afternoon he met his brother Loren on the street. Loren stopped him, put a pistol in his hand and said, "This might help you to become a man again!" A dozen people saw it. Those who did, said that Ralph just stood there in the middle of the sidewalk with his mouth open. He laughed after a little and shrugged his shoulders, but everybody knew by that time he was weakening.

The next day was Sunday, and he went to call on his mother, as he always did on Sunday afternoons; only this time she wouldn't see him. She sent down word that she wasn't in, and wouldn't be in until he had proved his manhood and justified his right to a mother's esteem and affection. That hurt him. It hurt him very badly, and everybody knew it. You see, Ralph had always set a great store by his mother.

When Julia Apgar heard about it, she came right down to the store to talk it over with me. I've never seen her so upset, before or since. "Something's going to happen, now!" she said. "Something terrible!" Then old bitter-tongued Julia, who despises the whole world and makes no secret of it, began to cry and twist her handkerchief to pieces. "Somebody should do something about it!" she said. But I said, "It's gone too far for that. Anyway,

Continued on page 146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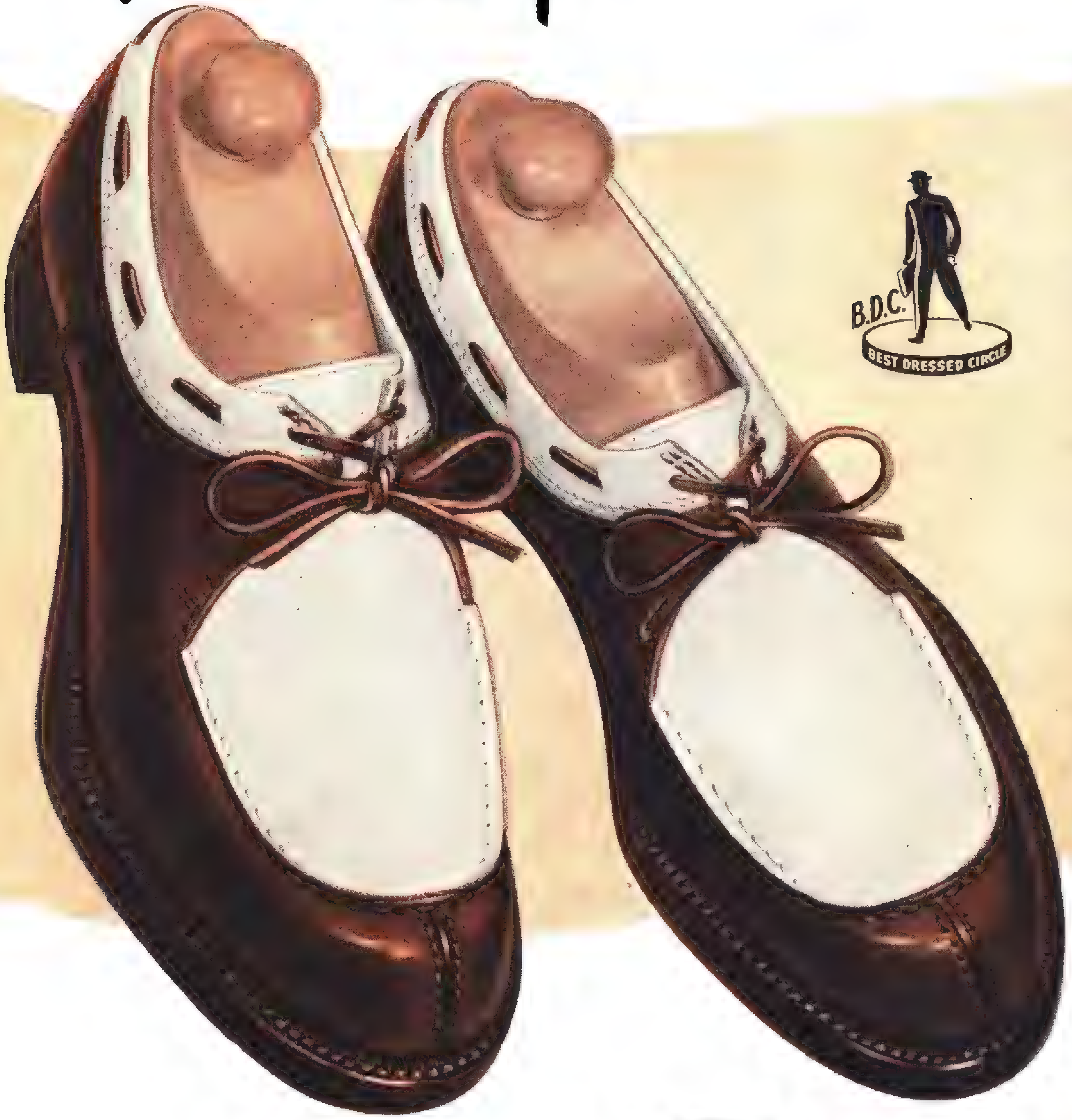

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A Great Town for Characters

Continued from page 144

what could anybody do? . . ."

Shall I make one big package of all these little parcels for you, Mr. Boyd? Be handier for you to carry them that way. H-u-u-m, this little square one doesn't seem to fit in with the others, does it? I know you bought it at Hughes Dollar Store—can tell by the pink wrapping paper—but I can't for the life of me figure out what it is. Oh, a cake of Castile soap? . . . You don't say? Well, you've taught me something, young man. I didn't know Hughes carried Castile soap . . . Now, that makes a real neat bundle, doesn't it?

What's that? Did something terrible happen the way Julia thought it would? Well, yes it did—about six weeks later, after Ralph had brooded by himself for a long time. It was on a Sunday too, a clear, bright day in early June. It must have been around eleven o'clock, because church bells were ringing all over town at the time. Dolly Ponders, who was sitting behind her butterbean vines, saw the whole thing. She saw Ralph come walking up the street, his head held high; but he swayed a little from side to side, and there was a crazy look in his eyes. She thought at first he'd been drinking, but later that was found to be untrue. He was as sober as you are at this minute.

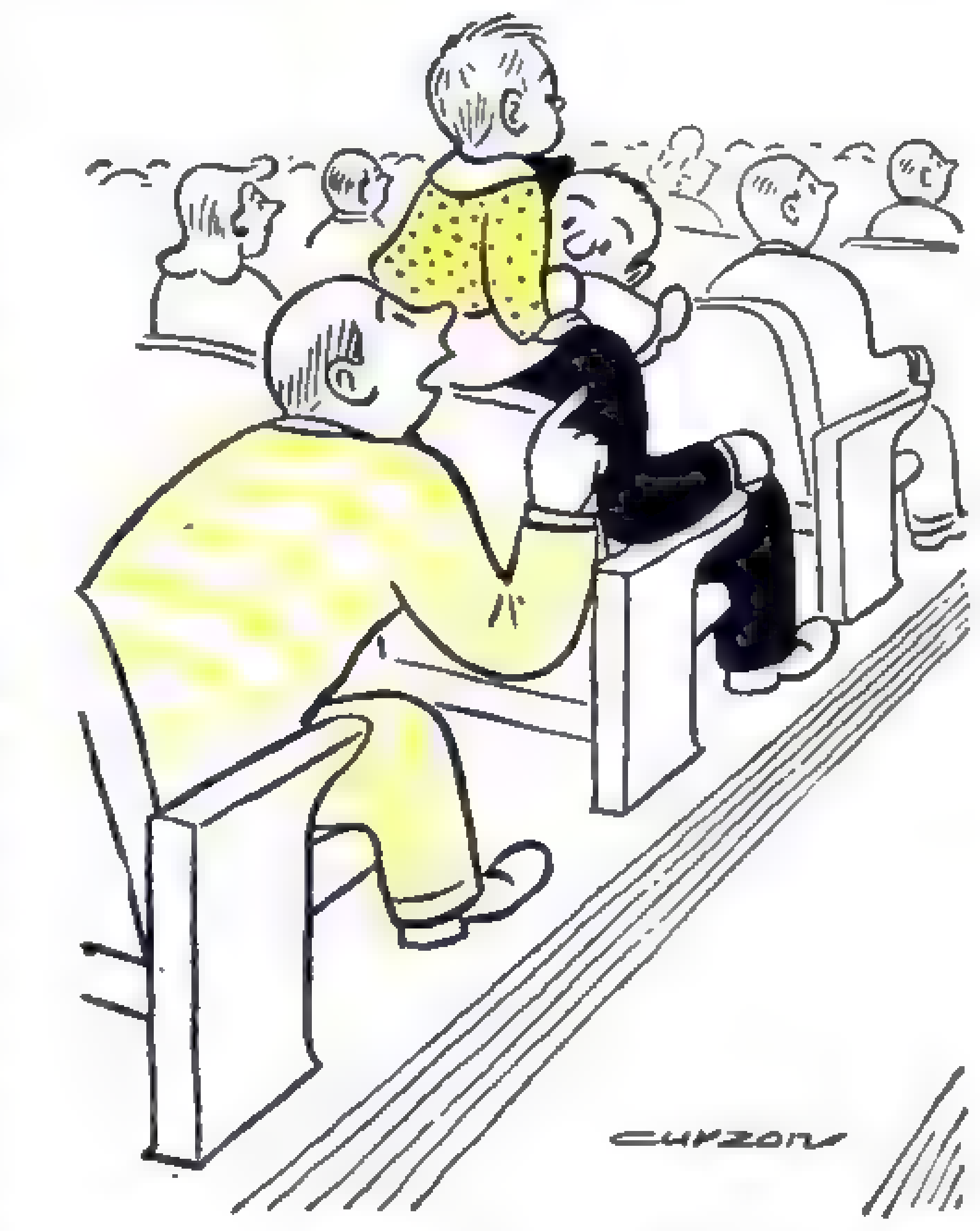
Muriel and Malcolm were on the porch of the bungalow, and she was reading a book to him out loud. Ralph stopped at the gate, and Muriel, when she looked up and saw him, said, "Hello! I'm glad to see you again." He didn't answer, and then Muriel laughed and said, "Don't stand there at the gate like Enoch Arden. Come on in and sit with us. I always wanted you and Malcolm to know each other better."

Then Ralph opened the gate and went on the porch; and when he got there, he walked over to Malcolm, pulled out the pistol his brother had given him, and shot Malcolm between the eyes. Muriel still held the book in her hands, and for a second or two she sat quietly as if stunned, watching the hatred in Ralph's face. Then she got up, shook her head from side to side, and backed away from him. Ralph was blocking the front entrance, so she turned and ran toward a side door, but the screen was fastened from the inside, and she couldn't open it.

When she knew she couldn't get in, she turned and begged Ralph not to kill her, but he did just the same. He shot her four times. The first time was in the breast, and she staggered and fell to the floor. He stood over her and put three more bullets in her body: one in the throat, one above her left eye, one in her stomach. Then he stumbled, straightened his necktie, and walked down the path to the gate. He must have turned about that time and seen Dolly Ponders' face sticking out through the butterbean vines, because he stopped, lifted his hat courteously, and said, "Now I'm a man. You must tell everyone."

People hadn't expected him to kill Muriel too. That was unnecessary, and everybody said so. I don't think he meant to kill her when he went there that Sunday morning, but maybe as he stood at the gate and realized how she had taken everything away from him at last and had left him nothing in return—oh, well! Nobody knows what goes on in another's mind. It's a waste of time to try to figure it out, I always say.

Did they try him for murder later on? Ralph? . . . Shucks, no! They didn't even bother to indict him. They knew it wasn't any use. Everybody in town thought he acted in the only way a man could possibly act under the circumstances. Mrs. Ponders got the book that Muriel was reading to her sweetheart that Sunday morning. She has it to this day, and she'll show it to you if you're interested. The book has blood on it, naturally. Mrs. Ponders claims that it has both Muriel's and Malcolm's blood, but that's not very likely. The book wasn't near Malcolm when he was shot.



"Pardon me, will you please remove your child"

Well, I guess that's about all there is to the story. Afterwards, people extended their congratulations to Ralph and tried to make a lot over him, but he couldn't play up to that sort of thing. He just wasn't the type, I reckon. He lived more and more to himself, and some years ago, the palms of his hands turned as red as blood. That's why he keeps them tucked in his coat all the time. Anyway, speak to him when you go through the square. Maybe he'll talk to you, since you're a stranger, but I doubt it. The chances are he'll just get up and move to another bench. . . .

Great Head of the Church! There's old Asa Pullen tapping across the street and heading for this place! Better slip out that side door and down the alley before he sees you, Mr. Boyd. Asa's the worst gossip in town. If he catches you, you'll never get away. He'll talk your arm off. . . . ⧻

Continued from page 86

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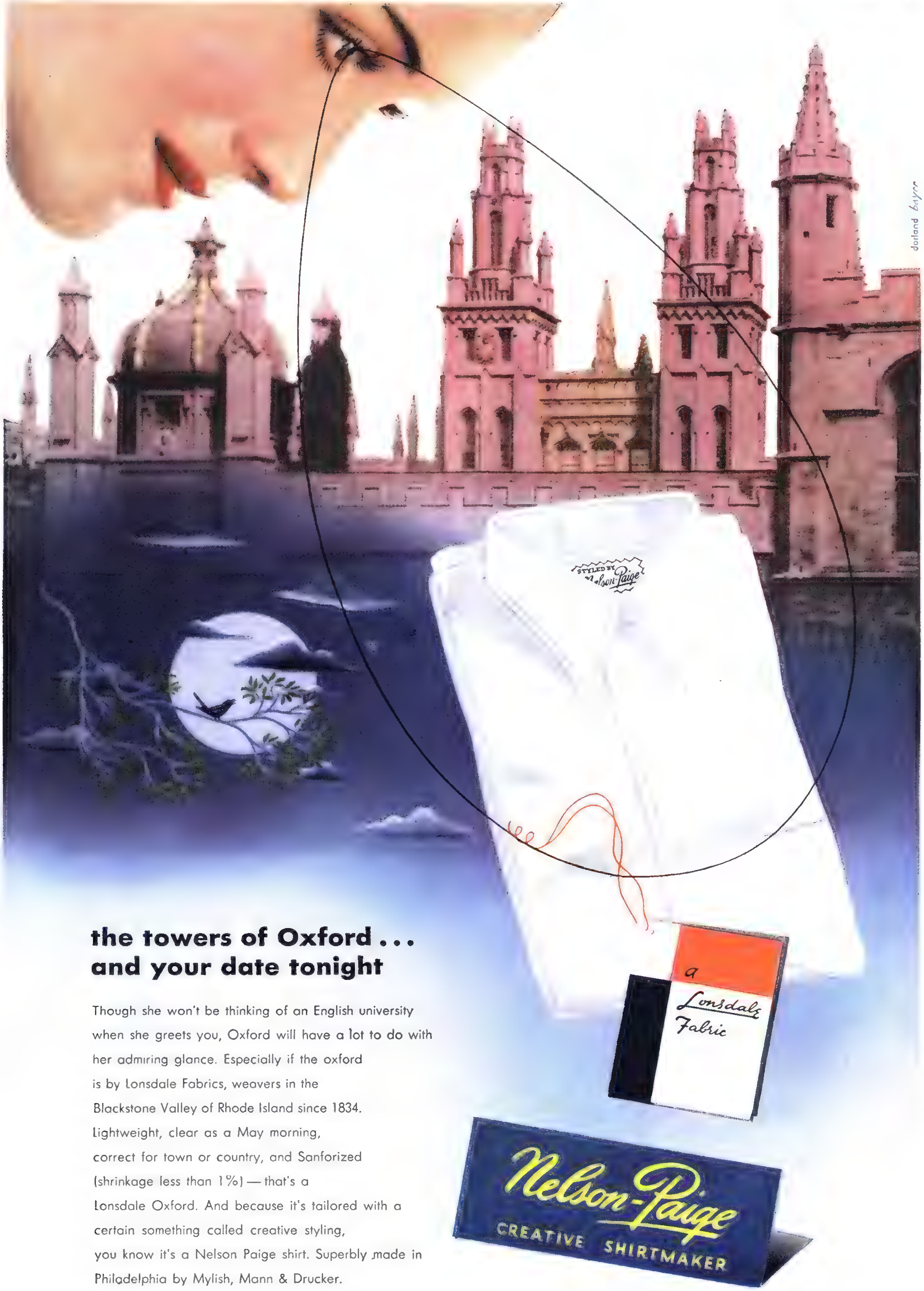
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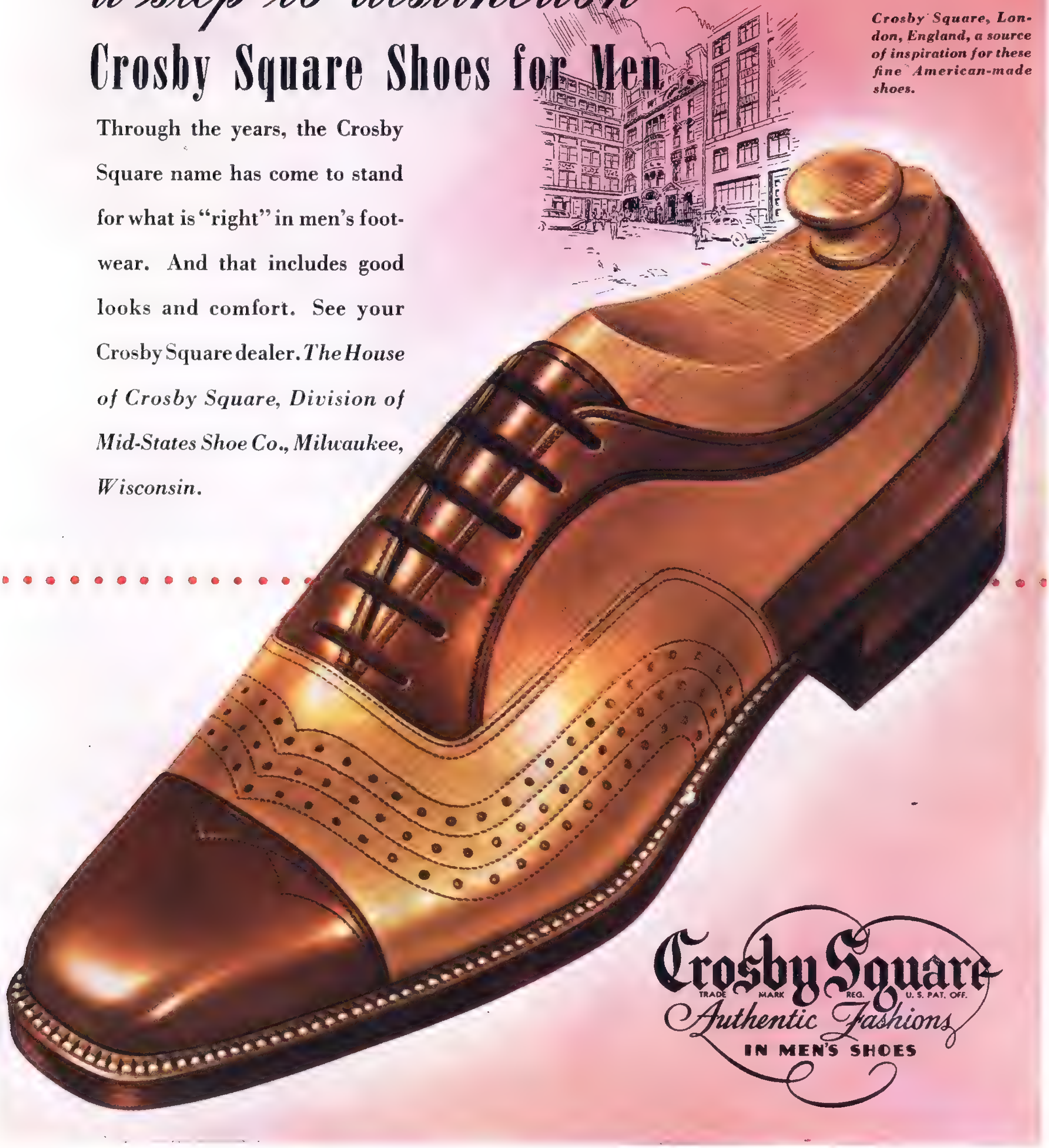

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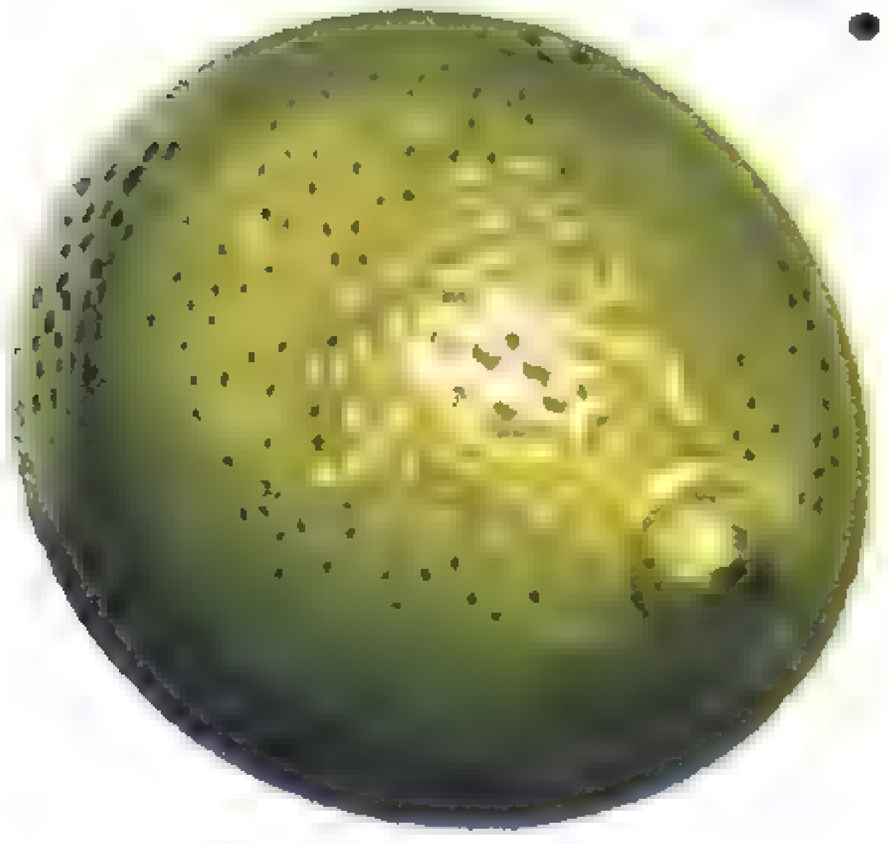

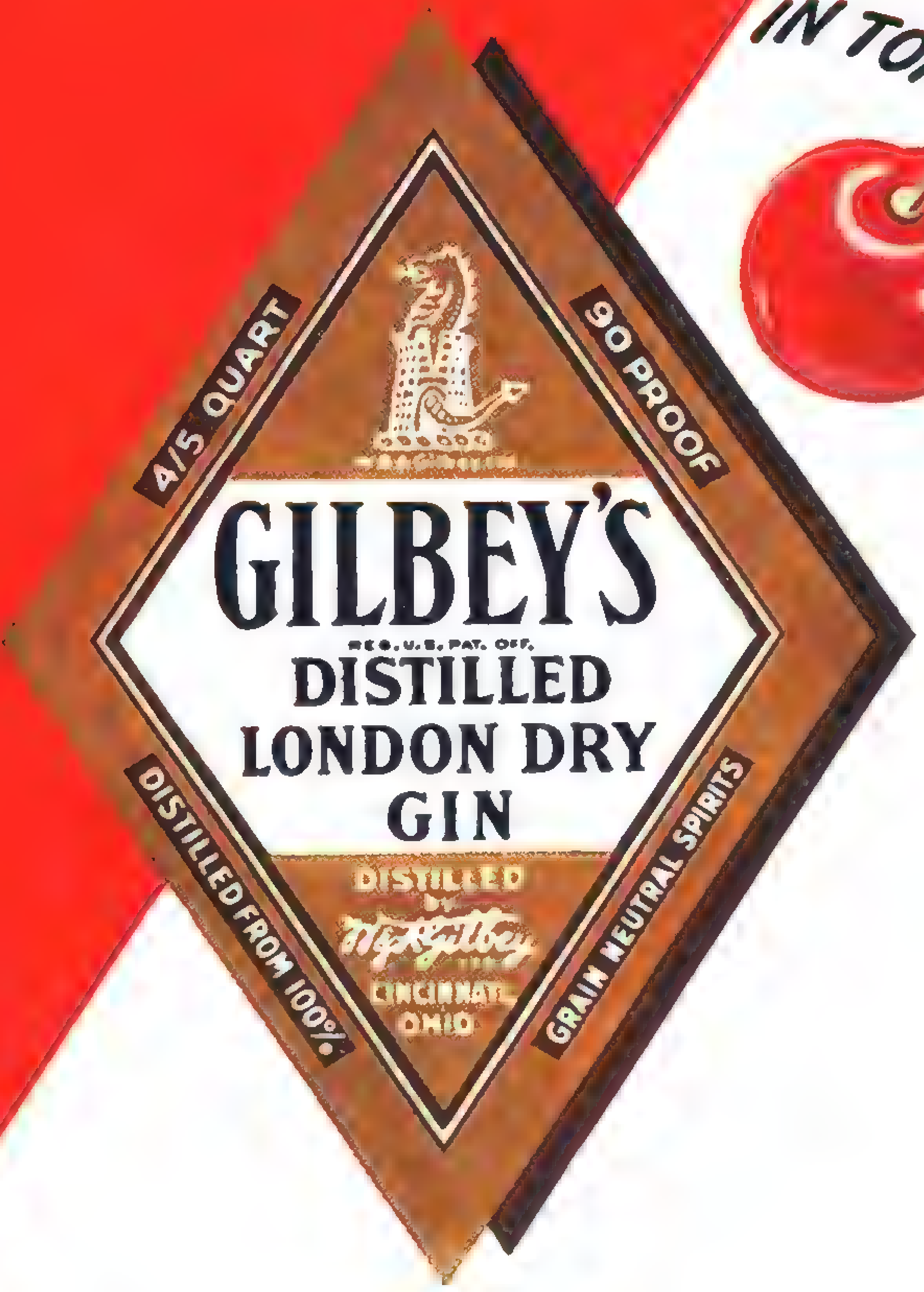
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Thoughts on Heaven and Hollywood

Continued from page 56

employed to induce Coburn to play an insolvent villager without wearing his inevitable monocle. This must have been as difficult as persuading Roy Rogers to act without Trigger, or cajoling S. Z. Sakall to leave off slapping his jowls.

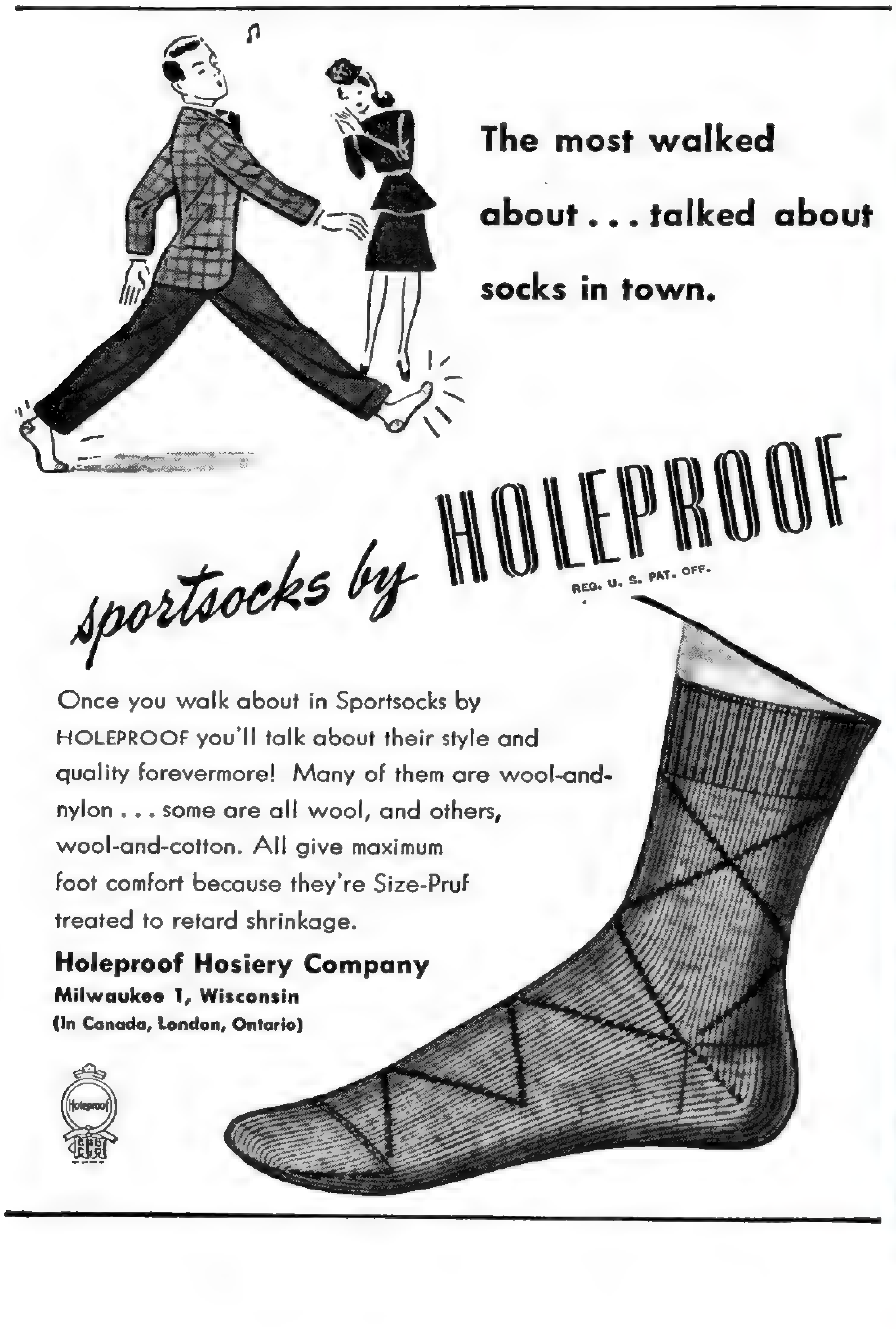
To console him for his loss, he has a lush and Jovian beard. His moustache is waxed to a jauntiness that seems so knowing it is just short of lewd. There are a few hammy touches, such as Grandpa's W. C. Fields account of his imaginary heroisms in the Zulu War. But this is no more than a concession to the rituals of scenario writing. Honesty in the superannuated is not considered attractive by dramatists. Nearly every story concerning lovable old men contains a hearty passage of outrageous lying. Without it, the scripters wouldn't know how to get started. But nobody will resent the scene as it is presented in *The Green Years*.

If you love the theatre and actors, it does your heart good to see a performer of Mr. Coburn's talents get a break in a stellar role. Too often, thespianism is an art of diminishing returns. Much is made of an unripe fellow, who, like Van Johnson, is the master of two facial expressions—eyes wide (to denote honesty) and eyes narrowed (to denote suspicion). When you are as young and comely as Tyrone Power, they let you dig the Suez Canal or save Lloyds of London. But by the time an actor has learned his business, about all he gets to say is, "I am warning you, Mr. Ziegfeld—I will foreclose on the *Follies* unless my bill for a hundred thousand dancing shoes is paid by sundown!" Or, "Take her, my boy, and be good to her. And if you lack a motorcar, there is plenty of hot water in my Stanley Steamer."

Because of Mr. Coburn, a picture that might have been a morose draught of tragedy becomes a braw brew of comedy. He herewith is nominated for an Oscar—with a beard on it.

Dean Stockwell, who is seen as the boy Robert Shannon, manages to be pathetic without appearing to have escaped from a small animal hospital. He goes in for no whimperings or cocker-spaniel eyes. Early in the proceedings, Grandpa tells him he has no use for a blubbering bairn. So when the kid feels gulpy, he turns his face—not toward the audience, but toward the wall. Victor Saville is a director who does not judge child actors by the standards he would apply to the fountains at Versailles. The tears demanded of Shirley Temple in the old days

Continued on page 152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Thoughts on Heaven and Hollywood

Continued from page 151

often made you feel that windshield wipers were being used on the lenses of the camera. As befits his sex, Master Stockwell expresses his emotions more dryly.

Tom Drake, who continues the characterization of Robert Shannon as a young man, shows similar commendable restraint. He knows how to play a juvenile without making him seem to be the ingénue. He is the first such screen hero to be too sensitive to wallow in an orgy of self-pity. Robert Ardrey and Sonya Levien wrote his dialogue without once plagiarizing the manly but lugubrious lyrics of *I'm Always Chasing Rainbows*, or *I'm Going To Buy A Paper Doll That I Can Call My Own.*

Of course, there has to be *one* montage where Mr. Drake suffers, and his comes while cramming to pass the examinations for a scholarship. He suffers even more than the hero of *The Corn is Green*. Sometimes I wonder if thinking is as painful as Hollywood makes it. Mr. Drake writhes and perspires through a nightmare of Latin subjunctives and historical dates, until he finally collapses into a coma, from which even "a nice hot cup o' tea" (the cure for all ills in movie versions of Britain) is unable to rouse him.

The screen presents education in the British Isles as such an excruciating experience that Mr. Attlee may have a revolution on his hands if he attempts to go through with a program of popular education. There is a limit to the torments Britons can endure. The old school tie is beginning to look like a bandage.

Of course, the rewards of scholarship seem fantastic to American eyes. When the lad in *The Corn Is Green* passed his final exams, his townsmen hoisted him on their shoulders and gave him a torchlight procession all around the village. Perhaps I might have learned to spell if this practice had been adopted in Kansas City.

But far be it for me to sneer at the bon ton of the savants of Britannia. I envy British public school men their ability to interlard their conversations with Latin quotations. This adds a note of archaic irrelevance to discussions that might otherwise be dull. I discovered this while lunching with Thomas Job (the author of *Uncle Harry*) and Richard Aldington (the equally erudite creator of *All Men Are Enemies*). Often while we were griping about the braised ox-lips which were preserved on the Warner Brothers' menu (as a symbol of free speech), Mr. Job would ad lib a few lines of Seneca, to which Mr. Alding-

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ton would reply with a canto of Ovid. Because I was eager to keep my end up in such learned discourse, I would occasionally shout, "*Amo, amas, amat!*" I've never been quite sure whether this persuaded them that I was a man of a deeply loving nature or merely one of rudimentary scholarship.

The Green Years is as jammed with salty characters as an Edinburgh theatre on bank night. Richard Haydn portrays the urbane and kindly, sardonic schoolmaster, who makes the drudgeries of Scottish scholarship seem worth it. Norman Lloyd ably depicts a Highland crook, whose failings stand out in stark contrast to the virtues of his tribe.

"You look pale—how long have you been here?"

Gladys Cooper is the stern Presbyterian grandmother. Her misdirected kindness creates a Gethsemane for the young Catholic, when she sends him off to school in a suit made from one of her old petticoats. As always, Miss Cooper is an excellent character woman. Possessed of an unsagging chin line, she is able to preserve her profile without holding her head so far back that she seems to be shouting her lines toward a transom.

After seeing Jessica Tandy's charming and effective work as a frustrated schoolteacher, I advise her to get out of Hollywood on the first train on which she can get a reservation. She looks so much like the average woman that casting directors will doubt her ability to appeal to the average woman. If she resembled a chorus girl, the Gold Coast might overlook her fine dramatic talents, and she'd have some chance for stardom. As it is, she is doomed to play old maids and slaveys.

For years, Hollywood has believed all actresses should have voices as musical and refined as a mother calling her children in a new and hostile neighborhood. This ruled out Jean Arthur, who sounds like a wife happily talking through a mouthful of celery. It happened to be the prevalent American accent, but the producers would

Continued on page 154

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Thoughts on Heaven and Hollywood

Continued from page 153

have none of it—until Jean scored a success on Broadway. The same trick might save Miss Tandy.

Selena Royle is appealing as the hard-working Protestant housewife, whose death shakes the Catholic hero's belief in God. As her narrow and parsimonious covenanter husband, Hume Cronyn delivers a tour de force of acting equal to Mr. Coburn's, though it will not be as appreciated. Henry O'Neill does well as an affable and sympathetic priest.

The sharpest criticism that can be leveled against *The Green Years* is that it delivers kindly portraits of the Catholic characters and their adherents, while showing the Protestants with a realism that is at times relentless. By inference, the grandmother's insistence on prayer meeting is made to seem narrow, while the hero's determination to attend Mass is treated with great respect.

For this reason, I fear the picture will do little to quiet the growing muttering among the Huguenots in theatre audiences. After such fine Catholic films as *Going My Way*, *The Bells of St. Mary's*, *The Keys of the Kingdom* and *The Song of Bernadette*, there has been an increasing feeling among Protestants that they have inadequate (and sometimes hostile) representation in American fiction. Repeated statements from the pulpit and in national magazines make one wonder how long it will be before some new Martin Luther nails a thesis on the Rivoli's door. Ever since the movie moguls started peddling candy in their lobbies, I've been expecting them to be accused of the sale of indulgences.

The non-Catholics make no objection to Catholic films, but they want some of their own. Much can be said for their argument. The cause of tolerance in the United States has been served by pictures presenting priests as human beings and familiarizing the world with their problems. It was served, very eloquently, by Al Jolson's *The Jazz Singer*, which sympathetically acquainted all men of good will with the American Jew's culture and problems. It would be still further served by movies performing a similar service for ministers and their communicants. There are thirty-eight-and-a-half million Protestants in the United States, who frequently see their clergy represented on the screen by fuddy-duddy character men. In dramatic dialogue, the word "deacon" has practically become a synonym for hypocrite, and the word "vestryman" has taken on a connotation of smug Toryism. This is

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manifestly unfair. It is wrong to persecute religious minorities. It is equally wrong to ignore majorities.

No conspiracy exists in Hollywood to give Protestants a dirty deal. The producers, like other men, hope to get into heaven when they die. They know that St. Peter has reason to be a little tough on some of them who have laid such metaphysical eggs as *The Horn Blows at Midnight*. Any man who induced thousands of people to pay forty cents for the privilege of sitting in an earthly purgatory while witnessing it, knows that he needs the prayers of all denominations if he's going to escape spending eternity with Beelzebub as his supervisor. To a producer, hell will be a place where he can't rewrite the author's script.

"Like all married couples we have our little spats, but I don't mind"

Being businessmen, the producers sometimes succumb to worldly thoughts. For this reason they would be delighted to look upon America's vast army of Protestants as customers. But no one picture will please all thirty-eight-and-a-half million. Unlike Roman Catholicism, Protestantism is not organized as a single authoritative church. Its many denominations represent diversified sectarian views.

Hence, when Jack Warner gave the biography of a Methodist minister careful and respectful screen treatment in *One Foot in Heaven*, he received scant support from the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Lutherans and Baptists. Rival denominations didn't oppose this picture, but they didn't actively advertise it or support it. However, some said their lack of support was not because the film was about a Methodist minister but because they objected to the portrayal (as in the book) of a Protestant minister using what they considered to be unethical methods to get large contributions for a building project.

Because of this diversity in sectarian attitudes, the investment of a half million to two million

Continued on page 156

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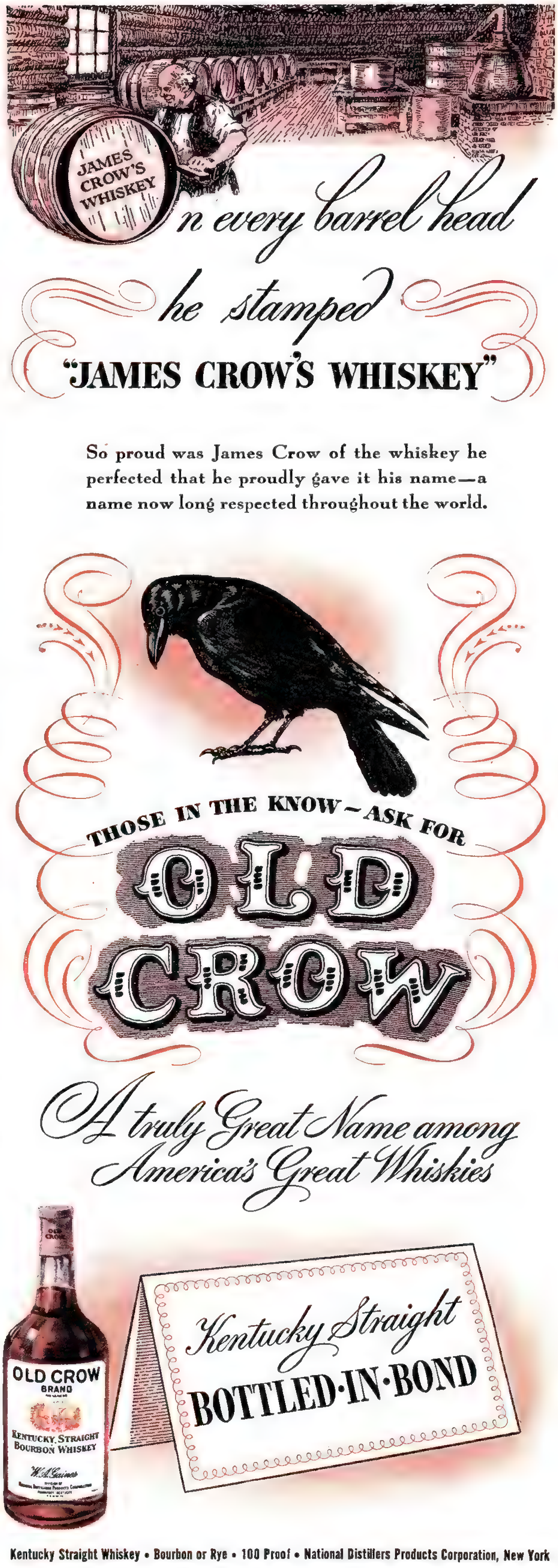

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Thoughts on Heaven and Hollywood

Continued from page 155

dollars in a Protestant picture is a risky financial gamble. An acceptable Catholic film can hope for an audience of twenty-three million ticket buyers in the United States, to say nothing of big grosses in the Latin markets. These facts are not ignored by movie auditors.

Co-operation with theatres comes hard to Protestants. Their religion was born amid the thundering exhortations of the Reformation. Its philosophy is, traditionally, expressed in sermons. When the Puritans took over England they closed the theatres. Something of this attitude persists today in many small American cities, where Sunday (one of the best box-office days of the week) is regarded as "the preacher's day." With afternoon and evening services, the minister seeks to occupy as many of the twenty-four Sabbath hours as is possible. Often, he discourages competition by backing legislation that prohibits Sunday shows.

The parson may harm himself by doing this. Movies can drive men into the churches. Any sinner who sat through the garbled discussion of immortality in *Between Two Worlds*, must have felt an overwhelming desire to rush off to the nearest camp meeting—hoping to hear a preacher who knew what he was talking about.

The Catholics, on the other hand, have utilized drama ever since their Church's beginnings. St. Paul indicates that early Christian services included a symbolic re-enactment of the Last Supper. The Mass is one of the world's great religious dramas.

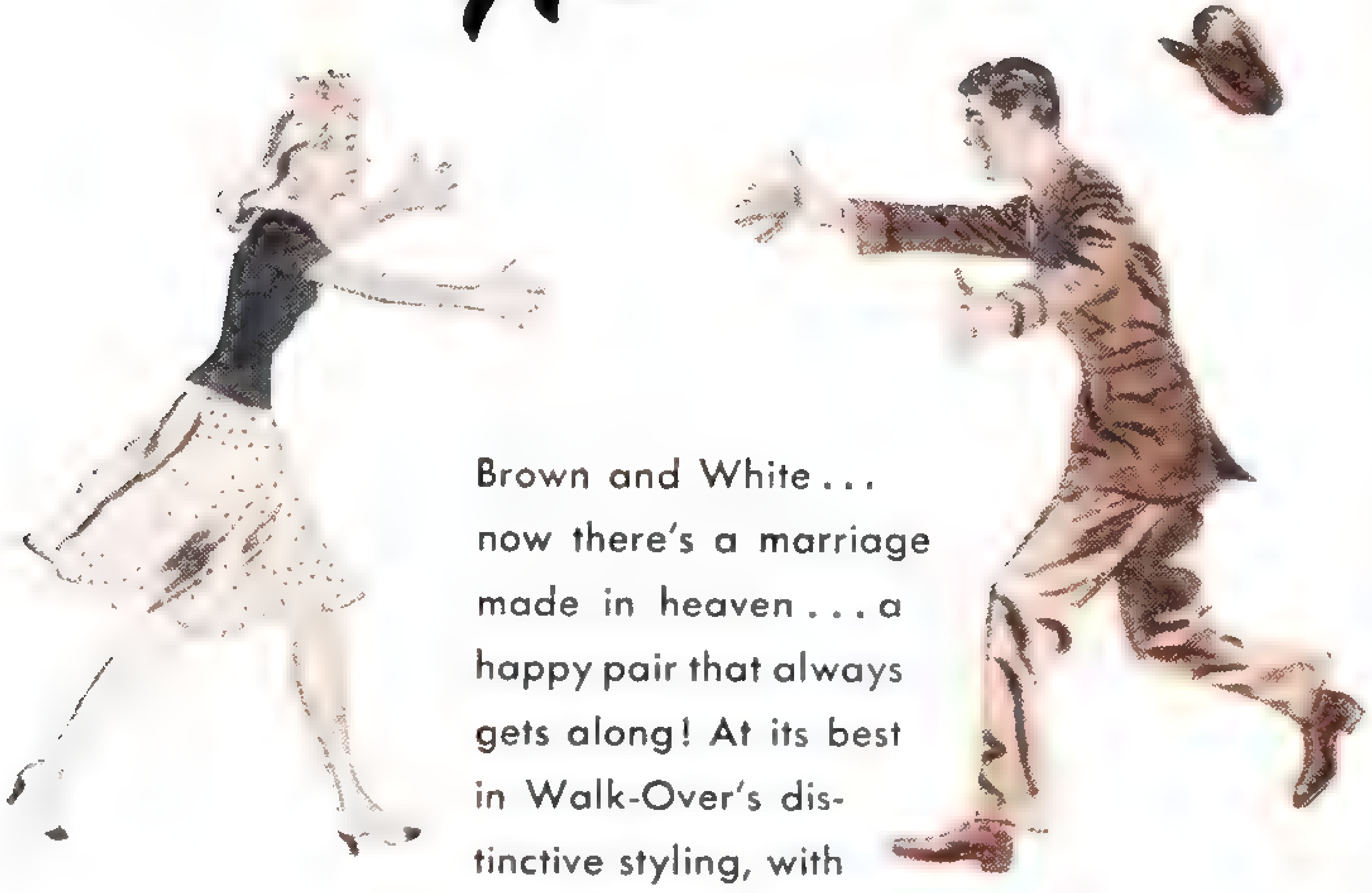
During the Middle Ages, elaborate Miracle and Morality plays were the Church's method of instruction. A Renaissance monk, Nicholas Udall, became the father of English comedy. Lope de Vega (considered by many second only to Shakespeare) died a member of a Catholic brotherhood.

The average Catholic has completed his devotional obligations by noon on Sunday and is free to go to the theatre in the afternoon. Here, they frequently see Catholic actors in pictures made by Catholic directors or producers.

These movie people may have discovered their talents in plays presented by Church social groups or parish schools. A tender scene in *The Bells of St. Mary's* showed parochial kindergartners ad libbing their way through an ingenuous and beautiful Nativity. Even when aroused to such crusading wrath as produced the Legion of Decency, Catholics seek to influence rather than close theatres.

Thus Catholics have an advan-

BACK AGAIN!



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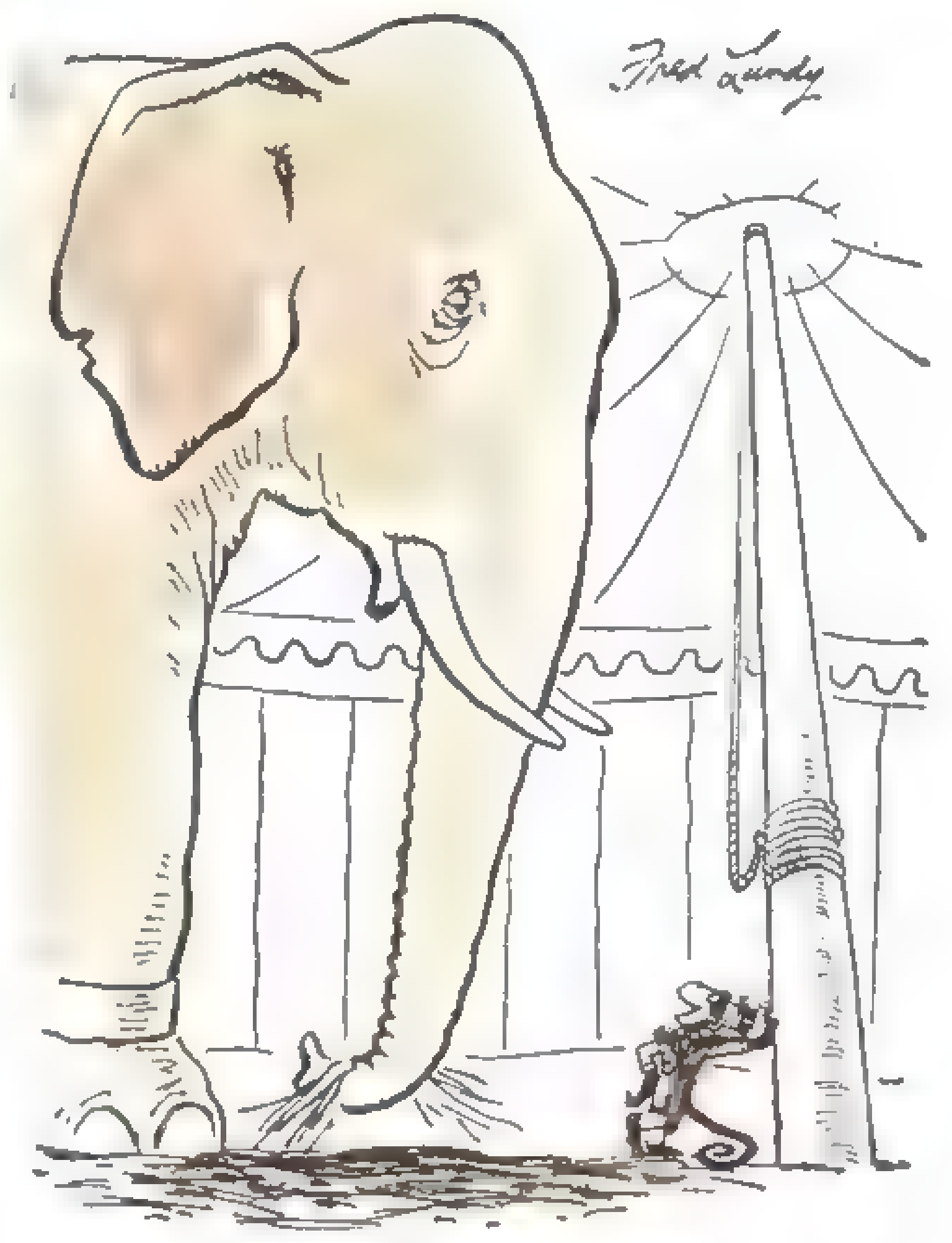
tage today, when the pamphleteering vogue has made the screen a national pulpit. A studio filming the life of Luther would have trouble finding a Lutheran director capable of giving to the movie the understanding and interpretive inner fire that Leo McCarey brings to his Catholic films.

An inspiring picture might tell the story of the Baptist preachers who, during the early days of the nineteenth century, taught the African slaves to read their Bibles and ordained the Negro ministers, who led their people in the first tortuous steps toward literacy, self-respect and freedom. But where could you find a Baptist actor with the loving skill which Bing and Spencer Tracy put into their priestly characterizations?



"Are you still working for peanuts?"

I do not mean to argue that only Baptists can play Baptists. But if you are going to make a picture about them, it will be a superficial thing, unless your production includes people who understand both the Baptist faith and the theatre. Only they can translate their religious emotion into dramatic emotion.

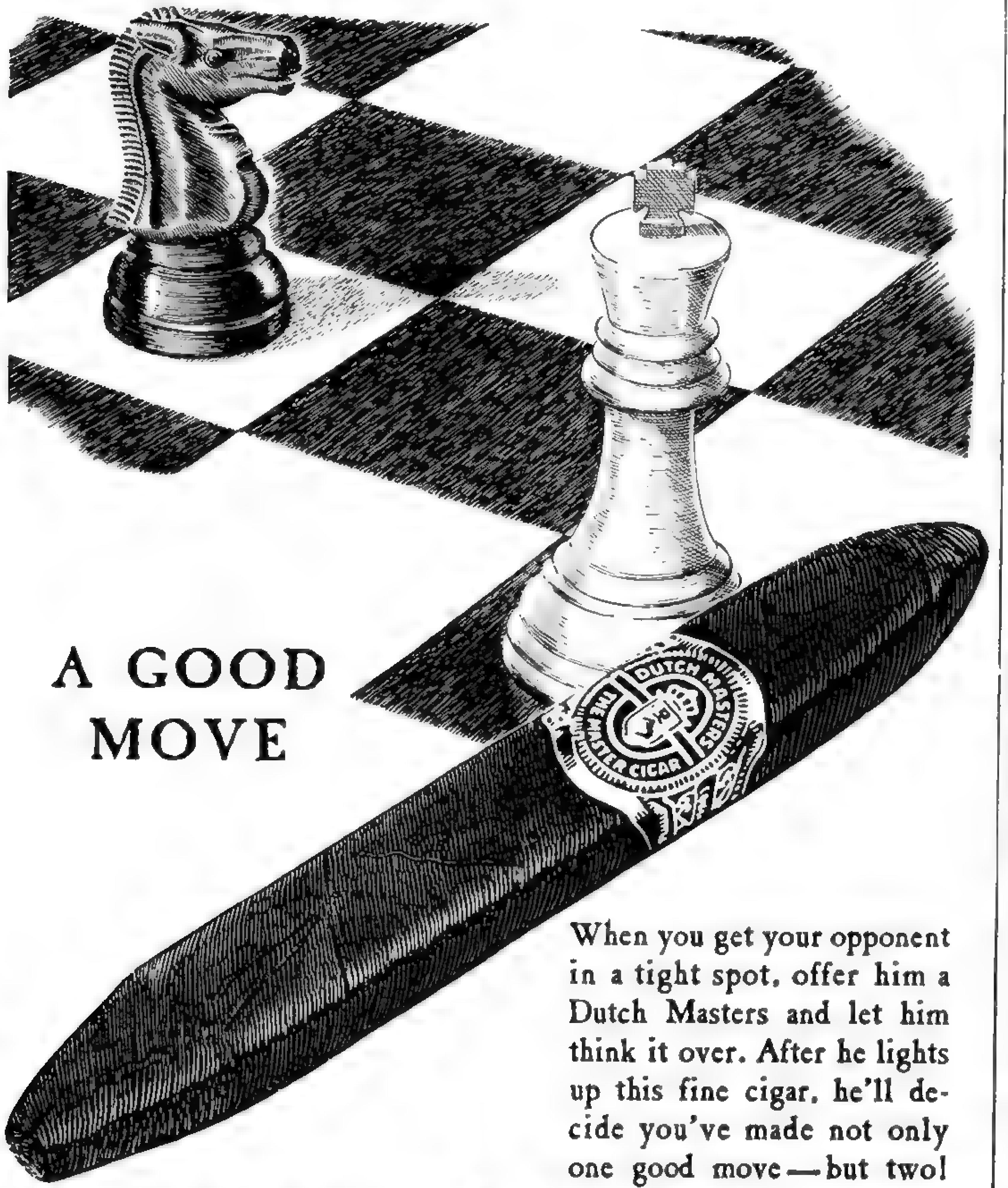
Had such a drama been produced five years ago in some Baptist Sunday schoolroom, it might today be before the cameras. Constant playing by many churches, constant rewriting and editing by directors who watched its effect upon audiences, might have refined and sharpened it into a thing of beauty and power.

I mean no offense when I say there is no Protestant drama because no Protestants have created it. Drama comes from the heart and the soul. Outsiders can no more give Protestantism its drama than they could have given it its literature of great sermons or its hymnals of beautiful music.

Dispatch from the Front

I've just read Paul Gallico's amusing reply to my article criticizing one of his articles. Few sounds are more hilarious than the outraged yelps of a blistered pundit. So I'll keep quiet. ⌗

Continued from page 56

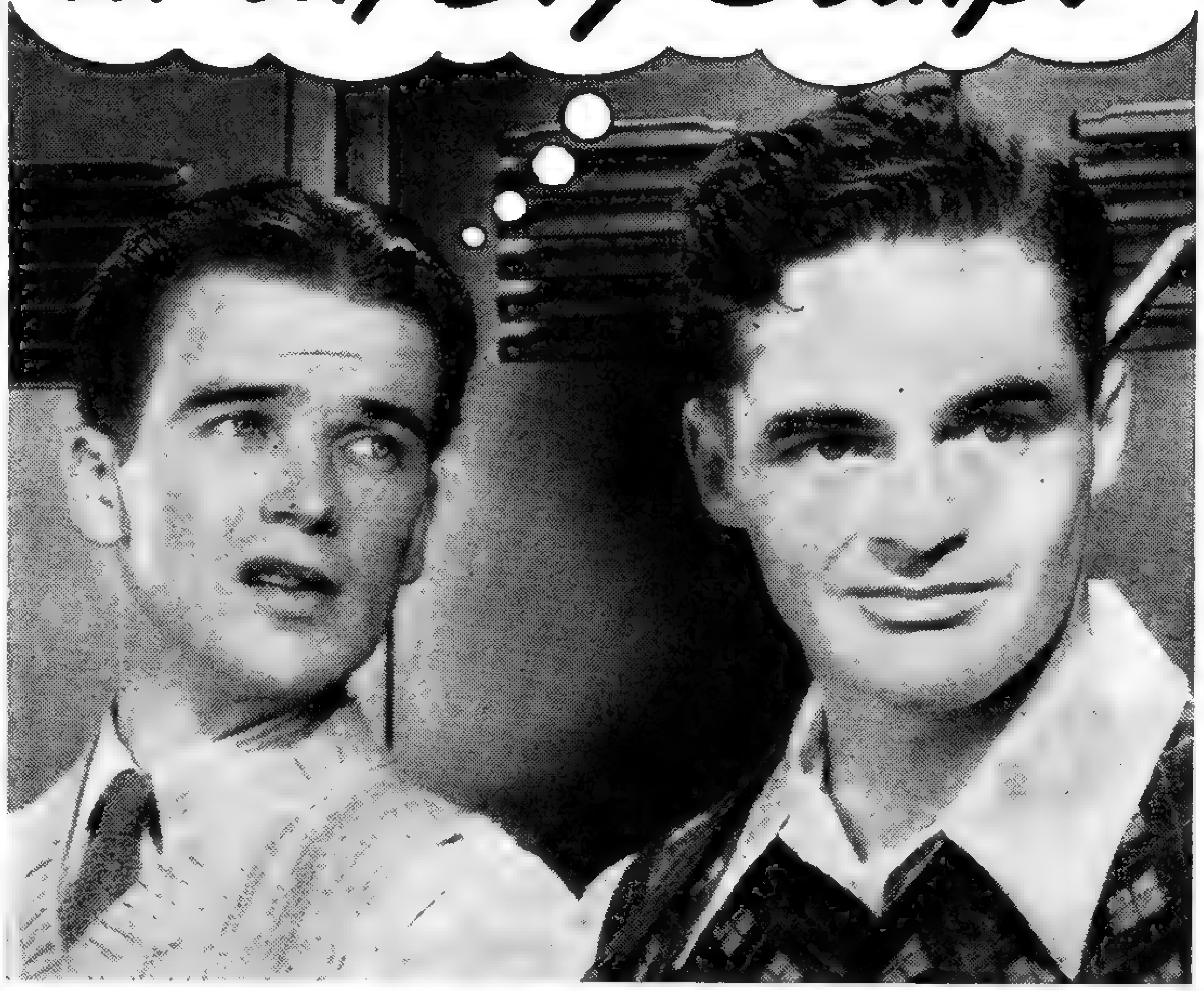


A GOOD MOVE

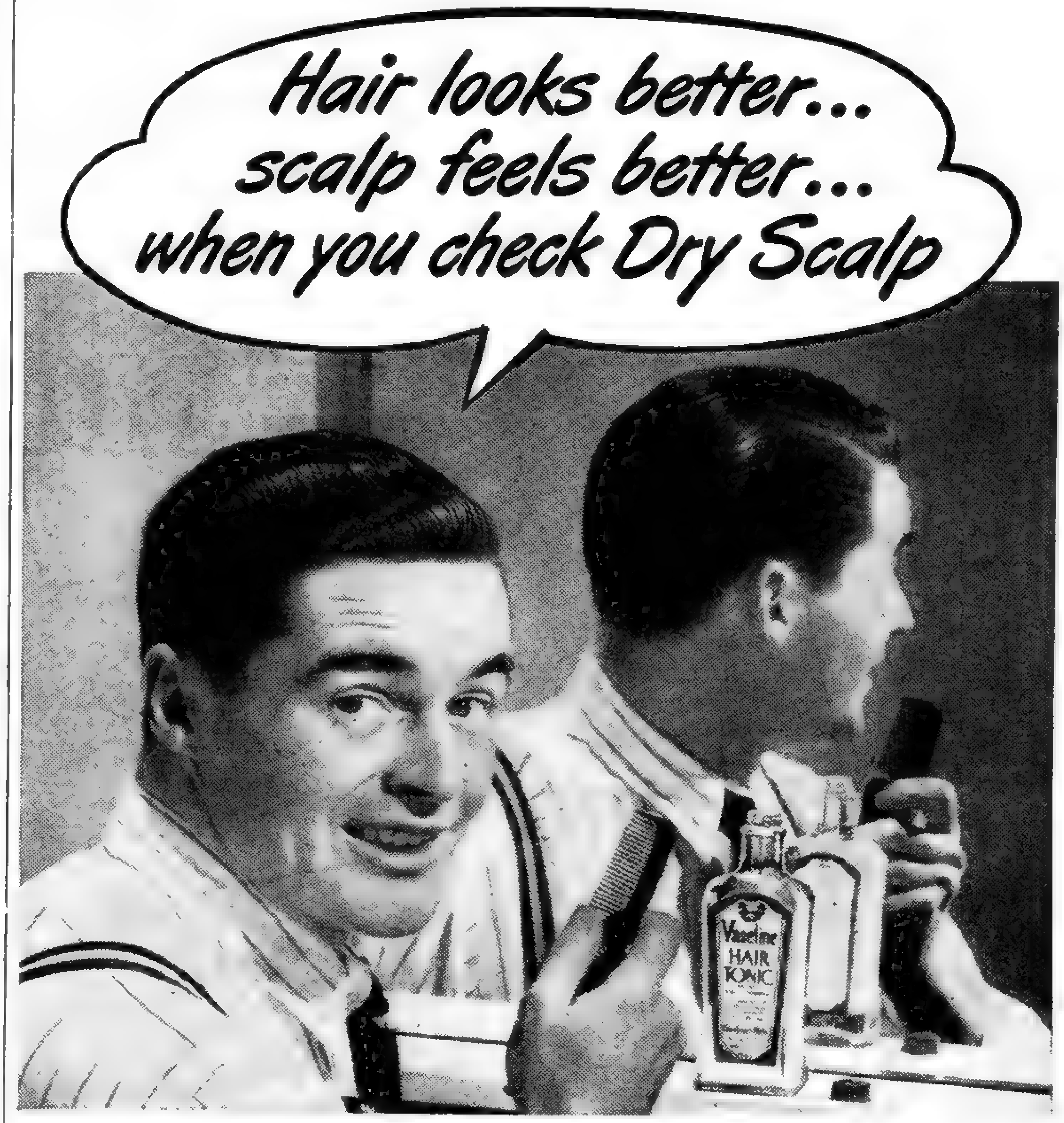
When you get your opponent in a tight spot, offer him a Dutch Masters and let him think it over. After he lights up this fine cigar, he'll decide you've made not only one good move—but two!

DUTCH MASTERS

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



" . . . **SHAME FOR TOM** to neglect his hair that way. Dry Scalp is the trouble. Makes his hair look messy, and it's almost impossible to keep it combed. H-m-m, loose dandruff on his shoulder, too. Hanged if I don't tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . ."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The Sound and the Fury

Continued from page 10

short story

Some of my friends advised me to write you concerning the following:

After the fall of Corregidor, I was interned in the Cabanatuan Camp on Luzon. Due to the lack of food and medicine, the death rate was terrific. I assisted in the burial of 2763 Americans in this camp.

When our plight became known to the natives, an underground society was formed to assist the prisoners of war. In the deliverance of food and medicine to the prisoners the members risked torture and death.

Among those very active in the underground was Sister Clotilde of the Maryknolls.

At one stage of the game when the going became very tough, Sgt. Corriveau, USMC, who happened to be Sister Clotilde's cousin, and I foolishly contacted a guerilla who was willing to carry our note requesting money to the Maryknoll convent in Manila.

When the Philipino guerilla arrived at the convent, he walked to the front door and knocked. The Sisters became very frightened as they knew that the Japs were checking their activities. They admitted the man, read the note and held a hurried conference. The Mother Superior stated, "People take chances to do evil, let us take this chance to do good." Corriveau and I received the money the following day.

Since my release last September, I had been wondering about Sister Clotilde. Had we been the cause of her death? After a little investigative work I found Sister Clotilde at the Mother House, Maryknoll, N. Y. The sister had suffered greatly; she had been subsisting on grass and roots when the paratroopers released her last May.

General MacArthur presented the Asiatic-Pacific Theatre ribbon to Sister Clotilde.

Gunnery Sergeant JAMES G. TIGHE
Brooklyn, N. Y. U.S. Marine Corps

to a brother lost

I wonder if you would be so kind as to answer a call from the East. What I want, is for you to publish this letter in hopes of helping me trace my brother, whom I lost complete touch with in the U.S.A. in 1926. His name is Pritam Singh Gill. His last known address: P. O. Box No. 184 or No. 222, Highland Park, Michigan, U.S.A. He is married to an American girl. A great anxiety will be removed if I hear of his whereabouts.

HARCHAND SINGH, Captain
India Command

with apologies to snakes

Congrats to Sgt. Melvin Durslag on his "Arterial Arthur's Round Table"—a good tale, but he isn't so hot on his snakes.

". . . the snake, its greyish-black hood shining brightly, coiled itself, bobbing its head backwards, forwards, sideways, darting its purplish fangs in and out of its mouth."

If Sgt. Durslag were a good student of Ditmars he would know that that part of the snake's anatomy is his tongue. His fangs just can't be darted.

S/Sgt. J. W. FEATHERSTON
Clovis Army Air Base

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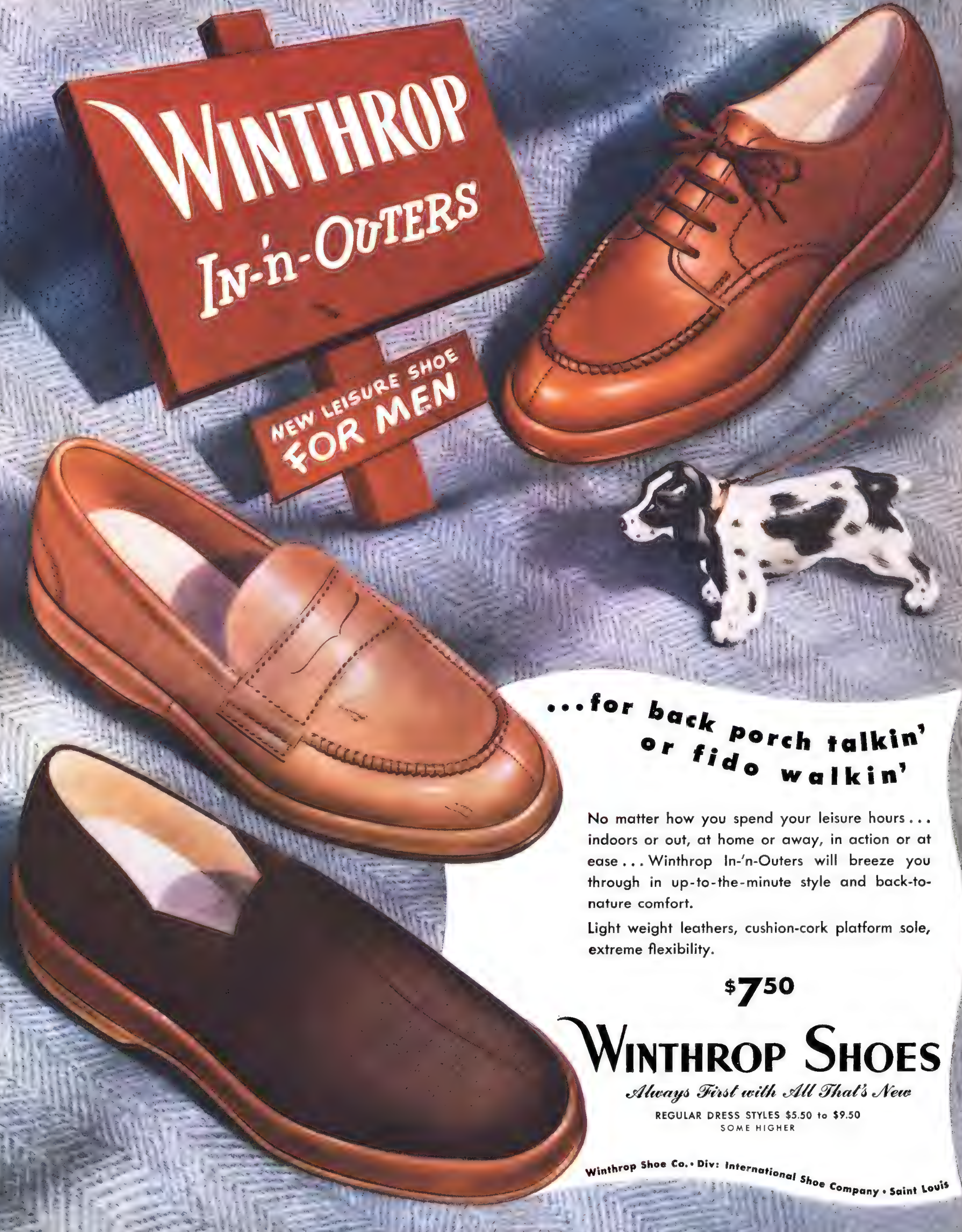

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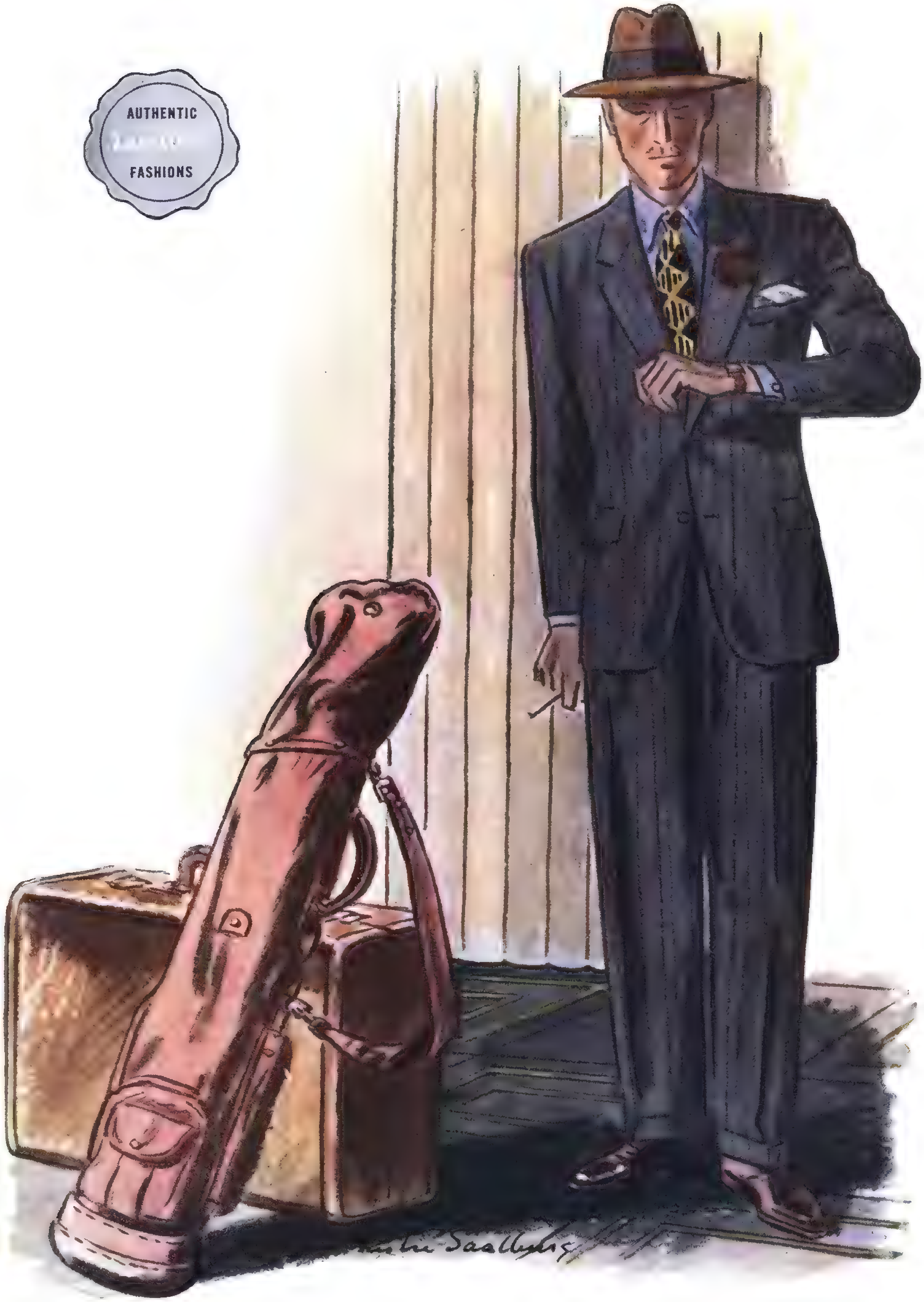

THE LONG WEEK END

Drawing by Leslie Saalburg

This impatient one is cutting himself a slice of Friday-to-Tuesday holiday and is eager to get going. In order to save time he brought his golf bag and clubs to the office, but he couldn't go all out in country clothes because he had a conference this morning, etc., etc. However, he won't be too much of a citified smudge on the rural landscape because there's a lot of color in his outfit. As you can see, there are contrasting stripes of dark red and blue on his grey suit, and his tie has *both* checks and stripes in alternating squares. Of course, all this color is toned down to the standard of metropolitan living by his plain blue shirt and his straight-tip brown shoes. However he looks comfortable and easy-going in his two-button single-breasted jacket.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)

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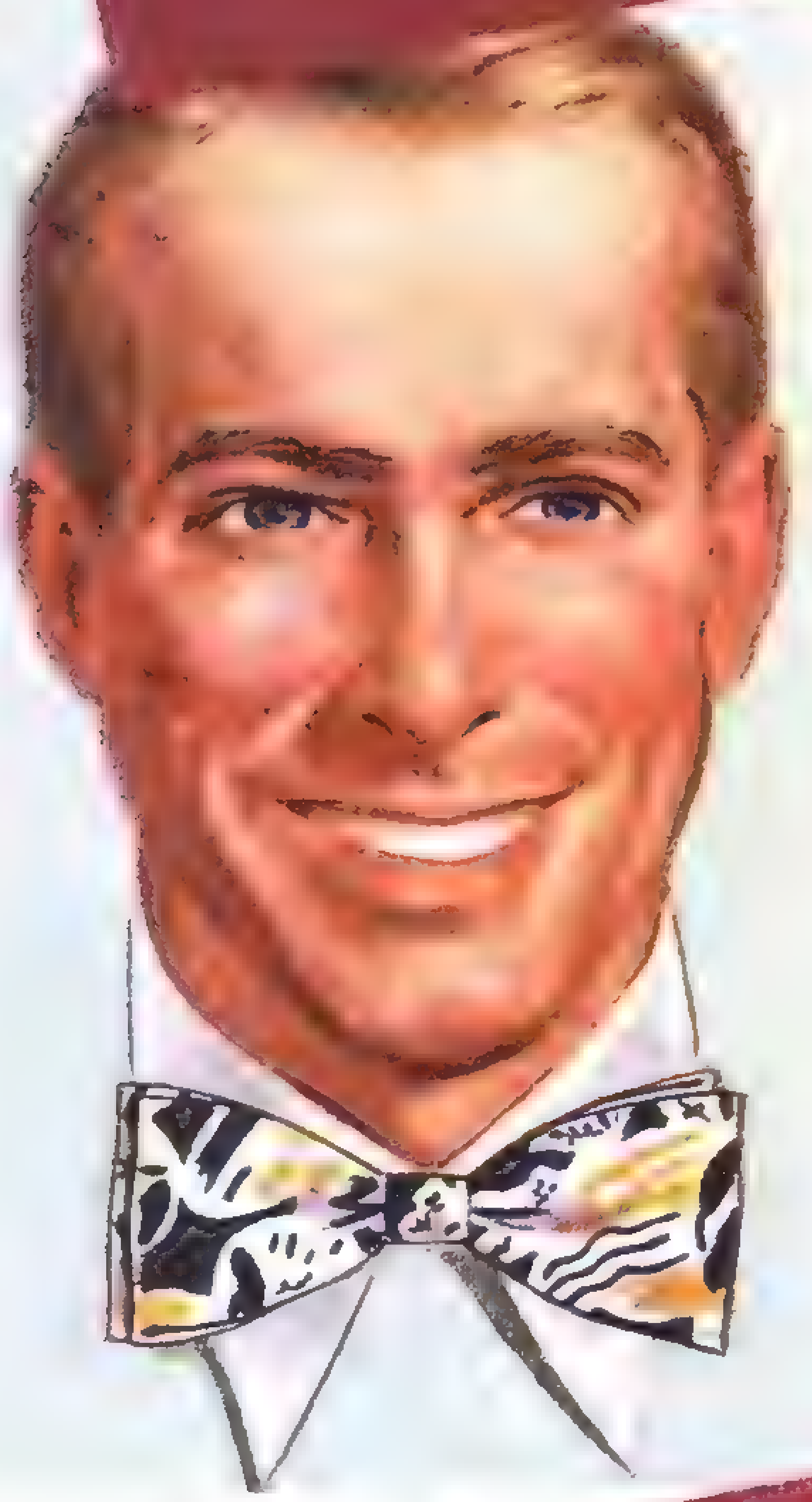

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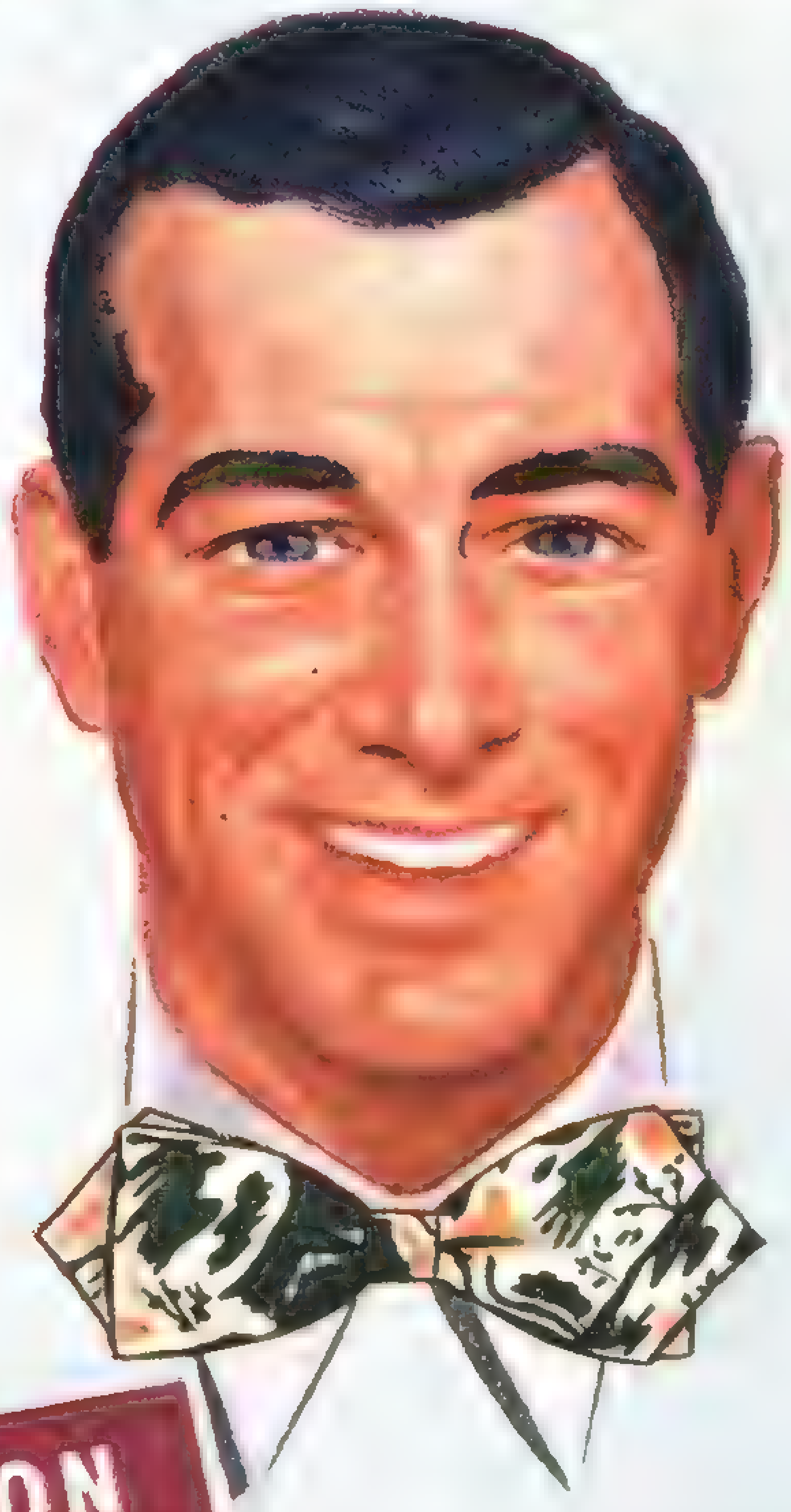
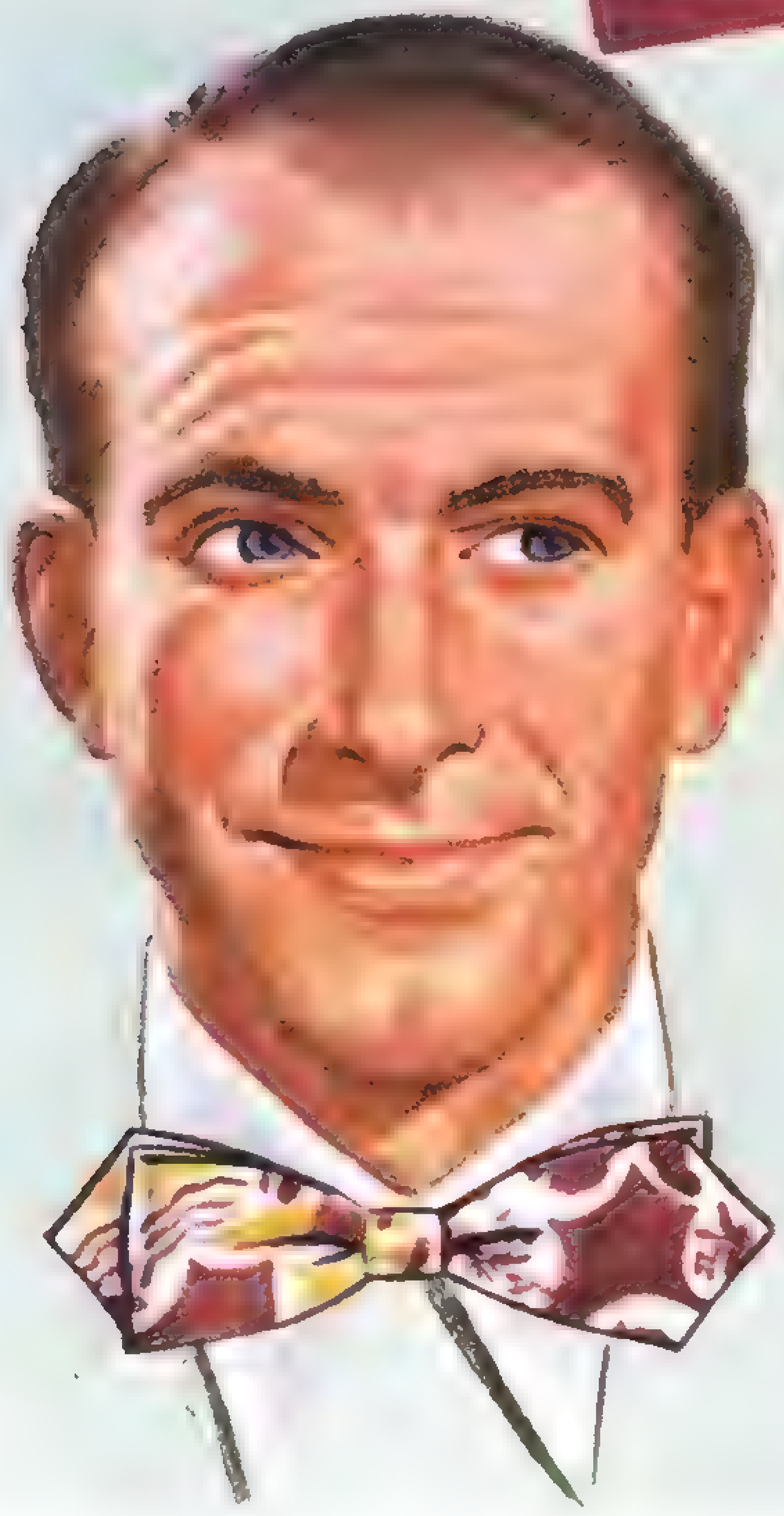
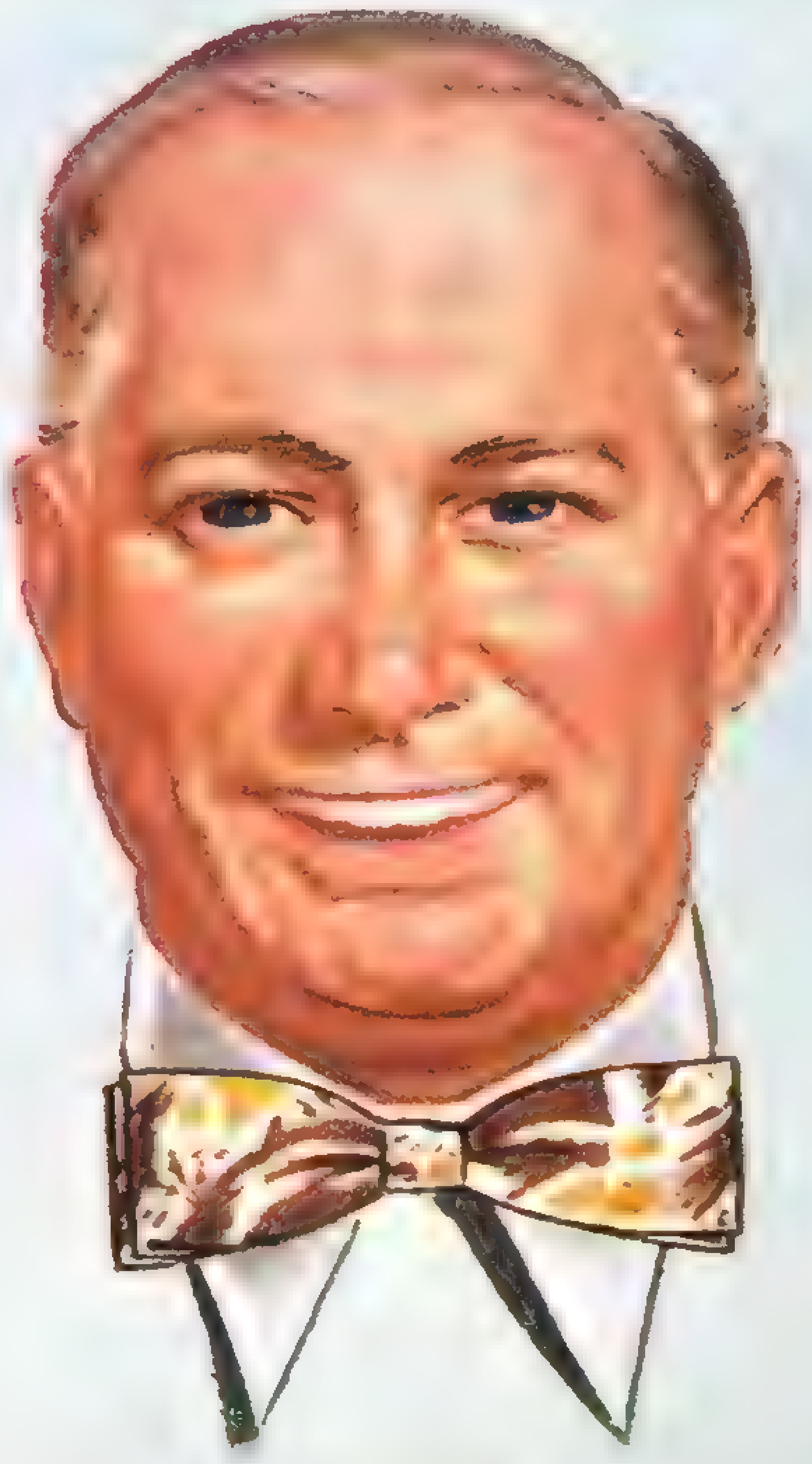


The Tall Man



The Slim Man



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The White Horse

Continued from page 97

mean in the show," she continued.

"Yeh."

"I know it's kind of hard, but I think you ought to tell him," she persisted.

"Why should I?" Leo somehow couldn't bring himself to admit defeat, even to Emmy. He could hear his father's laughter thinly ringing in his ears.

"But—oh, Leo, you can't enter a mule!" Emmy remonstrated.

"Why not?" he said desperately, keeping his gaze glued on the harness in his hands. The thought of telling the doctor how he had been fooled made him hot around his neck. Everyone would laugh at him and his jumping mule.

Emmy looked at him in wide-eyed surprise. "You really mean it?"

"George's mother was a champean, wasn't she?"

"Yes, I suppose so," Emmy admitted. "And of course, he did jump clean over the railing—you told that story yourself."

"That's so." Leo had forgotten. He looked off in the direction of the river and ran his thumb absently up and down under his suspender. "George is in and he stays in," he said stubbornly.

On the day of the fair, Doctor Linker stood in the shade of a large awning that jutted out from the side of his horse truck and fanned himself with a palm-leaf fan. He stopped fanning for just a minute as Leo tapped him on the shoulder.

"Doc, my horse still entered?"

"Of course. Got him with you?"

"Yeh." Leo's voice was listless.

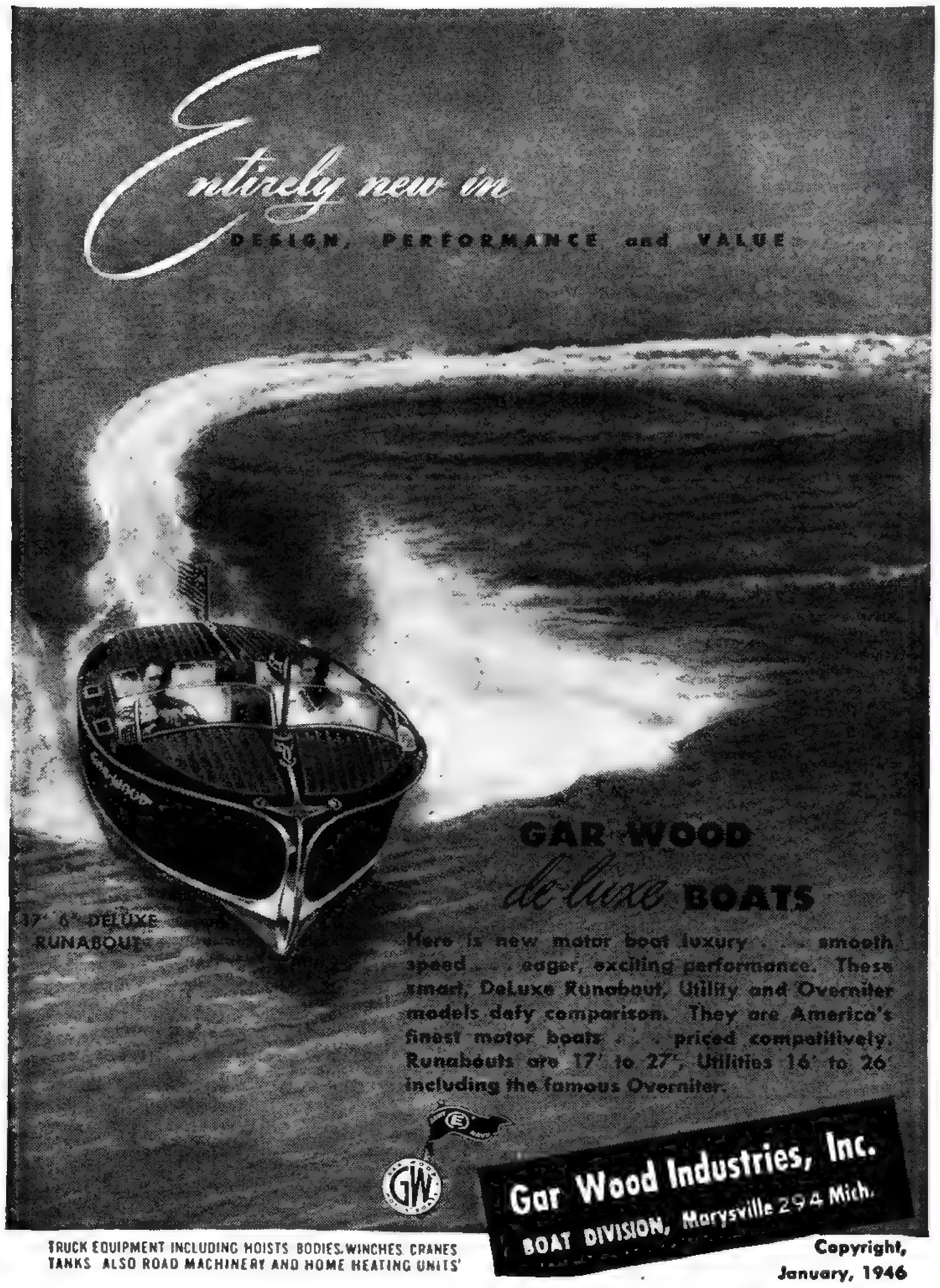
"Can I see him?" he asked.

"No. I got him in one of the boat sheds—and he's awful shy."

"I got scared you weren't going to show up. The class is almost due—it's right after this event."

Leo drew out a large red bandanna handkerchief and wiped his neck and hands. "Kind of hot," he grinned, looking at his feet. "I don't suppose these jump-

Continued on page 164



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Weldon Pajamas* of TELOMARS the new wonder fabric

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The White Horse

Continued from page 163

ers have to be any special kind of horse, do they?"

"Not here they don't. In a big show they would."

"Um-hum. How many entered?"

"I'd say about five. I got my little mare in."

The doctor drew a battered package of Buckinghams from his breast pocket and offered Leo one. Leo accepted and lit it with a rather shaky hand, and the doctor laughed. "Big night last night?"

Leo shook his head. The doctor looked so calm that Leo felt as if his pounding heart must be showing. He felt as if there were a large clock inside of him hammering away the seconds. He wanted to leave and yet he found the doctor's presence comforting, so he stood smoking and trying to think of something to say. He noticed the beads of sweat that ran down the doctor's face in front of his ears, leaving a shiny path behind.

"Boy, it's hot!" The portly doctor ran his fingers through the grizzled curls on his head.

The crowd around the edge of the ring started to clap and Leo said, "Must be about ready. George—that's my horse—is saddled." Through the crowd, Leo picked out a few people he recognized and smiled at them rather vaguely. Old Jo swung up, rolling on his short legs.

"Hi, Leo. Hear you got a entry in today. When did you turn horse dealer?" he asked.

"Just thought I'd have a little fun." Leo's mirthless laugh belied his attempt at gaiety.

Old Jo grinned, and a long scar across his eyebrow stretched into whiteness. He came closer and dropped his voice. "Want a snort? Got a bottle of Sandy MacDonald."

Leo and the doctor both accepted the small bottle and, turning away from the crowd, tilted their heads back. Leo blew his breath out and volunteered,

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"That ain't Sandy MacDonald."

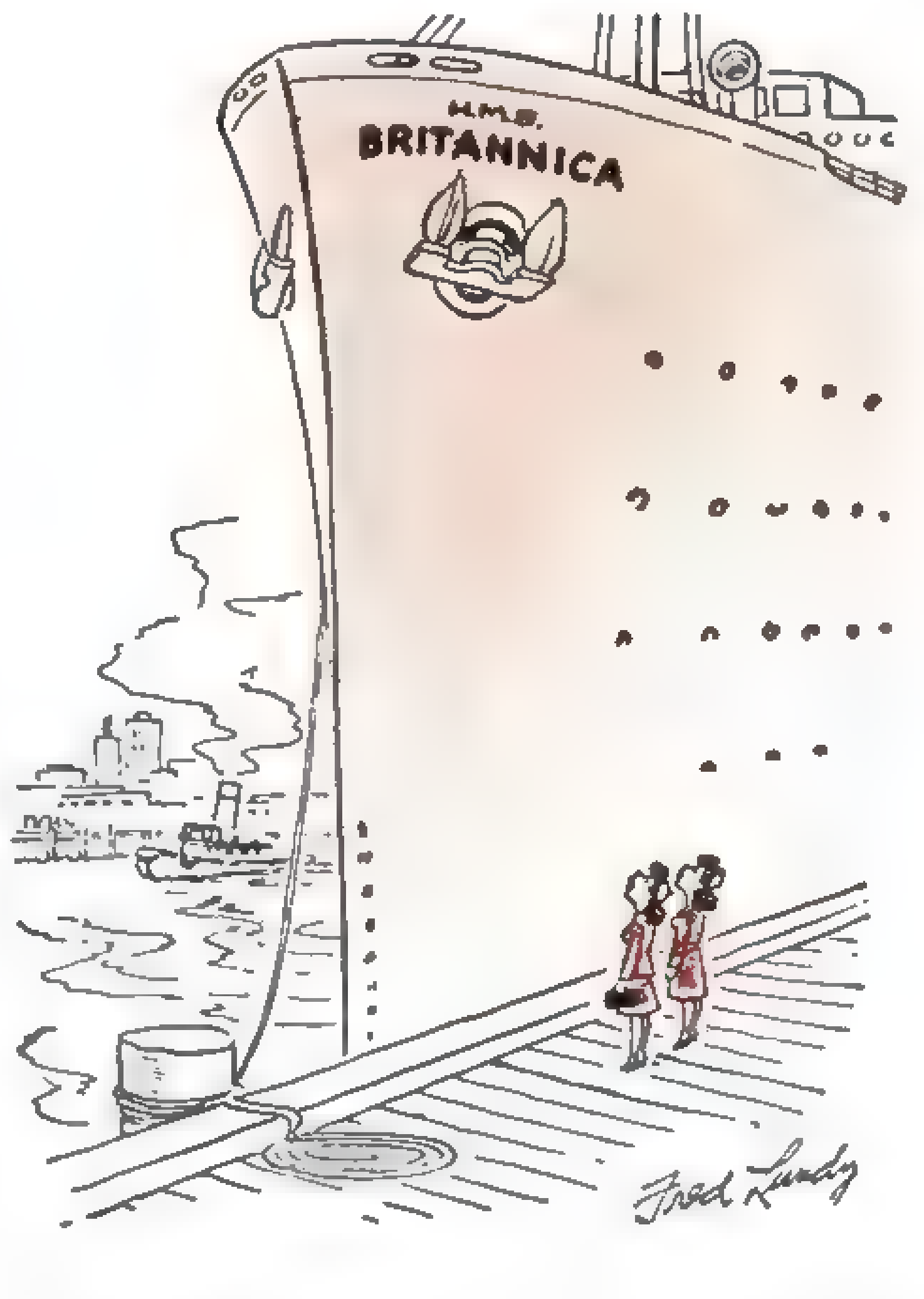
"Part of it is."

The doctor said, "Thanks, Jo. That makes two I owe you."

"That's okay, Doc. You can do me a favor sometime." Leo saw the horses coming out the ring and suddenly turned and left. His heart was pounding harder than ever, and he took several deep breaths before he entered the boat shed. He could hear the announcer calling for the jumpers, and his hand shook as he untied George's rope. The shed was cool; there was water lapping into it about halfway up the floor, and the familiar smell of boat grease felt cold in his nostrils. Finally, he seized the rope that held on George's blanket and also served as a steadier for himself when—and if—the mule took the jumps, and vaulted to George's broad back. He grasped the reins, prodded the mule through the doorway and out into the hot sunlight. He had practiced with George and had successfully cleared a few low logs, but they had been only a few feet high.

As he reached the top of the rise, the first person he saw was his father. Leo's ears were ringing so that he didn't hear any noise, although he saw Old Jo's mouth open wide in a whoop of amusement. By the time he and George had reached the gateway, there was a broad wave of laughter—even Doc Linker shook with mirth as the rider and his mount passed him. Leo kept his eyes fixed on George's neck and swallowed hard in an attempt to bring some moisture to his dry, puckered mouth. He took his place behind the last horse and sat wilting in the sun. The hoots of the crowd sounded far away—a background for the clearer noises of shuffling hoofs, snorts and the buzzing of flies. To keep his mind from dwelling on the present, he thought of Emmy sitting quietly under the trees at home, or lying on the riverbank and dropping sand into the water to make

Continued on page 166



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The White Horse

Continued from page 165

rings. She might be wading or fishing for rock bass that hid under boards. Suddenly, he saw the horse in front of him start forward. It was the doctor's little mare. Leo watched her take the jumps easily and then balk at the last. Again and again, she stalled in front of the obstacle until her rider turned her around the barrier and left the ring.

Leo prodded George in the ribs, and the mule started forward at a slow, benevolent walk. Then, with a ferocity that surprised even himself, Leo lashed the mule across the flank with a leather strap he carried and clutched the reins, pressing them fiercely on the high bone of the withers.

The crowd watched George's long ears snap backward and his tail stream out behind him. Leo was lying against the animal's neck and holding onto the rope around the blanket. The white mule, his bony legs churning in wide circles, careened around the ring, cleared all four jumps and then stopped abruptly, heaving and grunting.

When Leo came out of the ring he was breathing so hard that he had to open his mouth and gasp in the air. George shook his head, his long ears swinging back and forth like fly swatters. The crowd, as with one impulse, opened its mouth and screamed with joy, stamping and waving its arms.

When Leo reached the shade of some trees, he dropped the reins and sat with his eyes shut, listening to George tearing up the grass with his huge yellow teeth. He felt someone slap him on the leg and opened his eyes to meet the amused gaze of Doc Linker.

"Well, Leo, you did it. Your magnificent steed took first prize. Come on back into the ring and get your money."

Leo shook his head, but the doctor, still laughing, led the mule up to the judges. The spectators cheered and clapped until Leo had to come in and get his 50 dollars.

Old Jo came up frowning and puzzled. "What the hell, Leo, how'd you do it? It's the damnedest thing I ever seen. And there's a fellow wants to buy your horse—says he'll give you 75 dollars for him."

"No."

"Didn't think so. I'll tell him." There was a note of respect in Old Jo's voice which prompted Leo to forgive him temporarily.

The crowd was beginning to close in, so Leo kicked George and started down the road for home. George trotted slowly along the dusty path until he

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Of course Lamb Knit sweaters are warm and sturdy—that's because only the finest long-fibred wools are used in their construction, but the feature that makes them a favorite of men is their *STYLE.* The style is "tailored in" a Lamb Knit sweater—tailored to *stay in* through strenuous outdoor sports and many, many wearings. Look for the Lamb Knit label **at fine men's stores throughout the country.**

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reached the rutted track that led towards the river. Here the mule turned automatically.

Emmy came up the road to meet them. Leo could tell by her face that she was worried about him. He pulled her up onto George's back and maintained a grim silence which Emmy respected. When they reached home, he pulled off the mule's blanket and threw the reins into the grass.

Emmy could contain herself no longer. "Well, what *happened*, Leo?"

But Leo only laughed and poked her chin with his finger. "Been waiting on me? It sure has been a hot day. Guess I'll go in for a swim."

Emmy followed him down to the dock and watched his white body plunge into the green water. In exasperation she finally called, "I'll hide your beer unless you tell me what happened today."

"You hide my beer and I'll spank you. Oh, I forgot to tell you, if you'll look in my pants pocket you'll find a fifty-dollar bill there. You better save it."

She reached into his pockets and looked at the bill unbelievingly. Leo suddenly burst into shrieks of raucous laughter.

"I won today," he said.

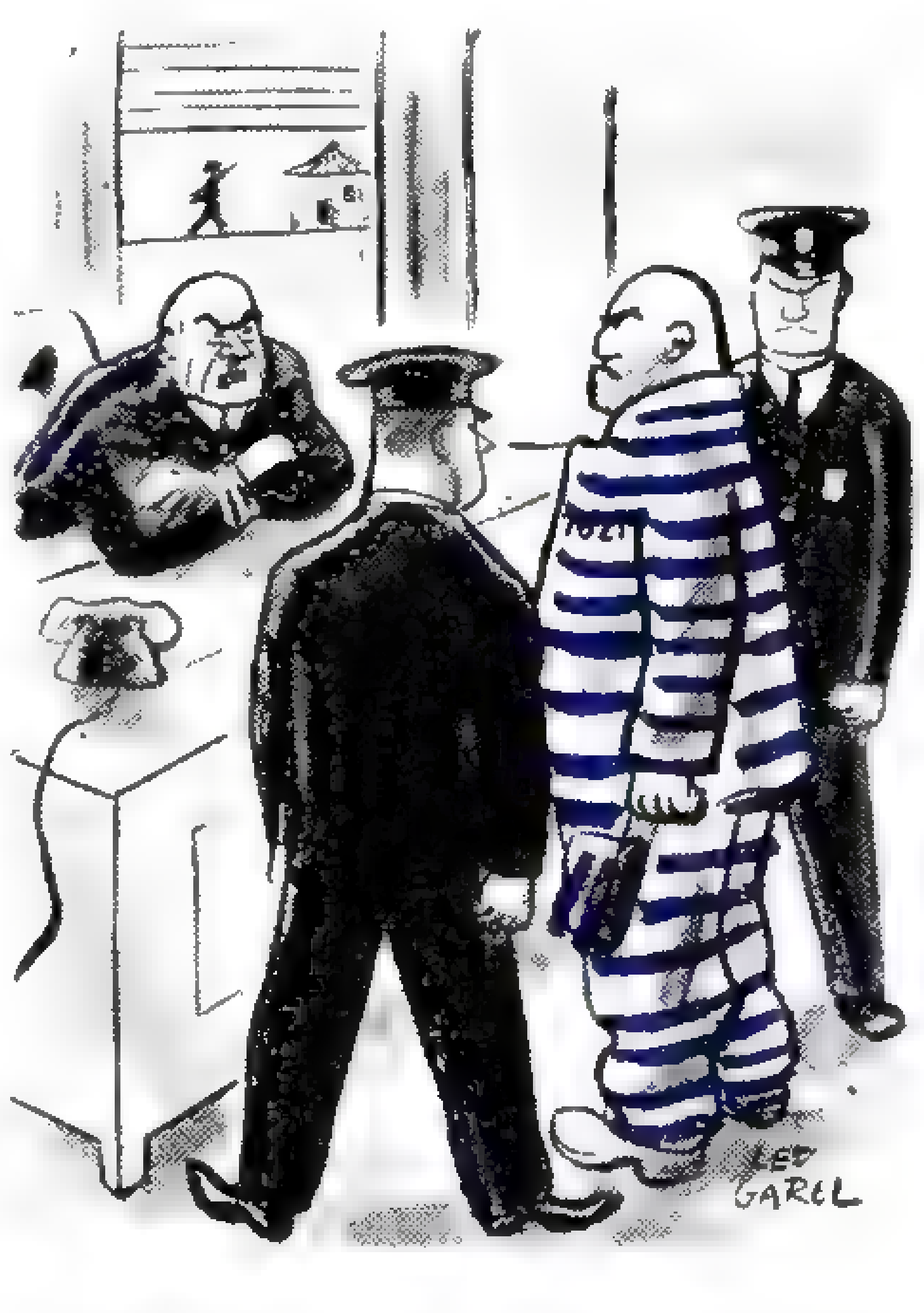
"I know. But how?—Oh, hurry up, Leo!"

Deliberately, he put on his denims before he answered. "You mustn't let on to anyone."

"I won't."

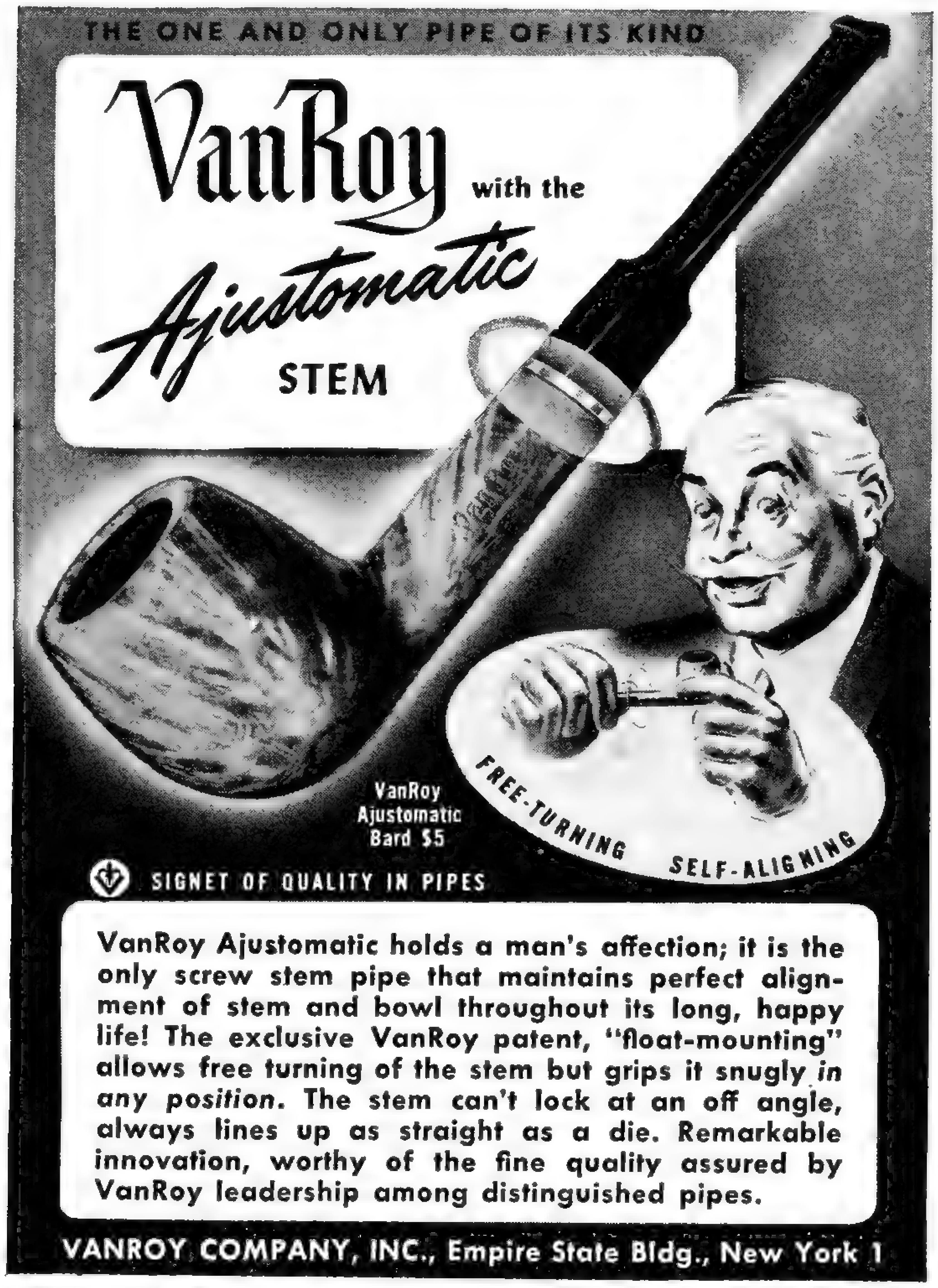
"Well, just before the jumps, I made a noise like a wasp. You should have seen George!" Leo rolled over on his back, shaking with laughter. Emmy joined in his hilarity, and the two sat together on the dock.

Two gulls hurried silently across the low sky, skidded noiselessly down banks of air and discreetly disappeared. In the distance, behind the dusty blue hills on the horizon, the anxious whistles of the high-prowed river boats squealed, and somewhere, a motorboat started up, brazenly flinging its rapid stutter into the quiet evening. #



"And why won't you eat your oatmeal this morning?"

Continued from page 97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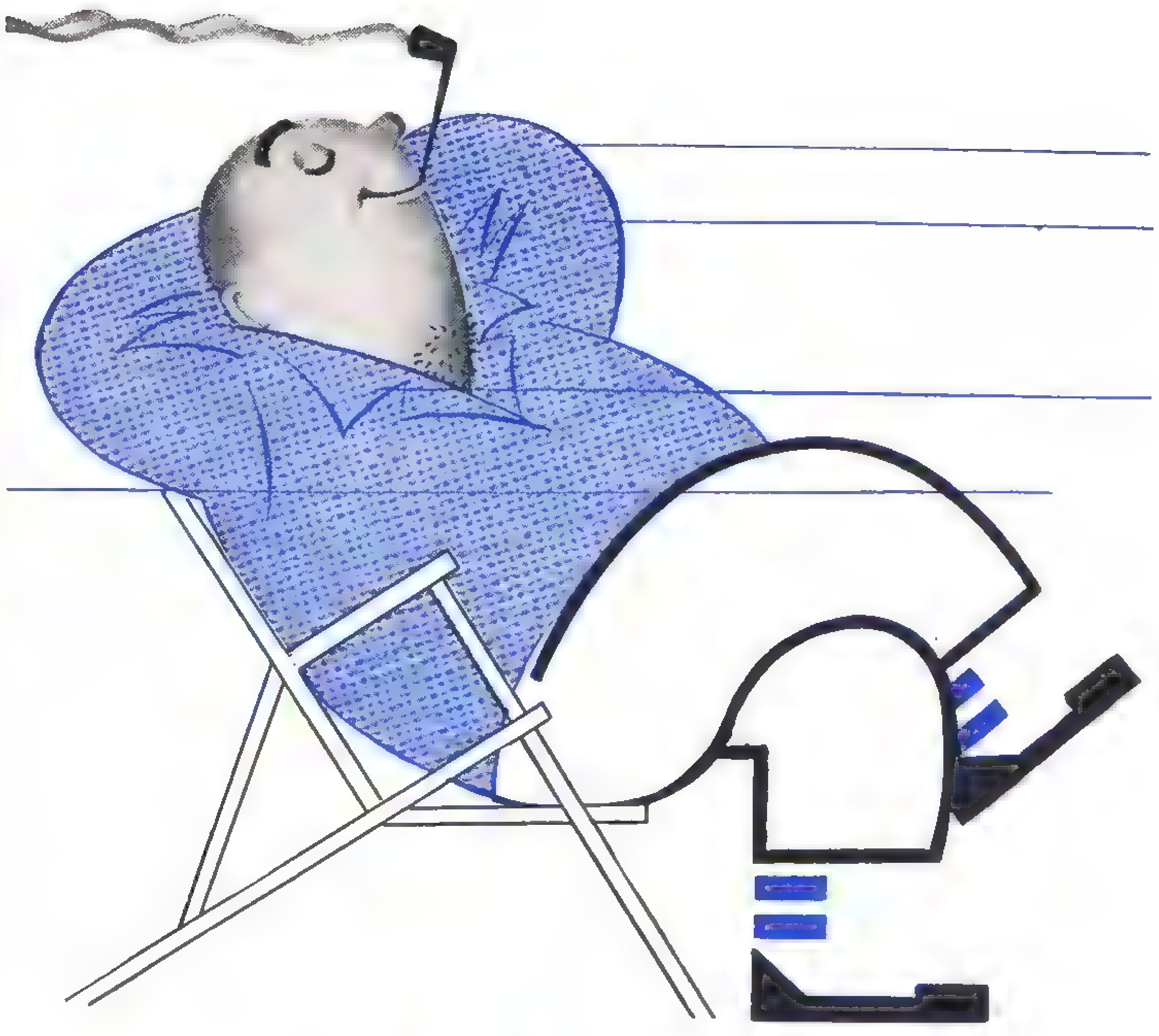
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The Vitamin Girls

Continued from page 53

far cry from the deft, more subtle ladies of laughter who were the queens of acting when I was a boy.

No list of the girls who make no bones about the birds and the bees should omit Miss Ethel Merman. She has the roguish eye with a purposeful glint, the swaying gait that shows she is captain of her purpose, and the vocal equipment to shout down any man's indecision. In a dozen of Broadway's glittering and most successful musical comedies Miss Merman has got her man, not by sweet and helpless femininities, not by billing and cooing, not even by quietly ensnaring him with her wiles, but instead by going after him hammer and tongs.

Miss Merman is another actress whose technique exemplifies the philosophy that a girl's best attack is a direct one. She began her theatrical career with Clayton, Jackson and Durante when they were exciting everyone who knew them with such epics as *Wood* and *I Ups To Him*. It seems quite likely that a girl who may have had to defend herself in an atmosphere as lusty as that which surrounded Lou, Eddie and Jimmy probably decided that offense was the best defense. In any event, Miss Merman assumed the offense and has made it pay handsomely. In a dozen musical comedies, among them such successes as *Anything Goes*, *Red Hot and Blue*, *Panama Hattie* and *DuBarry Was a Lady*, she has hewed to that line and delighted her public, her backers and her bankers.

Gertrude Niesen, another Broadway musical comedy star, makes a slight switch on the methods of the other girls who are setting the new style in romance. Miss Niesen, until the Spring of 1944, was a night-club and radio singer with several plays and movies to her credit—none in the Vitamin Girl tradition. She is currently packing them in as the singing star of a rowdy musical comedy called *Follow the Girls*. Miss Niesen's approach to the male is not quite so muscular as that of her contemporaries, but her single-mindedness is just as unmistakable. The musical highlight of the show is a number called *I Wanna Get Married*. Miss Niesen, of course, sings it. She also sells it. The lyrics sustain the title. There can be no confusion as to Miss Niesen's intent as she chants the particulars of just how and why she wants to get married. She makes it great entertainment, about as coy as a left hook. It cloaks the mysteries of courtship with about the same allure enjoyed by the New York subway.

Another current and choice

TEXAS RANGER BELTS--

The "CAPTAIN REYNOLDS"—Hand-carved Texas Ranger Belt of genuine cowhide, named for one of Texas' great Ranger captains. A smartly styled Western floral design in the popular 1¼-inch width with TexTan's patented removable* buckle. Retails at $5.00

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member of the get-your-man-at-any-cost school is Vera Vague, for many years one of the mainstays of Bob Hope's troupe. She is in the direct Miss Davis tradition, although she has not yet reached the same heights with a radio show of her own. Nevertheless, she still earns enough to prove that glamor in reverse is a paying business.

Finally, there are the Andrews Sisters, a trio which has far outstripped every group singing act in the business. Records, radio, juke boxes, motion pictures and the remnants of vaudeville all pay cash tribute to their ability to entertain the American public.

There are three Andrews Sisters: LaVerne, thirty; Maxene, twenty-eight; and Patti, twenty-six. The sum total of their physical assets is not overpowering, but their vitality and their ability to produce sheer volume is. They attack an audience with the same relentless brutality characteristic of all the Vitamin Girls. Their voices pound it, pin it down, and only let it up so it can clamor "more."

"Come a long way since then, haven't we?"

Andrews *père* was Greek. When he arrived here some forty-odd years ago, he gave his name as Adrois. The immigration authority wrote it down as Andrews. The girls were all born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, and remained obscure until 1937 when they recorded *Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen* for Decca. They made the song sound different than it ever sounded before. The public thought they made a wonderful noise, and it bought over a million copies of the record. Subsequently, their recordings of *Apple Blossom Time* and *Rum and Coca Cola* did likewise. So did their disc of *Don't Fence Me In* with a fine assist from Bing Crosby. Meanwhile they did motion pictures. They appeared in *Argentine Nights*, *Buck Privates*, *In the Navy*, *Hold That Ghost*, *Moonlight and Cactus*, *What's Cookin'*, *Always a Bridesmaid*, *Hollywood Canteen*, *Give Out Sisters*, and *Her Lucky Night*.

They have just finished singing in a new Disney picture *Make Mine*

Continued on page 170

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Both 86.8 Proof

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CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC., New York, New York • *Sole Importer*

The Vitamin Girls

Continued from page 169

Music. Their place in the cinema history may lack permanence, but their ability to pull the customers up to the wicket so far is real.

The Andrews Sisters are playing their third season on their own radio program. The interesting fact here is that the only one of the girls who emerged as a definite radio personality was LaVerne. Throughout the series she was characterized as a gal who wanted a man and wasn't fussy about how she got him. So the Andrews Sisters have added their bit to the new tradition.

Dr. Gallup and his fellow researchers have proved that the radio and the movies are potent molders of our national habits. If you accept their findings you may also wonder what effect these detonating dames will have on our conventional habits of courtship and love-making.

Certainly, seduction, by the male at least, looks like a dead duck. It will simply cease to have *raison d'être.* Even if the initiative passes to the female, it will be a different ceremony. There will be no furtiveness, misrepresentation, nor deception. If the character of intimate love-making follows the pattern set by these sirens, everyone will know what's coming quick and sure. A boy needs more than a mother to guide him. A burly father or halfback brother to protect him would be more to the point.

If this seems farfetched to you, consider what happens at appearances of Frank Sinatra and Van Johnson. The shouting and hysterics of bobby-soxers make me at least wonder whither we are drifting. My cautious inquiry is but a whisper against the roar of acclaim which the people whose dollars support the American entertainment business are giving the Vitamin Girls.

From my viewpoint they can have 'em. I'll take Gloria Swanson. #

"Fore"

Continued from page 53

Style Champions

To get more than you expect, don't say "suspenders," say "Free-Swing."* There's a big difference between suspenders—a difference in comfort, in style, in wear. Only "Paris* Free-Swing" Suspenders have the exclusive rotary action back that gives with every gesture, moves with every motion—"Can't skid off your shoulders." No strain—no skid—no pull to these widely imitated, never duplicated champions. Ask for All Elastic "Paris Free-Swing" Suspenders—at better stores everywhere $1.50 to $3.50.

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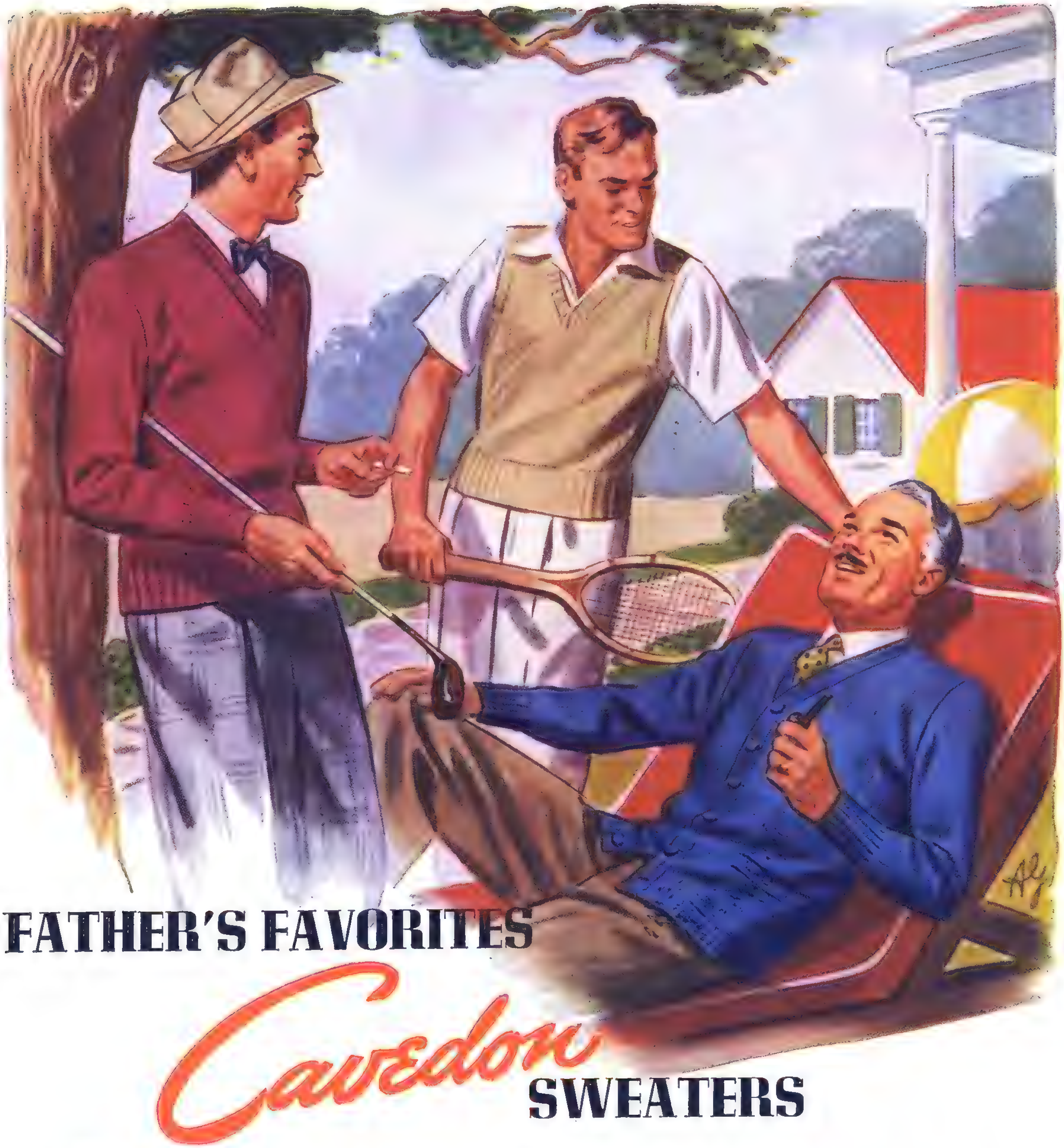

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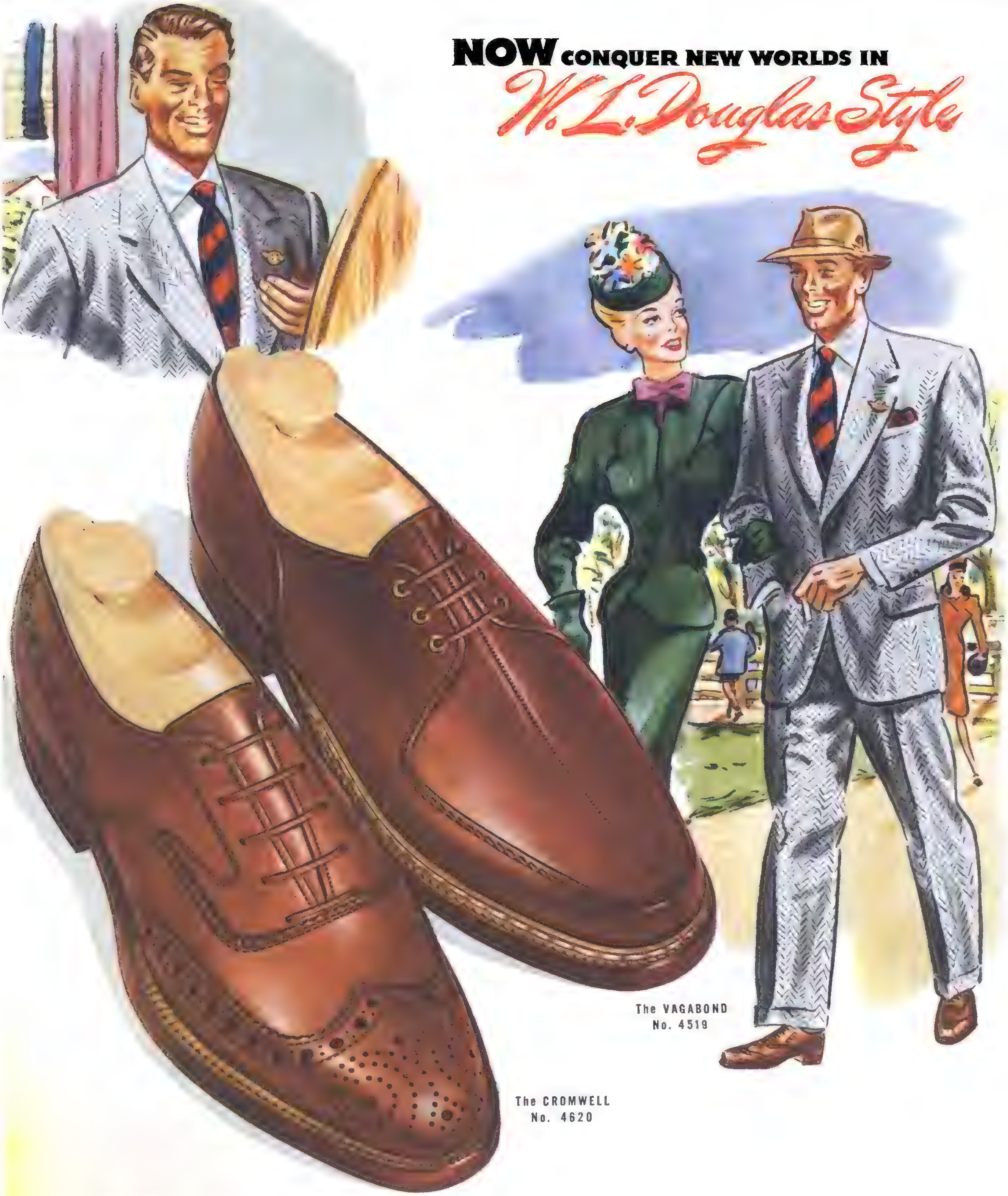
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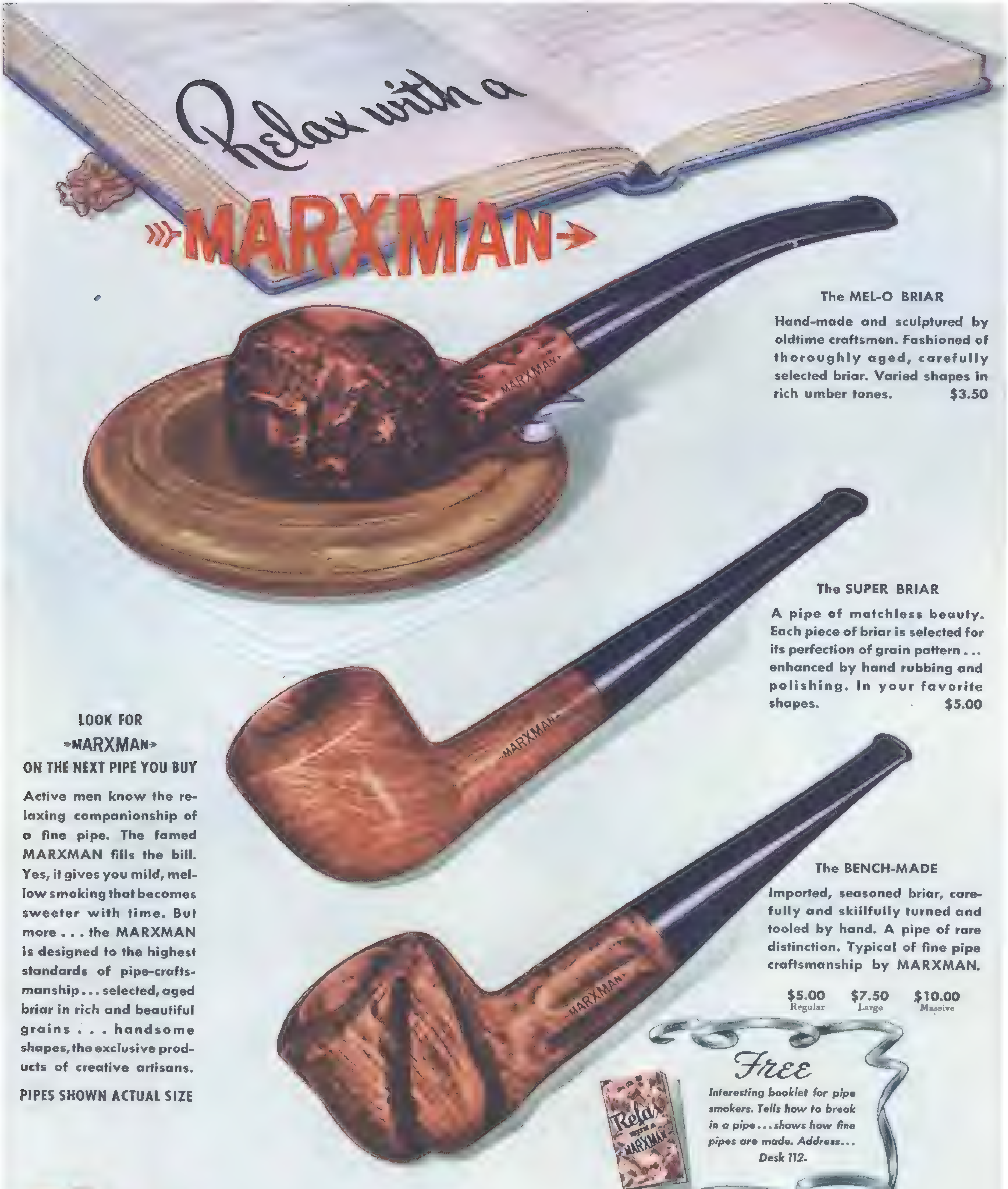

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Regular	Large	Massive

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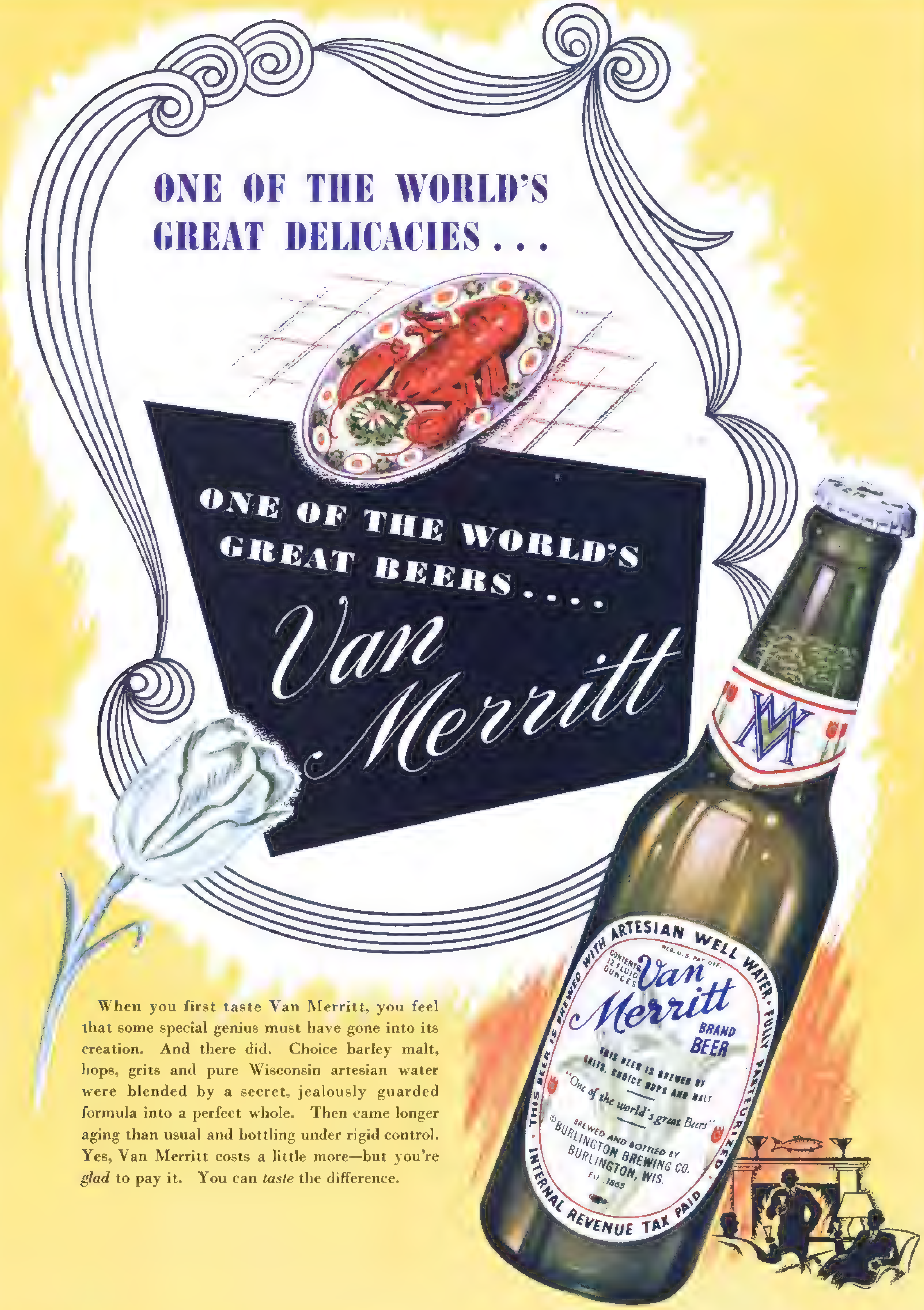
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"One of the world's great Beers"
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When you first taste Van Merritt, you feel that some special genius must have gone into its creation. And there did. Choice barley malt, hops, grits and pure Wisconsin artesian water were blended by a secret, jealously guarded formula into a perfect whole. Then came longer aging than usual and bottling under rigid control. Yes, Van Merritt costs a little more—but you're *glad* to pay it. You can *taste* the difference.

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Into the Woods Without a Guide

Continued from page 68

miserably cold unless you have plenty of bedding under as well as over you. The only objection to eiderdown sleeping bags is the initial investment. Mine cost eighty dollars apiece. But that was twenty years ago and they are still as good as new. Four dollars per bag per year is not such a painful cost. And seven pounds of sleeping bag provides the warmth of twenty or twenty-five pounds of blanket.

In the selection of clothing my ideas are somewhat radical. My outfit for one man is as follows:

1 wool shirt; 1 wool bathing suit; 1 pair moccasins, smoke-tanned and *unsoled*; 1 pair trousers with belt; 1 poncho, Army style; 1 T-shirt; 2 pairs wool socks; 1 web belt, Army style; and 1 campaign hat, Army style.

Note some of the things the clothing list does *not* include: underwear, for example. It is an unnecessary nuisance in the open. And there is no change of clothing "in case you get wet." You have a broad-brimmed hat and a poncho to keep off the rain. Beyond that—you tell me how two men are going to live in a canoe without being partially wet all of the time. That's why you wear wool socks and a wool shirt, and—in cold, wet weather—the bathing suit underneath, in lieu of a sweater or windbreaker.

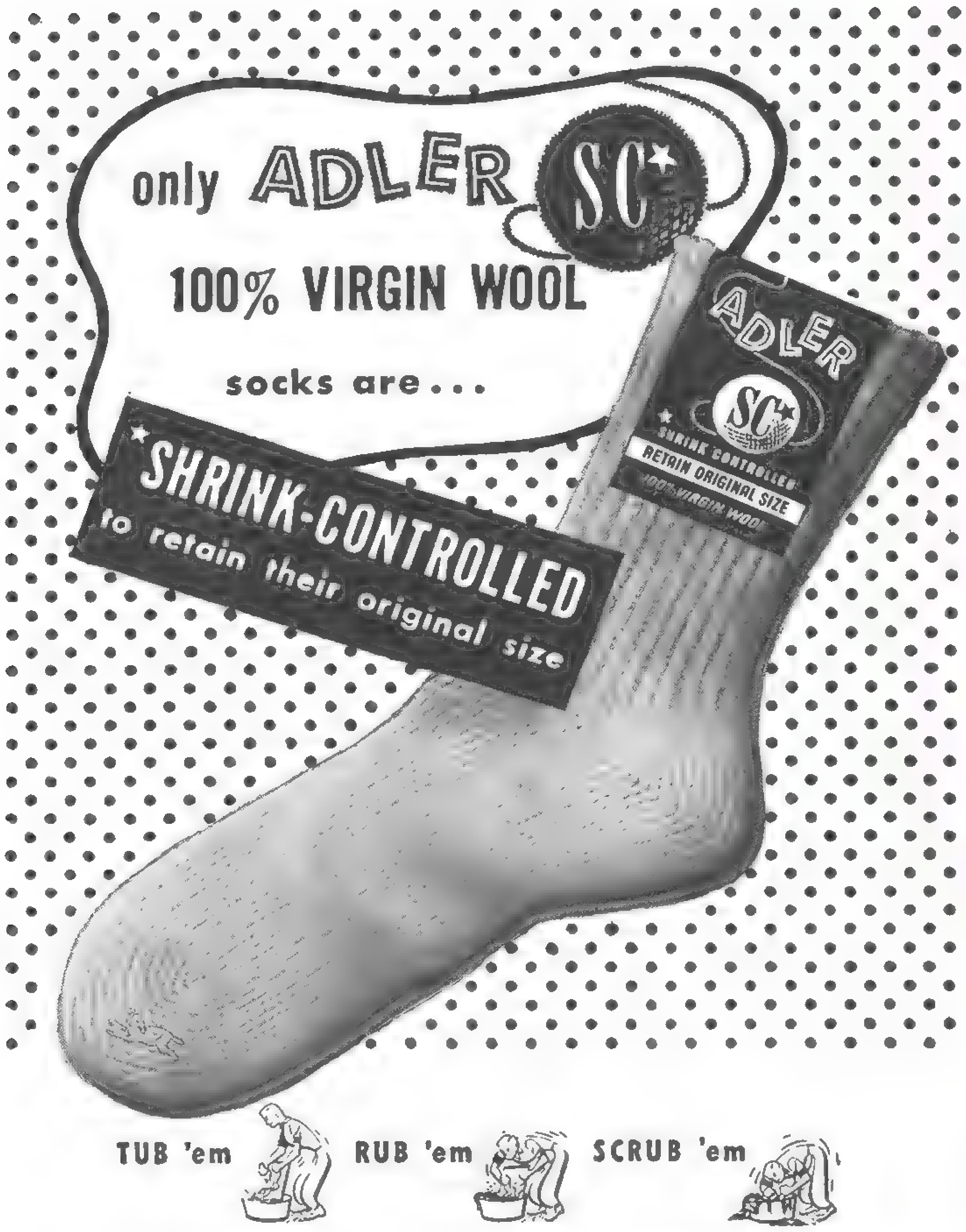
At night you take off your wet clothes and crawl into a warm, dry bag. If the weather is clear, your gear will dry out quickly in the morning. If not, you're going to be wet anyhow. Make up your mind to that, and discard the superfluous weight and bulk of spare clothing.

The T-shirt is handy to put on when you aren't wearing the bathing suit.

And on nights that are warm you may want to slip one on so that you can sleep partly out of your eiderdown, instead of sewing

Continued on page 176

"He's picked up a lotta foreign words—he wants me to be his betrothed!"



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Wash them any way you like — the size remains the same

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SHAVE TRIO After Shave, Cologne and Talcum, with massive wood caps.
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FRESH-UP-CHEST After Shave, Cologne and Soap, arched to fit the hand.
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Into the Woods Without a Guide

Continued from page 175

yourself all up in the raw.

As to footgear, I have never understood why some men will encumber their feet with hot, heavy shoes or boots in summer. On one trip, down the Abitibi to Hudson's Bay, we stopped to visit with a group of engineers building the railway down to the Bay. They all wore engineer's field boots—laced up to the knee. And they all limped with foot trouble.

Light moccasins are the thing, smoke-tanned because such leather does not harden and stiffen when it dries after a wetting. Without auxiliary soles or heels, your feet can literally feel their way on a tortuous portage, where a slip under a 200-pound load would be very bad medicine.

Of miscellaneous equipment, we carry the following:

A pint mason jar, with lid and washer, filled with all the matches you can cram into it, plus at least six filled waterproof match safes.

1 sheath knife per man, worn on the belt; 1 dishcloth; 1 small cake of hand soap; 1 cake of scouring soap; 1 pair of nipper pliers.

We have never had to use the nippers, but they are there in case somebody gets impaled on a fish hook. The least painful way to remove one is to push it on in until the barb emerges, then nip the barb off and pull the rest of the hook out through the hole it went in.

A few nails of assorted sizes; 1 hand ax, carried in a guard on the belt; 1 flashlight, complete with battery; 1 folding candle lantern and 3 candles; 1 small camera, carried in a belt case; 10 rolls of 8-exposure film; 1 pair of field glasses. Mine are U. S. Signal Corps "Double E"—a holdover from World War I. There is a compass set in the top of the carrying case. It is all the compass we have ever needed.

One Army-style map case. This slings over the shoulder and holds maps, a notebook, pencils, gunning and fishing licenses, etc.

Incidentally, if you wear glasses take a spare pair, but one watch is enough.

2 toothbrushes; 1 small bath towel; 1 pocket comb; 1 pair of nail scissors; 1 vial of iodine; 1 roll of four-inch bandage; 1 hermetically-sealed Army pattern first-aid bandage; 1 four-ounce bottle of pure grain alcohol (not denatured); 1 spool of dental floss; 1 box of aspirin; assorted needles (threaded); a hip pocketful of toilet paper.

For armament (I have never gone in for big-game hunting on these trips) we carry a 16-gauge shotgun in a canvas gun case,

THE BEAUTIFUL, FLEXIBLE EXPANSION BAND *that's Almost Unbreakable!*

● Flex-Lets are slim, sleek, silkenly flexible . . . and Tru-Rivet Construction* makes them almost unbreakable. They easily take the roughest, toughest treatment. Fashion smart! Almost break-proof! Guaranteed for one year!

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with 25 rounds of number 4 shot shells—good enough for ducks, frogs, porcupines (good eating) and other small game. Be sure to take some cleaning rags, a jointed cleaning rod with wire brush and a small can of oil. We carry two steel fishing rods, with reels, about 150 feet of trolling line, and an assortment of flies, hooks and lures. Our fishing is largely pot hunting: the stern oar trolls while the canoe is under way.

"I know I'm going on a trip—do you see a return ticket anywhere?"

And so we come to the most vital part of the outfit, the cooking equipment and grub. The first thing you need is a good ax with a leather guard. For the fireplace, two steel strips 30 inches long, 1½-2 inches wide and ⅜ths of an inch thick, make extremely satisfactory grate bars. They can be set up on stones or on pegs driven into the ground, do not slip easily and can be packed in a cloth bag. A pair of work gloves or pot holders is very useful.

And you'll want 24 food bags: one oilcloth bag for carrying bacon, 12 two-pound bags, 9 five-pound bags, and 2 ten-pound bags, of waterproofed cotton.

As for cooking and eating utensils, the following should do: 1 small-size reflector baker, with pan and canvas case; 1 round, three-quart, friction-top pail with bail handle; 1 cake turner; 1 measuring cup; 1 strainer; 2 forks and 2 spoons; 1 cooking outfit (consisting of 2 plates, 2 kettles, 2 tin cups, 2 frying pans with collapsible handles).

When two men push a loaded canoe through wind and water all day, they need a good deal of fuel. The trick is to take along sufficient food and hold the weight down at the same time. Sixty pounds of grub (net 57½ actually) will see two men comfortably through a fortnight in the woods, *providing all the water possible* has been squeezed out of it.

You will find that there are only three relatively important exceptions to that proviso, on

Continued on page 178

He says . . . IT'S WAT-A-TITE WEATHER ALL-YEAR ROUND . . . .

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You'll enjoy your last pipeful of tobacco as much as your first with a Rogers Air-tite Tobacco Pouch. Thanks to its patented inner-pouch construction and exquisite craftsmanship, Air-tite is the largest selling pouch ever made. In a wide variety of leathers and models (Model 213 illustrated here $3).

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This cross section view shows how the patented "lips" of the inner pouch seal tightly as you zip the outer pouch closed. Keep freshness and fragrance in. Look for name "Air-tite" U. S. Pat. 1,801,192 Can. Pat. 374,167

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U.S. AGENTS FOR PETERSON'S PIPES — DUBLIN, LONDON

Into the Woods Without a Guide

Continued from page 177

which I shall comment later. Here is the food list necessary to last two men fourteen days:

Bacon, 10 lbs.; Bouillon, ¼ lb. box; Vegetable shortening, 1 lb.; Powdered milk, 1 lb. (or 1½); Flour, 10 lbs. (or what will go into a 12 lb. bag); Corn meal, 1 lb.; Rice, 2 lbs.; Macaroni, 2 lbs.; Baking powder, ½ lb.; Sugar, 7½ lbs.; Onions, 5 lbs.; Tea, ½ lb.; Dried apricots, 1 lb.; Prunes, 1 lb.; Salt, ½ lb.; Pepper, ⅛ lb.; Canned beef, 3 lbs.; Jam, 2 lbs.; Tomato paste, ½ lb.; Lime juice, ¼ lb.; Navy beans, 1 lb.; Potatoes, 4 lbs.; Eating chocolate, ½ lb.; Oxtail soup, 2½ lbs.; Bayleaf and garlic, ⅛ lb.

The total weight of the foregoing, exclusive of containers, is 57¼ lbs.

This list presumes you will have some fish and birds, perhaps rabbits, squirrels, frogs and other small game. In case your hunting and fishing luck is bad, there is a twenty per cent margin of safety (2 pounds) in your bacon ration. The bacon, by the way, should be in pieces that will conveniently stow in your meat bag—perhaps 8 inches long, by the width of the flitch. Presliced bacon will not keep very long without cooling.

The bouillon cubes are for flavoring stews and gravies, or occasionally for a cup of beef tea to vary the mid-afternoon snack.

Take vegetable shortening in preference to lard, as it does not absorb the odor of fish, and leftovers can be poured back into its friction-top tin. The powdered milk also comes in a friction-top tin, further packed in a waterproofed food bag. So does the baking powder and salt. The extra half-pound of powdered milk is in case you decide to take a pound of instant chocolate with you. Hot, sweet drinks in the woods are worth their weight in the pack.

The soup is one of the three exceptions (potatoes and onions being the other two) to the rule of aridity cited above. It pays the freight on a cold, rainy evening after you've had a hard day and don't think you have the strength or will to cook. Heat up a can of soup and down it piping hot. Life will shortly assume a different aspect.

Pepper, lime juice, bouillon cubes, garlic and bay all stow into a single one-pound bag. You need all these seasonings, because even fresh fish and game get monotonous without something to jack up their flavors.

This reminds me to tell you the quick and easy way to prepare birds: Don't pluck them, skin

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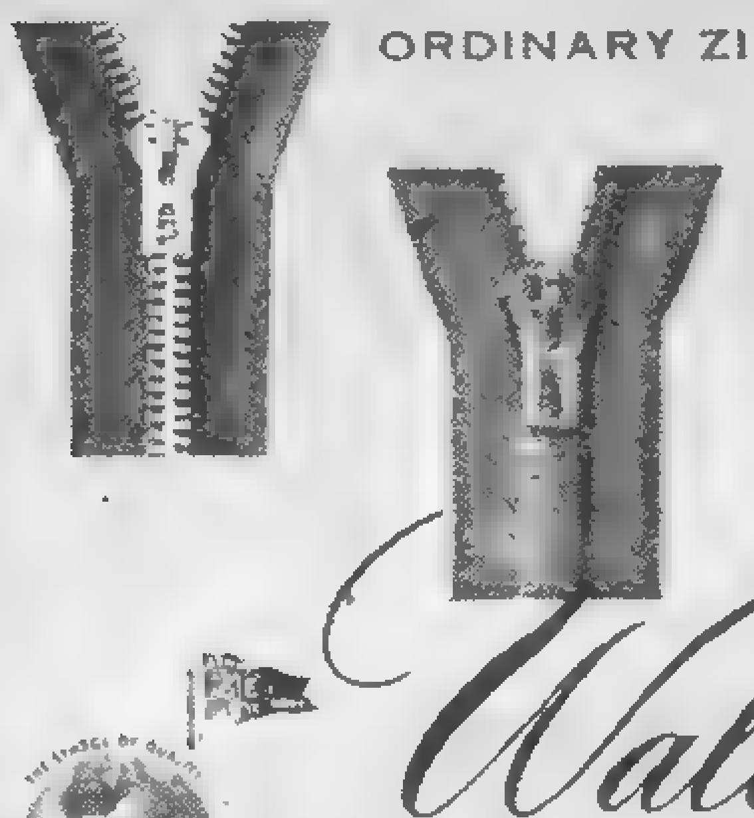

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them. Chop off the heads, the outer "meatless" joints of the wings, and the feet. Split the skin over the breast and then remove it just as though taking off a coat.

With small birds—like the snipe and the plover—put your left thumb under the top of the breastbone, bracing your fingers against the bottom of it. Take the neck and back in your right hand. Pull in opposite directions. Presently you will have the breastbone alone in your left hand. That's about all the edible meat you can get from a small bird, so don't waste too many of your No. 4's on them.

"You're not going to throw me back, are you?"

Just one more word about rations. It is a splendid idea to take along a good thick steak, to be eaten your first night out; it helps ease you gently into wilderness fare, and the scraps and bones from the steak go well in your first fish or game stew.

Now how are you going to carry all this impedimenta? It can be stowed into two large oblong pack sacks, complete with shoulder straps and tump leather, and one small duffel bag, about 20 inches long by 10 inches wide. The grub fits in one pack sack and the duffel bag.

Everything else, with the exception of the gun, rods and paddles, goes in the other pack sack. As a matter of fact, the rods and gun also can go in the pack sack, but it is quicker and easier to carry them over a portage "by hand" than it is to strip and then dismount them.

Within three or four days you will have eaten enough grub to make the duffel bag superfluous and from then on it can be stowed in the bottom of the ration pack sack.

Altogether it sounds like a lot of gear. But there is not a thing in this whole outfit that you will not use almost every day. Yet there is nothing left out for which you will feel any great need. Did you say a can opener? You should have learned long ago that it is not difficult to open cans with a hatchet. #

Continued from page 68

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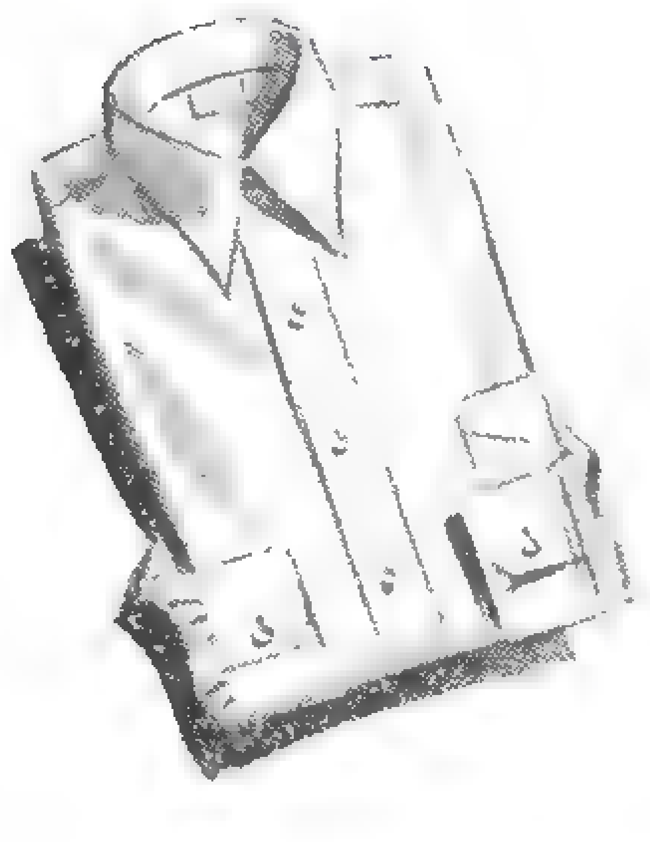

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Every Man a Mental Wizard

Continued from page 101

words, whether through incongruity, action or relation to experience.

Your companion reads off his list of ten words chosen at random. As each word is read, you associate it in your mind with the corresponding word in your key list. It might go like this:

Words given to you

1. Roof
2. Pig
3. Tree
4. Hat
5. Horse

Association

A *dog* barking on a *roof*
A *pig* under an *umbrella*
A *mouse* running up a *tree*
A *bullet* whizzing through a *hat*
A *horse* lapping up *water*

In the same way, the remaining five words, whatever they may be, are associated with the remaining key words. There is no great trick to this. Let the two words form a picture in your mind and then forget them. You'll find the picture will stick.

When the words to be memorized have been read off—and you must request that this be done rather slowly—you can easily recite them without error. More than this, you can give the words in reverse order, in alternate order or in any sequence requested. If you are asked for the fourth word, for example, you know that the fourth letter in dumbwaiter is B, that B stands for *bullet* and bullet has been associated with *hat*.

When you have attained a little skill at this stunt, you are ready to graduate to the twenty-word class. This is simply a matter of making your memory pegs carry double. To illustrate, let's say the first two words given you in the list of twenty are *light* and *hammer*. Both of these words should be associated with *dog*. The next two words should be associated with *umbrella*, and so on.

In developing this stunt, you are warned that you may not only amaze your friends with your brilliance but yourself as well. Incidentally, the fact that this mnemonic device can be put to a useful purpose in memorizing various lists should not be allowed to interfere with its major function as a means of showing off.

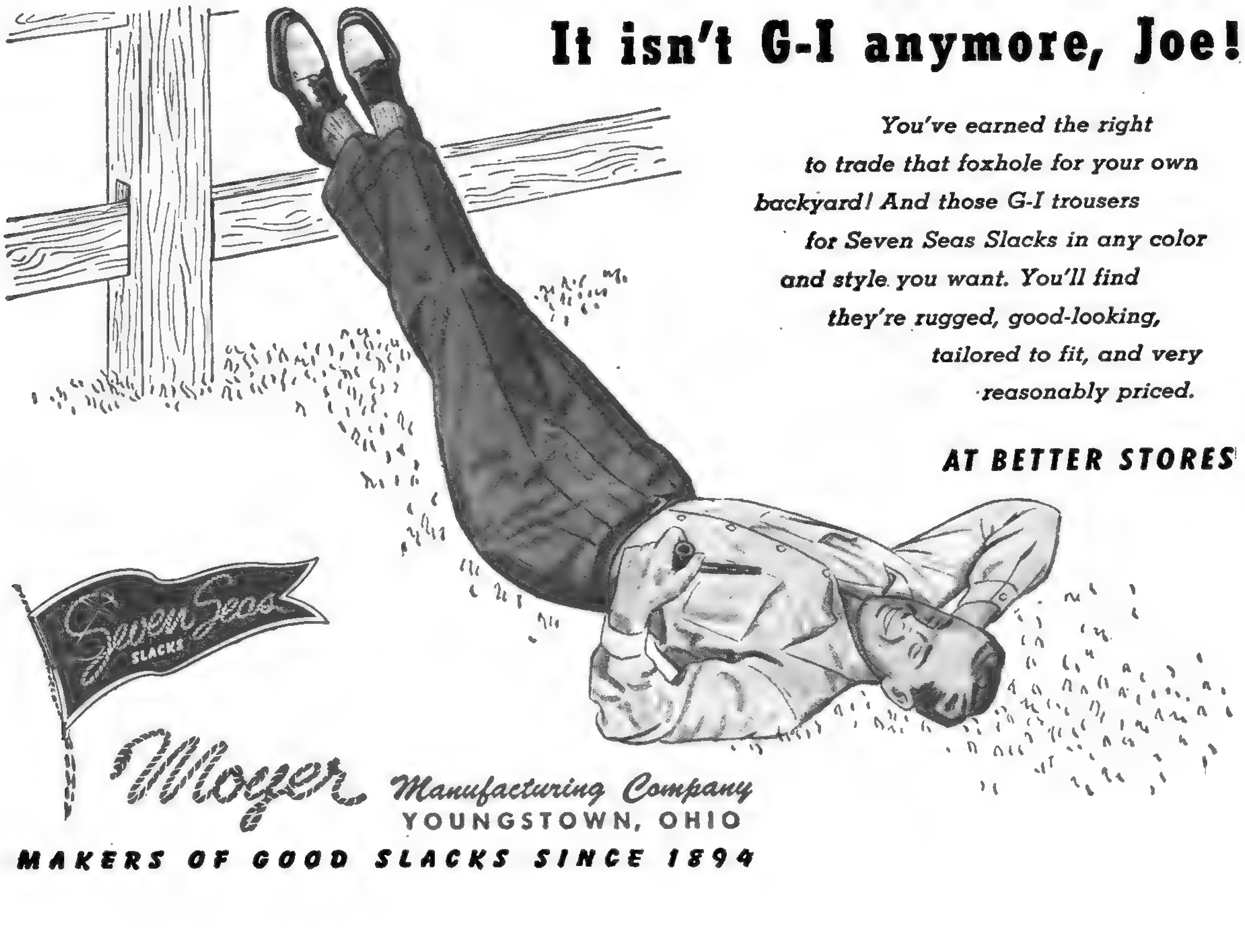
Turning the Multiplication Tables

You too can multiply prodigious sums right in your own head. Here's how it's done.

First, this number should be memorized:

5882352941176470

This can be done easily if you take it in stages: 588 . . .235 . . .



It isn't G-I anymore, Joe!

You've earned the right to trade that foxhole for your own backyard! And those G-I trousers for Seven Seas Slacks in any color and style you want. You'll find they're rugged, good-looking, tailored to fit, and very reasonably priced.

AT BETTER STORES

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294 . . . 117 . . . 6470. Memorize these five groups thoroughly, put them together and begin.

Write the entire number casually on a piece of paper, give it to your friend and tell him to multiply it by any number he chooses between 2 and 16. By the time your friend is ready to begin to commence to start on this rather formidable problem, you can give him the correct answer—apparently all worked out in your head, in ten seconds.

The secret is that the number is a trick one, although it doesn't appear to be. It is the decimal of 1/17th, and the odd thing is that if multiplied by any number below 17 the digits will always be exactly the same—and in the same order. The variation will be that the *starting point* is different in each case:

5882352941*1*176470×2=
11764705882352940
58823529411*17*6470×3=
17647058823529410
588*23*52941176470×4=
23529411764705880

"Hello, dear, guess what we're not having for dinner tonight"

You are in for a bit of study now but it's worth it. In the first case, where the basic number has been multiplied by 2, note that we start at 11 and from that point on the number maintains the same sequence as the original one, the digits prior to 11 being tacked on (plus a zero) at the end.

In the second case, we start with 17 and follow the same procedure as before. In the third instance, begin with 23, run through the remaining digits and then tack on 588 plus zero.

In all three cases, you get the correct answer without bothering to go through the actual process of multiplication. How do you know where to start?

First, take the number given you as the multiple and multiply it by 6. Let's say you are asked to multiply your large number by 3. Then 3 x 6 = 18. Now look in your large number for the number next below 18; this is 17, and you take that as your starting point.

If you are asked to multiply by 8, then you start with the number

Continued on page 182

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Every Man a Mental Wizard

Continued from page 181

next below 48 (8 x 6). This is 47, and therefore your answer is 47058823529411760. If asked to multiply by 12, start with the number next below 72 (12 x 6), which is 70. With a little practice you can do this in your head, but you must know the original number thoroughly.

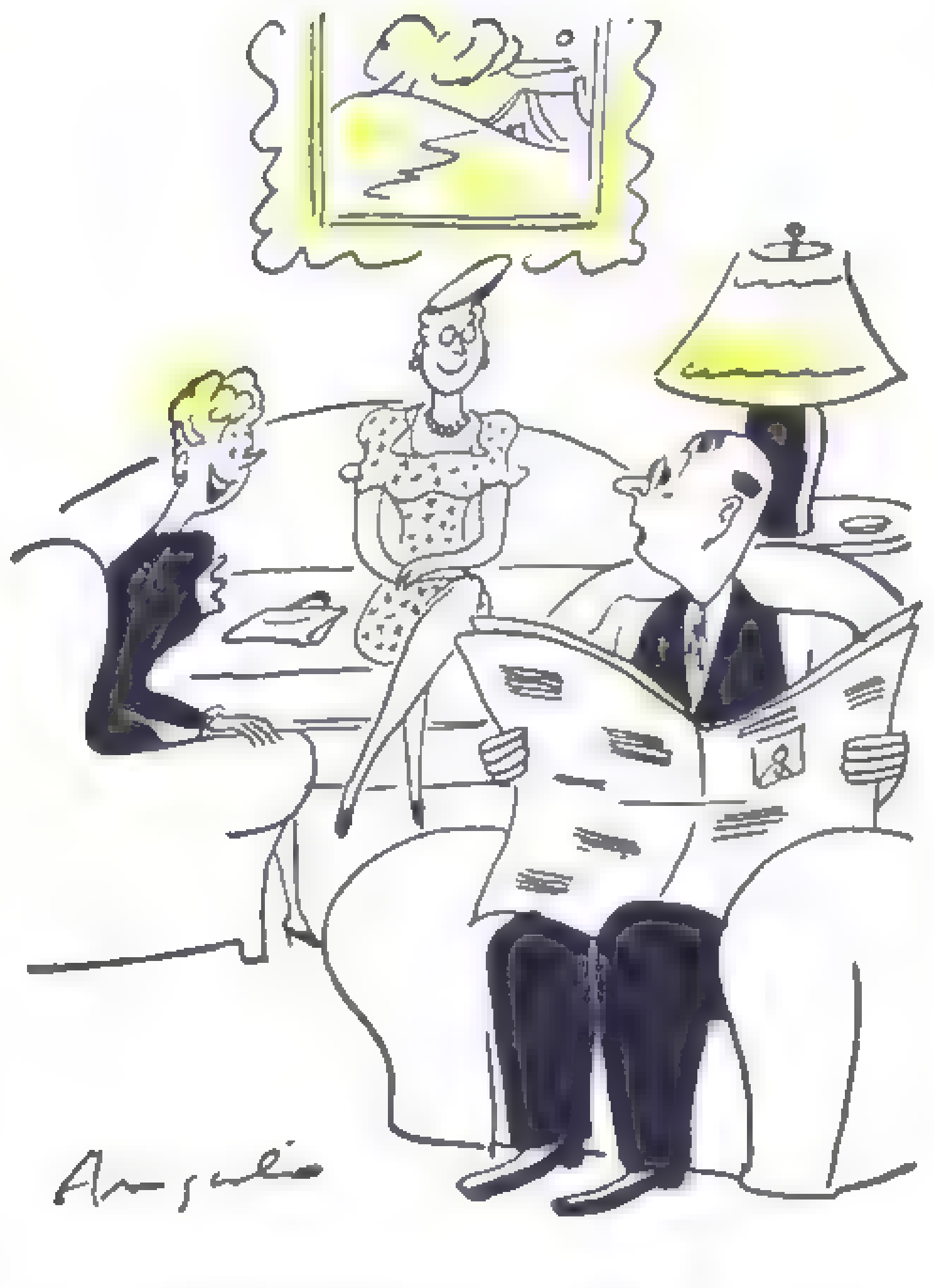
If you are accused of working only with a pet number, take an apparently different number: 1176470588235294.

This is nothing more than the old number starting with 11. (First throw away the old number so no one will recognize its resemblance to the new one.)

You can multiply this new number by any number from 2 to 8. Use the same method as before but change the multiplier from 6 to 12. If you are asked to multiply by 6, merely say to yourself "6 x 12 is 72—a little less than 72" and look for a starting place less than 72. It is 70, so you write down: 7058823529411764.

Just as with the other number, if you know this one thoroughly you will have no trouble rattling off the answer in a few seconds. One word of precaution: When your companion checks you by figuring out the answer on paper and sadly informs you that you are in error, don't worry about it. The mathematical education of the nation is currently at a point where, if the average person tackles this problem by honest methods, he is certain to make an error of at least several billion.

That's all for now. If these devices don't prove to your friends you're really quite a brilliant fellow, get yourself a new set of friends. Obviously, the old ones are either much too smart or much too dumb for you. ⌗



"Look through our towels, dear —Helen wants to know the name of that nice hotel we stayed in last summer"

Continued from page 101

When the horse says "n-a-a-y"... Better reduce the Ry-Krisp way!

Who laughs last? You will, when you get the new Ry-Krisp plan that makes reducing a pleasure, for any normal overweight. Easy? Just choose meals you like from long lists of low-calorie foods (in quantities indicated)... and enjoy delicious Ry-Krisp as bread.

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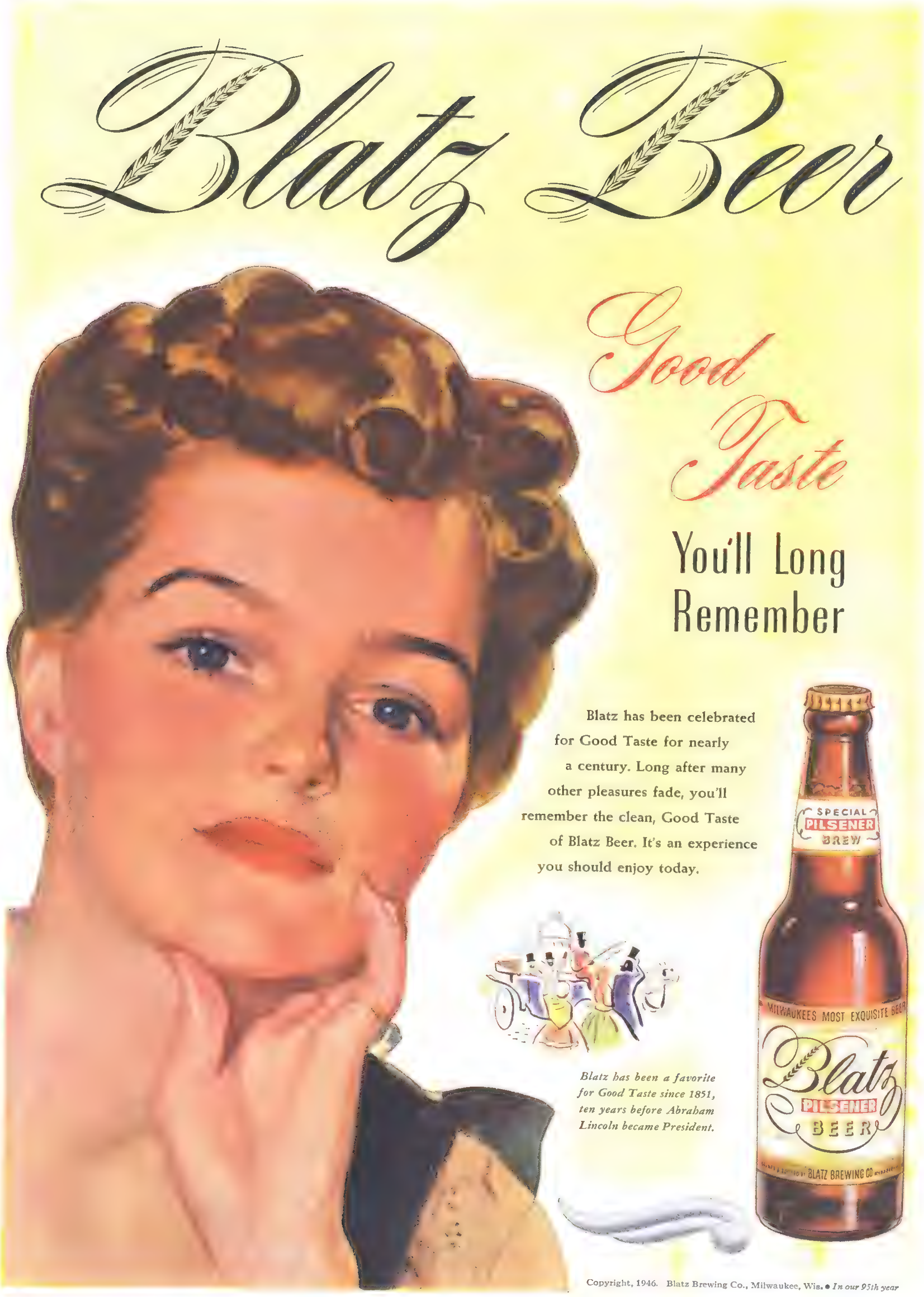

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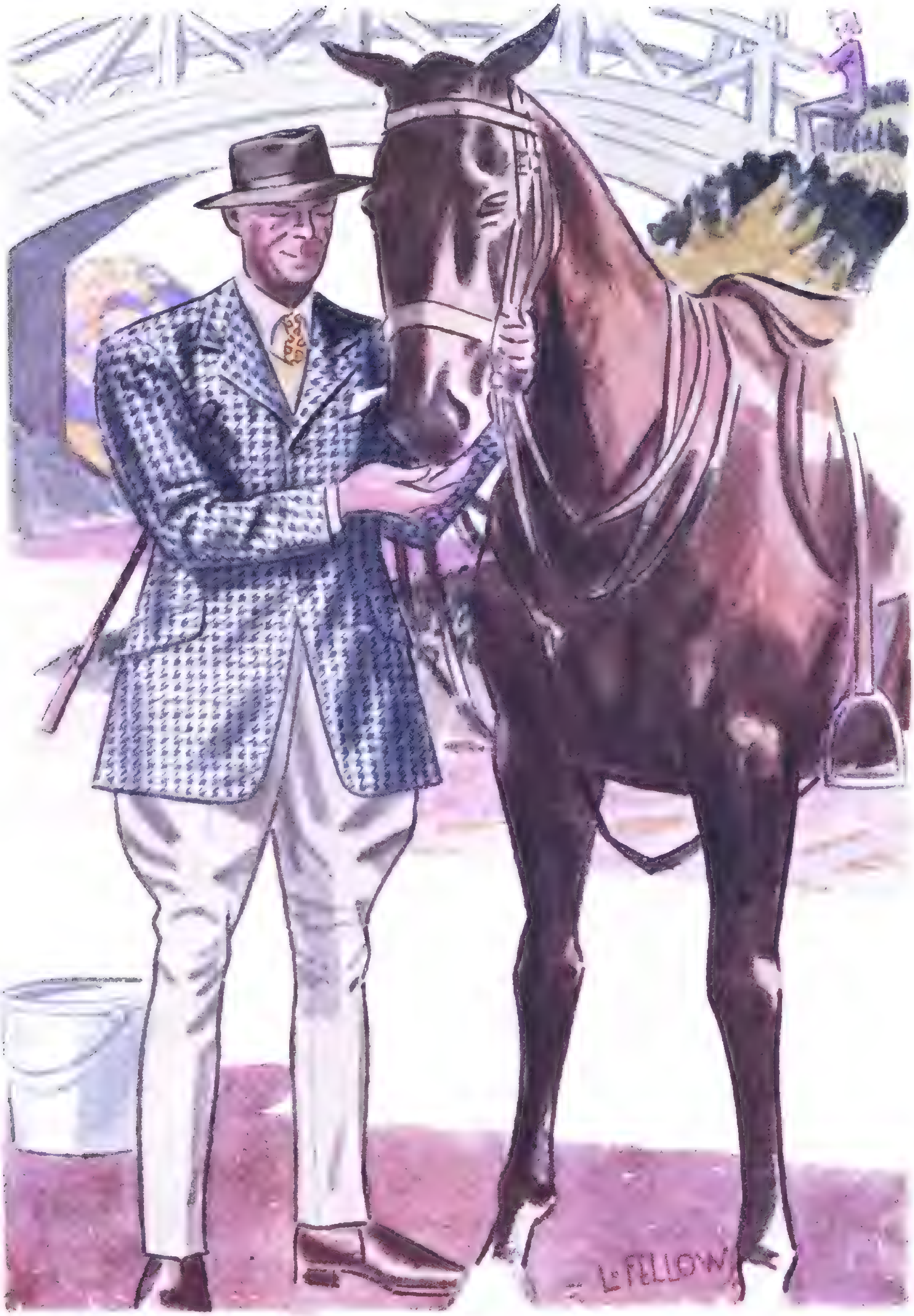


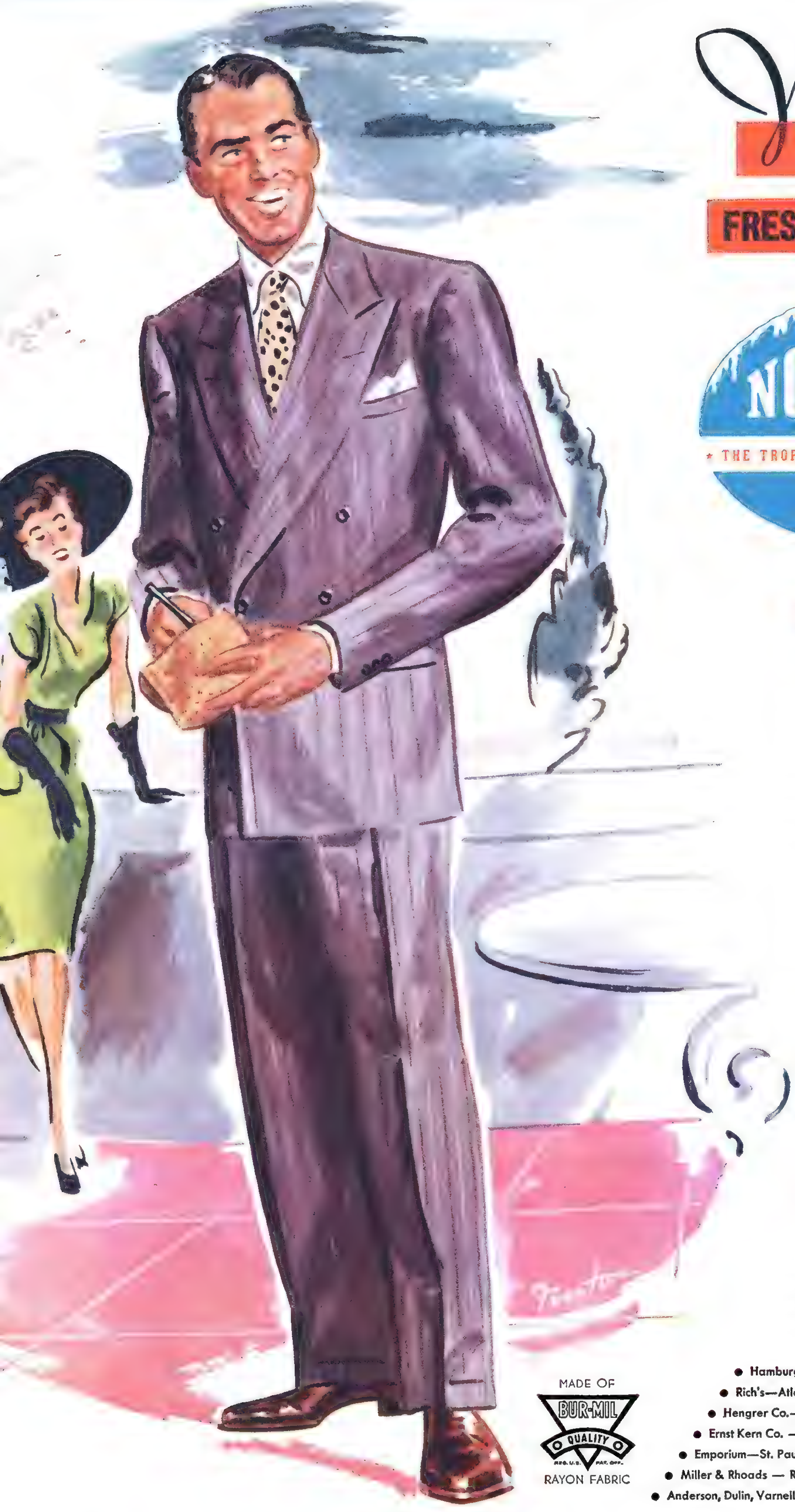
AUTHENTIC Esquire FASHIONS

FEEDING HIS OATS

Drawing by L. Fellows

This early morning exerciser hands over a little bribe before he asks his nag to oblige with a canter. His outfit, not as "classic" as that worn for horse shows, is in accepted standards for informal riding. His tweed coat is the popular three-button style, with slanted pockets and a deep vent in the back. This vent and the flare allow the coat to drape properly when he's in the saddle. His pork-pie hat, another popular equestrian item, is light and stays on well. His jodhpurs are conventional except for the absence of cuffs (on purpose). When cuffs were scratched by war shortages, many men realized they had only served to catch dust. Under his jacket he wears a flannel shirt, wool challis tie and thin sleeveless sweater.

(For answers to your dress queries, send stamped self-addressed envelope to Esquire Fashion Staff, 366 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.)



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- Ernst Kern Co. — Detroit, Mich
- Stix, Baer & Fuller — St. Louis, Mo.
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- Young Men's Shop—Washington, D. C.
- Miller & Rhoads — Richmond, Va.
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Blended Whiskey—86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits

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OLD THOMPSON BRAND
Blended Whiskey

A Glenmore Product

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A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

The Breath of Fear

Continued from page 55

well-aimed blow should go through a suit of clothes and even reach the heart. As for the other one—since they always come in pairs—I can knock him out with my fist.

What the devil! I know this is pure imagination. The imagination of a weakling who could be in danger of death without finding it in him to strike another man. My only chance, and a very faint one at that, is not to open the door when they ring. I can ask who they are and with whom they have business. I can even demand a look at their credentials. This much is within my rights.

Never mind; what matters is to gain time. While they are consulting, I'll push the chest of drawers against the door and I'll raise a barricade with whatever other pieces of furniture come to hand. If they threaten to shoot I'll pay no attention to them. An expert once told me that a revolver bullet can't go through the panel of a door.

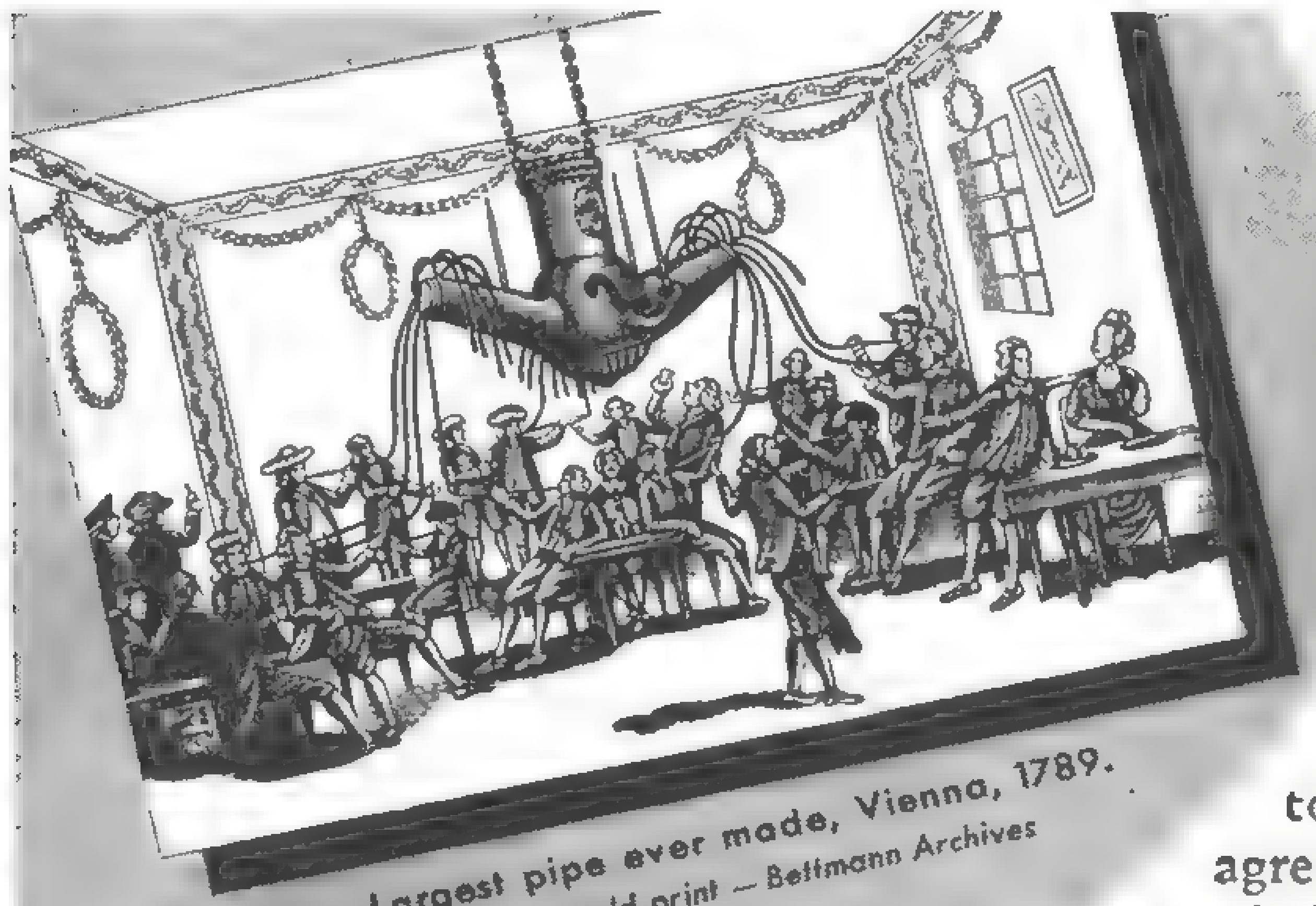
I shall run into my study, seize some of my most precious possessions (which ones I have never been able to decide), run through the flat and just as they are in the process of breaking down the door I shall escape by the back stairs.

Sometimes my imaginary flight is successful, sometimes not. Sometimes the back stairway is guarded. At other times I make my way to the street without any hindrance. I cross it nonchalantly and stop in front of the hardware shop.

A little later, when the two policemen come down, they throw some of my papers into their car and go away, leaving a third on guard in front of the house in case I come back to get more of my belongings. This trap proves the soundness of their psychology; they know a man may risk his life for a few trifles devoid of value. However, long ago I left my money and copies of my manuscripts in the safekeeping of a friend. Now that I can't go home I shall go to his house.

At the third floor I stop to catch my breath. Behind a door I can hear the excited voices of two women. I am the subject of their conversation. I can't catch a word of it, the whole thing is an indistinct murmur, but I am sure I heard my name. They are saying that while I was out, two strangers with a foreign accent made inquiries about me at the front door. When they heard I was not at home they went away, telling the *concierge* to hold her tongue. They might have been friends but it is more likely that

Continued on page 188



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36-man pipe

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The Breath of Fear

Continued from page 187

they were secret agents. Of course this is all my imagination, since I can't hear a single word of what is said.

I am quite sure these ladies are not talking about me. There's one thing my neighbor can't know: in spite of the order that all foreigners must register, in four long years I have failed to do so.

Even now I can't get used to the idea that I am out of step with the law. Nobody knows except a few trusted friends.

On second thought it seems to me that the *concierge's* laugh was somewhat forced, as if she were afraid of something. She was afraid of being arrested if she let the cat out of the bag . . . She knew all the time that they were waiting for me upstairs but did not care to warn me because of the fear.

I take hold of the railing and walk up several steps, very slowly. My legs are as heavy as they are in a nightmare when I am running to escape from a nameless horror. My feet are leaden; the very air around me seems to thicken and change into a sticky mud.

Now it is too late for me to turn back, even if I were not concerned with the fate of the *concierge*. My wife was at home when they came. She is sitting in my study. Across from her sits one of the secret agents, toying with his revolver while his companion is thumbing through the manuscripts on my desk. He doesn't understand the language they are written in, but that doesn't matter; he thinks he has made a good haul. Who knows? Luck may have delivered a dangerous conspirator into his hands.

At this point they are still behaving "correctly" and politely. One of them asks my wife's permission before lighting a cigarette.

They speak of the war and the weather and try to draw her into a conversation so she will tell them what they want to know. They ask her how I spend my time, if we see friends, what the nature of my work is. All this quite casually in order to win her confidence. They are trying to show that they are human beings. One of them talks about his children.

I have completely caught my breath and there is no excuse for me to stand still any longer. If the third-floor tenant were to open her door she would think that I was eavesdropping. I am listening, it is quite true, but not to the murmur of voices from behind the door. I am trying to hear the voice of my own instinct telling

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me what I should do. I listen in vain for an answer.

The windows, glazed in blue, leave the stairway in semi-darkness, as if it were under the sea. I am surrounded by silence like a deaf man. I might go back down and ask the *concierge* whether anyone has asked for me. But there's no sense in going down three flights of stairs because of a nightmare.

They didn't come yesterday or the day before. For four years I have gone through the same anguish every time I come home, and nothing has ever happened.

Of course, others have reasoned in just this same way, and then . . .

I leap up the last steps, three at a time. I stop at our door and glue my ear to the crack. I seem to hear someone breathing inside. Only a thin panel separates me from the unknown, a panel which according to an expert can stop a bullet. Strange a breath can go through it so easily.

Deep down in my heart I am sure that there is no one behind the door. The comedy I go through with myself every day is pure superstition. It is one of my pet notions, you see, that nothing ever happens the way you imagine it is going to. That's why never once in four years have I neglected this precaution.

I shrug my shoulders, take the key out of my pocket and fit it into the lock. Now, at the decisive moment, I perk up. I note with satisfaction that I am not in the least excited and that my hand does not tremble as I turn the key in the lock. There is no one behind the door. As I turn the key I say it out loud to myself: "There is no one behind the door!" And what if there were someone . . .? I allow myself this last thought as a final bit of insurance against fate.

The entrance hall seems empty, but it is dark and I cannot see clearly. Someone could dart out from the cupboard. They may even have a plan that does not jibe with what I have anticipated. I switch on the light, even if it isn't strictly necessary. The corners of the hall hold no more terror for me. Well, there's no one in the hall.

My study is empty as well and my papers are all in order. There is half an hour before dinner; why shouldn't I sit down and go on with my work? When I come in from the outside world and all its dangers and feel myself home, I enjoy for a while a sense of safety. An oyster must feel about the same way just before some invisible monster cracks him open.

I hear steps in the next room, the familiar steps of my wife. She comes in and greets me.

Another day has gone by . . . ⵌ

Continued from page 55

See the MARX BROTHERS *in* "Adventure in Casablanca", United Artists *laugh panic.*

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What Happened to the Helicopter?

Continued from page 59

sary to restrict the helicopter speeds to avoid rotor blade failure in flight. Ground resonance, a peculiar beating of the blast of air from the rotor against the earth when the machine is grounded, or hovering just off the ground, can induce vibrations that have caused at least one manufacturer's experimental helicopter to shake itself apart before getting into the air.

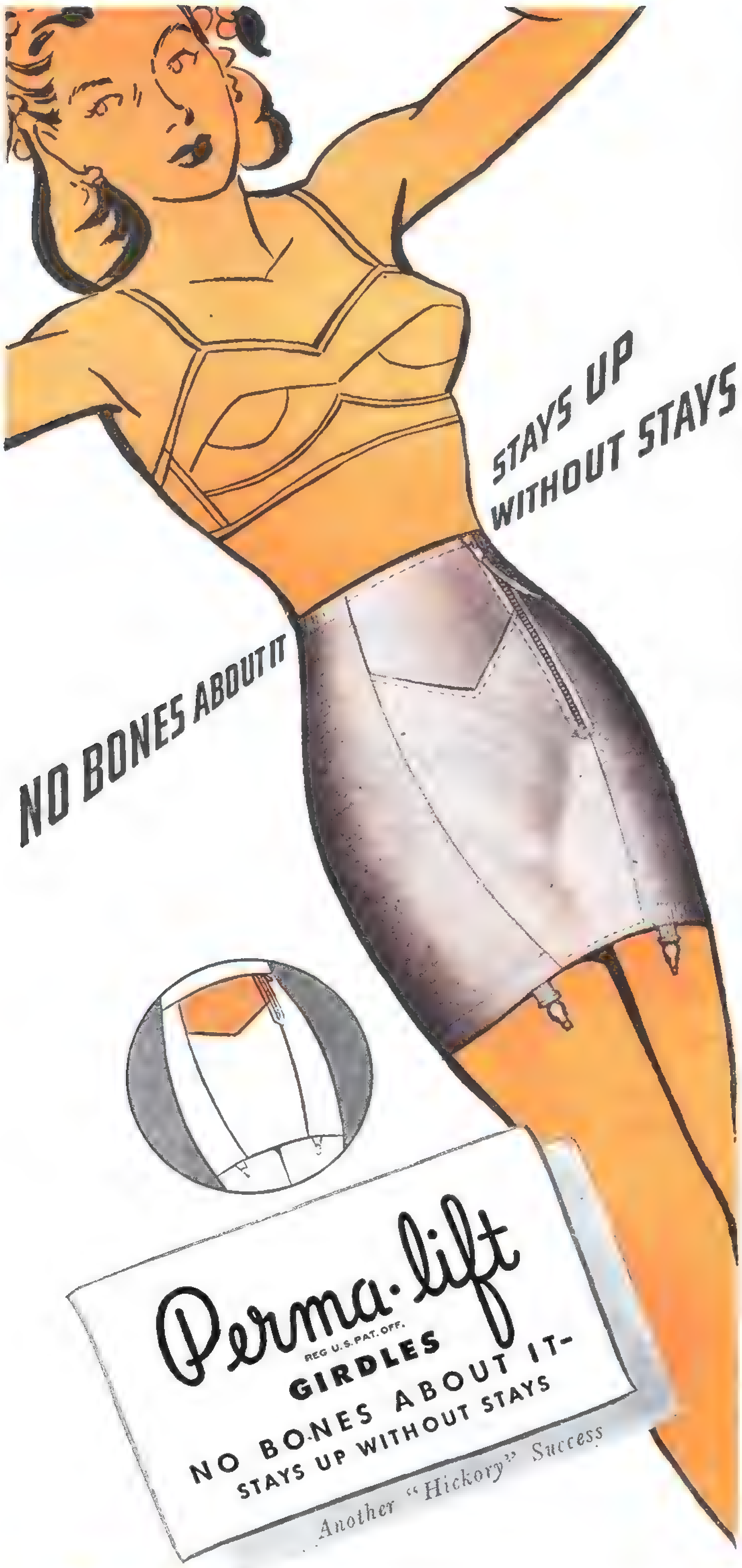
Since most of the helicopter's power is required to sustain its own weight, comparatively little of its horsepower contributes to forward flight.

There are light planes that can travel with four people at better than 150 m.p.h. on half the power. Whereas the average helicopter has a range of from 150 to 300 miles, there are light planes of 100 h.p. that can make hops of three to four hundred miles. Icing is the helicopter's mortal enemy, for ice sliding off one rotor blade causes an unbalanced condition that can rattle the machine to pieces.

Because it is difficult to manufacture, the cheapest personal helicopter that we are likely to see in the near future will cost about three to five thousand dollars. In contrast, a good light plane costs about 2,000 dollars when it is produced in quantity.

Despite its "bugs," however, the helicopter proved its value by its spectacular war record, indicating how we can expect it to be used in peacetime aviation. On April 19, 1945, a Canadian Canso (Catalina amphibian) crashed on a snowbound patch in remote Labrador. Before softening snows prevented ski-equipped rescue planes from landing near by, two injured airmen were successfully flown out. Then one of the rescue planes cracked up, adding two more victims to the marooned party. What followed was one of the great air achievements of the war. Like the U. S. Cavalry in an old western thriller, the helicopter saved the day. The Coast Guard had a helicopter at Floyd Bennett Field in Brooklyn. An Army C-54 transport flew to Floyd Bennett where the dismantled helicopter was stuffed into its spacious cabin and flown pell-mell to Goose Bay, Labrador. There, Lt. August Kleich of the Coast Guard made nine 150-mile trips to the crash scene, rescuing one man on each trip. If it had not been for the whirling angel of mercy, the crash victims would have been marooned for another thirty days until the thaw permitted pontooned planes to alight on the lakes.

Back in the dark days of May,



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1943, when German wolfpack submarines were raising hell in the Atlantic, the Army Air Forces, the Maritime Commission and the War Shipping Administration made a series of tests to prove the usefulness of the Sikorsky helicopter as an anti-submarine weapon. On May 6 and 7 of that year, Colonel Gregory made twenty-four landings and take offs from a 78 x 48-foot platform mounted on a Liberty ship. This stunt was to pay off.

During our B-29 operations against Japan from Guam, Saipan and Tinian, maintenance and repair of the monster warbirds became a threatening bottleneck. In desperation, the Army converted some Liberty ships into floating repair depots, fully equipped to do almost anything and everything for the super-bombers. There was one hitch, and that was the problem of getting parts and tools, back and forth between the ships and the damaged planes. Again the helicopter came to the rescue, taking off and landing on the ships' small platforms. Whenever a B-29 crash landed, a helicopter flew to the site, where an examination was made and repair planned.

Over in the CBI theater, the 14th Air Force was looking for some means of evacuating fliers who were downed crossing the Hump. Three four-engined transports, stuffed with the pieces of several new and more powerful Sikorsky R-6's, flew 14,000 miles from the United States. Then, on April 4, 1945, Lt. Murdock, Air Jungle Rescue Unit, effected the first helicopter rescue in that theater by picking up an ATC crew who had bailed out in the Burmese jungles. Feats of this kind proved the worth of what the boys jocosely called the "egg-beater" or "animated palm tree."

While these exploits give an inkling of how we can expect to use the helicopter, it would be so much wishful thinking to prescribe the machine as a panacea

Continued on page 192

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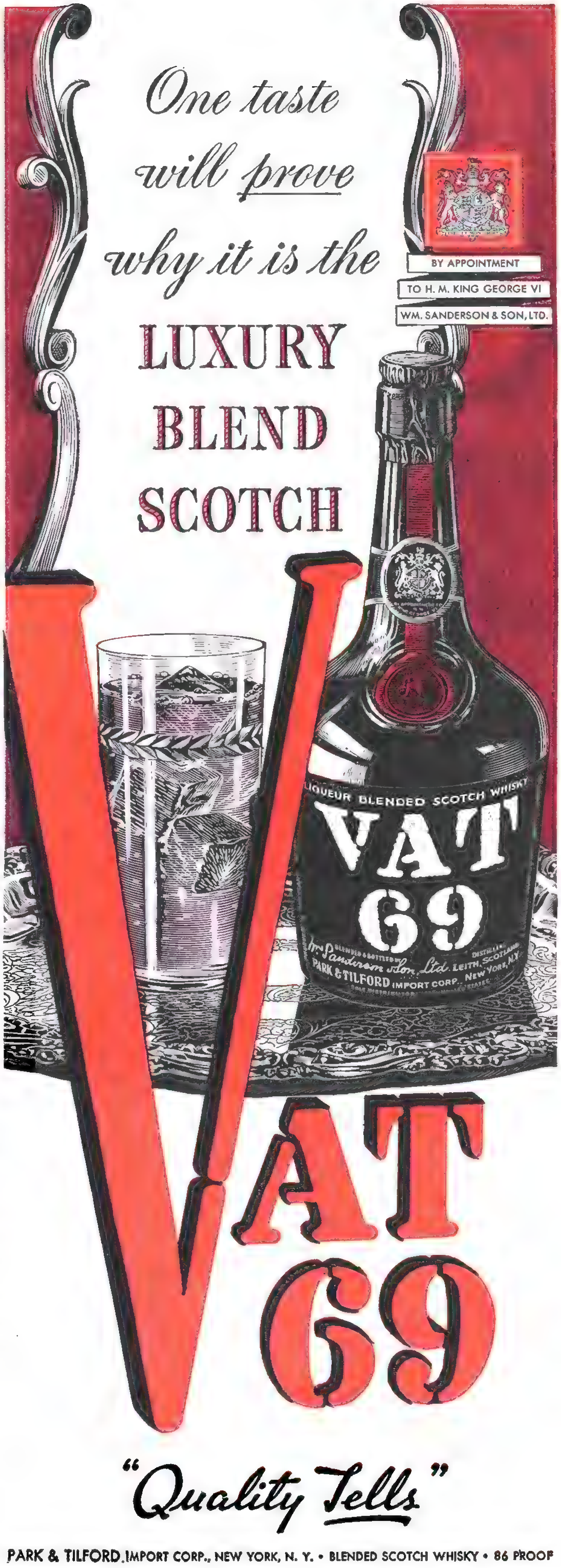
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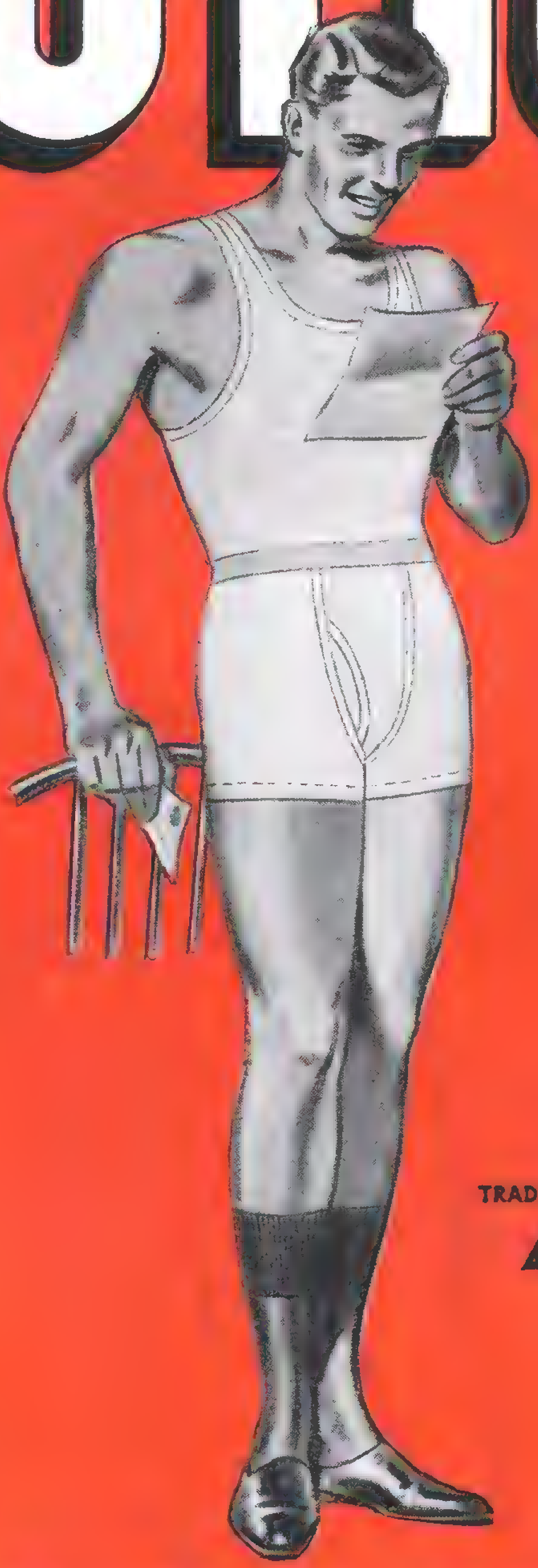

What Happened to the Helicopter?

Continued from page 191

for all problems. A sheep-herding association may find it an answer to a prayer, but those much-advertised roof-top landings will prove troublesome. Narrow streets and tall buildings create violent air currents. Nevertheless, roof landings figure in plans of some route applicants.

Its builders claim that the Piasecki (PV) helicopter (the banana-shaped model seen in the newsreels, which has a rotor at each end, seating ten passengers amidships) could be operated between, say, Idlewild and New York City at 4.9 cents a seat mile, or one dollar and fifty cents for the trip. Present airline connection bus rates would be one dollar and twenty-five cents.

Robert Wolf, chief product engineer of the Bell helicopter, believes that in the immediate future the whirligig should be used by industrial concerns and flown by experienced helicopter pilots. He also feels it can be useful for rescue work, forest patrol, fire fighting, crop dusting, geological exploration and special military purposes. Such a trial period would reveal actual cost figures on operation and maintenance, the life expectancy of the machine, and would provide fair production to reduce initial cost. Later, more general commercial use might prove it practical for taxi service, executive travel and private ownership.

Stanley Hiller, the California boy aeronautical genius and one-time associate of Henry Kaiser in helicopter building, believes the privately-owned helicopter will be practical in the near future. His factory is an armory in the center of Berkeley, with a 50x75 foot lot as a take-off site. To avoid breaking regulations governing flight over restricted areas, the Hiller machines must climb 1,500 feet vertically before moving forward. Hiller, incidentally, has placed two counter-rotating rotors on his machine, thus eliminating the little tail propeller and removing the danger of spinning.

At this writing, no helicopter has received its Approved Type Certificate from the CAA, though many manufacturers have applied. In addition, 101 domestic and eight foreign helicopter route applications have been filed with the Civil Aeronautics Board.

Among the manufacturing applicants are Bell, Sikorsky, Higgins, PV Engineering Forum and Kellett. After producing 400 military helicopters, Sikorsky has decided on the S-51, a four-passenger development of the Army's R-5, which will do 100 m.p.h. on 450 h.p. The PV Engineering Forum

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will manufacture its PV-3 transport. Kellett reports that their earliest commercial production will be on transport type helicopters, but did not announce details. Higgins has nothing to say.

Bell, most willing to talk and definitely an outfit to watch closely, has already spent 1,400,000 dollars of its own money on a helicopter program. In addition to the planned production of 500 two-seaters, it is known that Bell has a five passenger or cargo helicopter in the 500 h.p. class. Larry Bell, whose company made the Airacobra, Kingcobra and Airacomet, summed up the situation in a recent interview:

"The helicopter has been both oversold and undersold. We are going to pick our customers carefully for the first helicopters we sell. We believe that government agencies and commercial and industrial organizations will be our first customers, and that because of their needs it will be many years before the private individual who wants a helicopter merely for sport or recreation will be able to obtain this type of aircraft." Mr. Bell emphasized that the helicopter is a very safe machine but pointed out that development of the machine is in its infancy and that he thought it should be recognized that there might be accidents and fatalities just as there are in fixed wing aircraft and even automobiles.

"We are not looking for the man-in-the-street trade at present and probably won't be for a long time. The first machines are bound to be expensive and even when production goes up to several thousand a year, helicopters will probably cost between three and five thousand dollars. There has been talk of a fifteen hundred dollar helicopter for family use, but I'm glad somebody else said it and not I."

A more pungent Bell remark is, "Man wants to fly like a bird and not like a bat out of hell. The helicopter is the nearest approach to bird flight." ###

Continued from page 59

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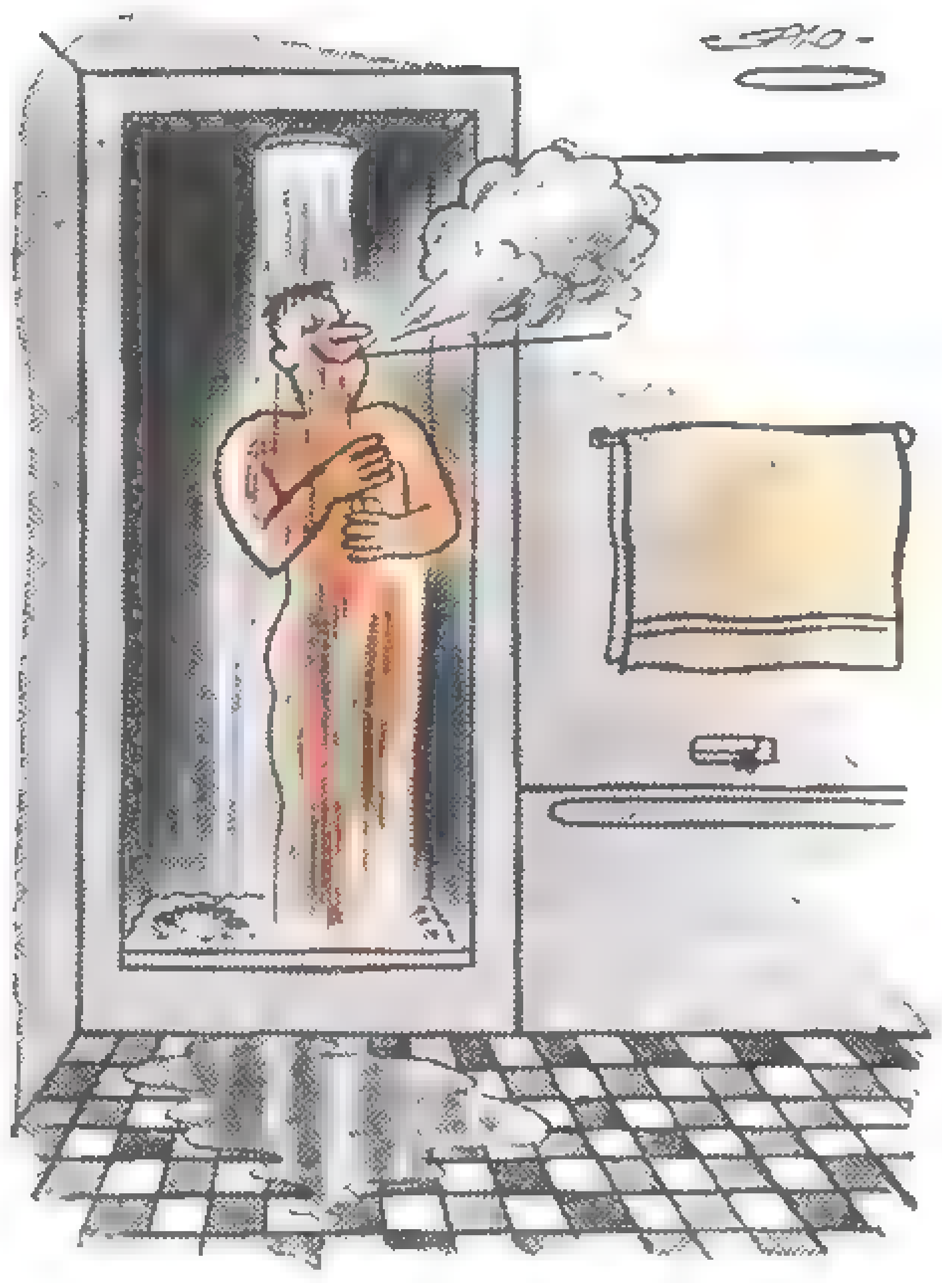
Never Another Word

Continued from page 62

was there—over two hundred pounds in bank notes. It's the end of the month, you know, as well as being a Friday." He drew a handkerchief across his forehead—mopped his lips. Then: "It was all gone! I sat down, absolutely nonplused, and waited for something to happen. Joyce Saunders came in. You know, she's invaluable to me. She suggested I ring up the police, at once. It was while we were waiting for them, that she told me I'd missed you this morning. We hadn't long to wait. I never imagined such rapid efficiency as those policemen displayed. They got busy at once—found fingerprints right away. There were only two sets—mine and somebody else's—both on the safe door and on the lever. But the other set of prints doesn't belong to any member of my staff so . . . you'll appreciate this . . . it must have been an outside job—probably brought off during the night, though the police hadn't found any sign of a forced entry."



"Good God! Good Lord!" was all I managed to say. I got to my feet. I suppose I'd gone livid.

"You don't mean . . . you *did* touch the safe, that you weren't telling me the truth? For heaven's sake, speak, man, speak!"

"No, I wasn't," I blurted out. "I did touch it. I opened it; but . . . I swear I touched nothing inside. The notes were there, I saw them . . . Look here."

He had grabbed his hat, and was stumbling, heavily, to the door. I could do nothing to stop him. He wouldn't speak or hear another word. He just went off into the night in a tearing hurry.

Nothing happened. Webster refused to prosecute, and that stopped the proceedings. I have never heard another word from him. You see, I couldn't attempt an explanation because, to crown everything, he married her—that blasted secretary, I mean. ⧻

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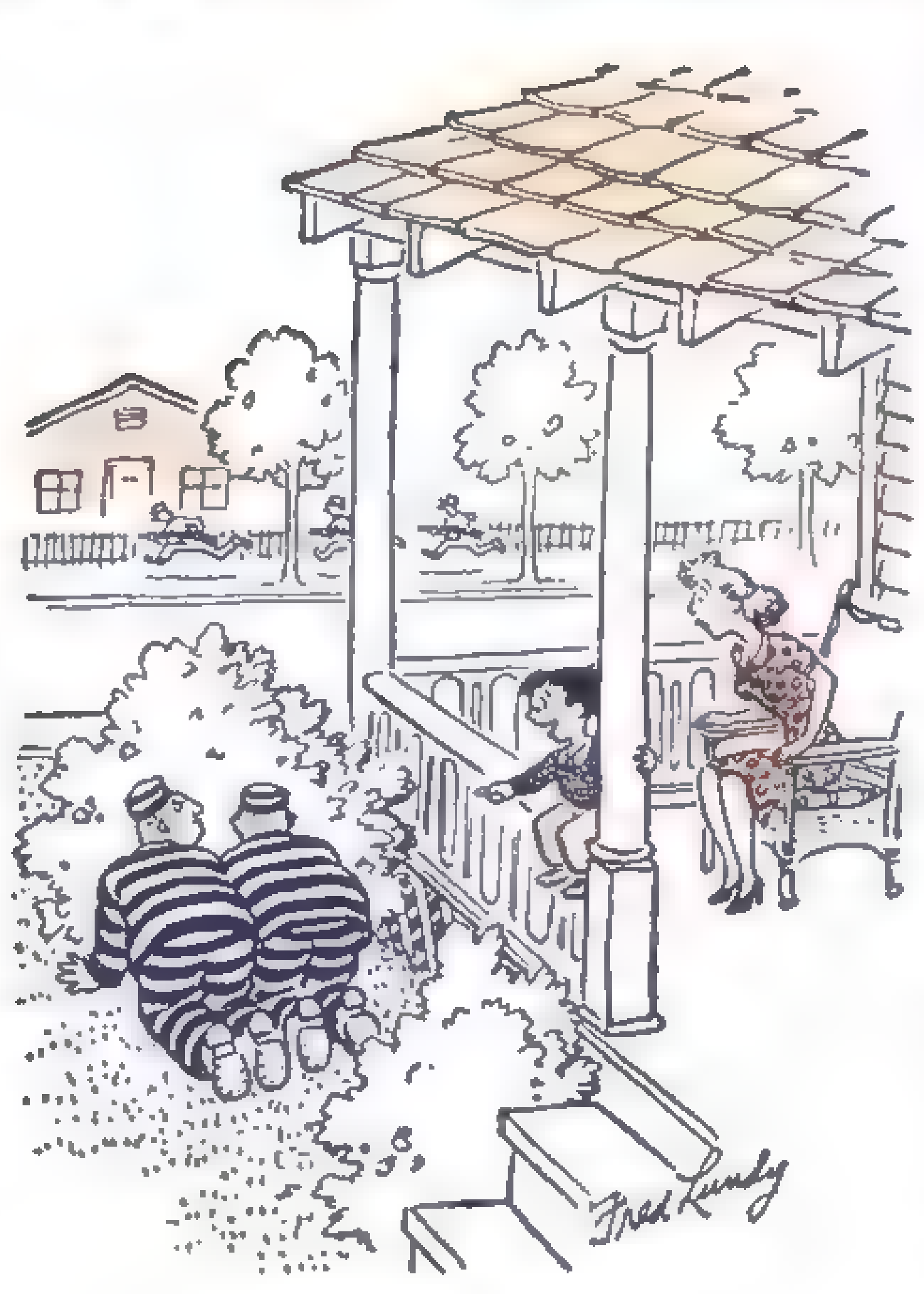
THE GREAT NEW HOME CALENDAR

General Par's Last Stand

Continued from page 74

them. This ridged or furrowed sand is a special feature at Oakmont.

Wm. C. Fownes, Jr., as he signs his name, president of the Oakmont Country Club and stockholder and director in a cluster of important Pennsylvania enterprises, of late years has spent much of his time at Pinehurst, North Carolina. In 1903, he and his father, the late H. C. Fownes, first president of Oakmont, enlisted a number of similarly-minded associates and organized the Oakmont Country Club.



"Look, mama, twins"

Now, get this straight—Bill Fownes in his day was quite a golfer. He won the Pennsylvania State championship eight times. He and his son, H. C. Fownes II, now vice-president of the Club, won the father-and-son tourney at Oakmont five times. In 1910, Bill Fownes won the U. S. Amateur at Brookline, defeating Chick Evans in the semifinal round. He was twice medalist in the U. S. Amateur, captain of the first United States Walker Cup Team, and for two years president of the United States Golf Association.

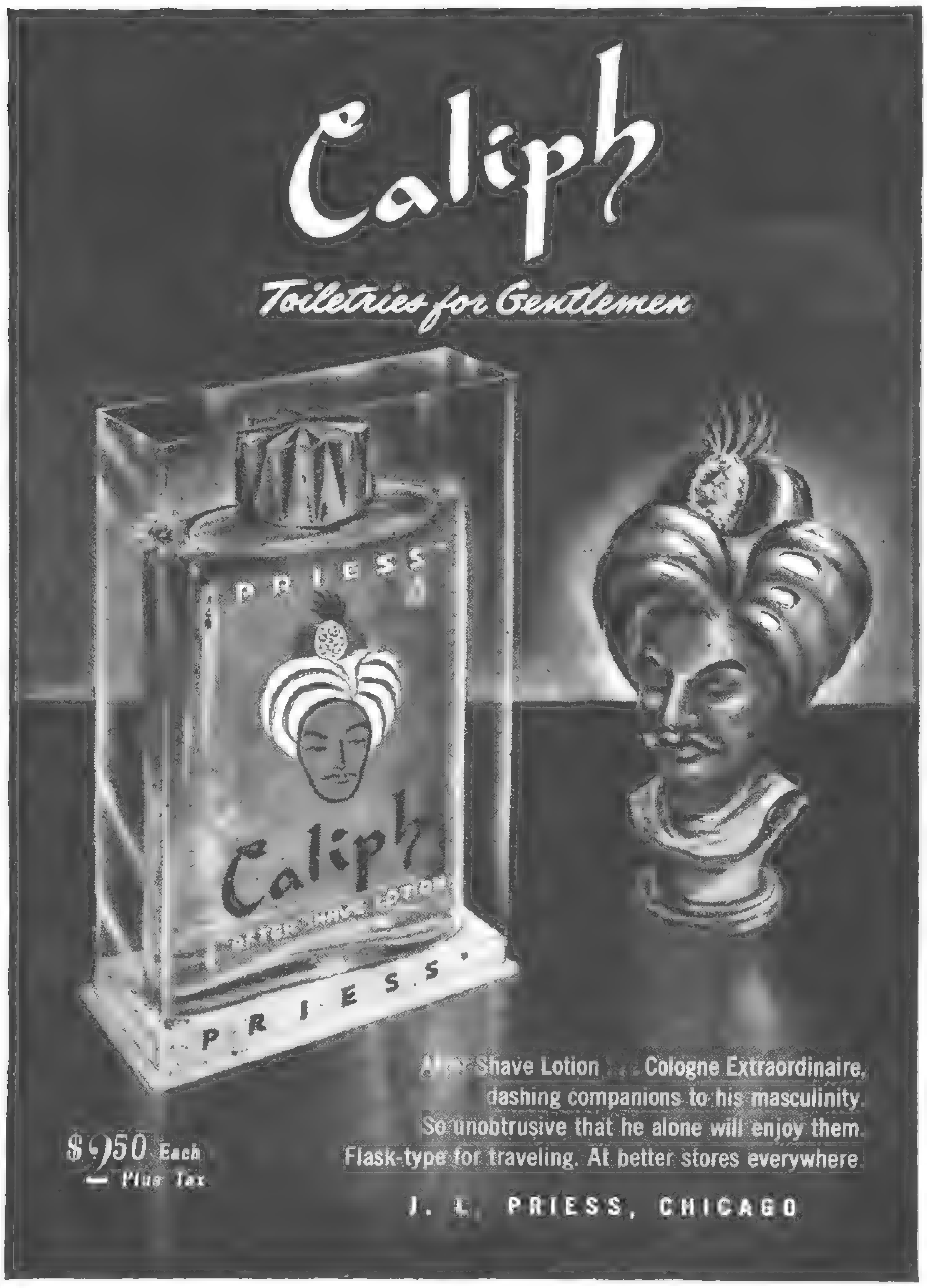
Golf is deep in the heart of the Fownes family, and Emil Loeffler, professional and superintendent at Oakmont for thirty-five years, has several words to say about the "grand boss," Fownes, Sr., who had a word to say to Emil, back in 1912.

"He calmly decided that at Oakmont we should have the best golf course in the United States, and in the world." Emil recalls. "When he hired me, he told me, 'You keep this place up and you can stay. Otherwise we'll get someone else.' "

"I'm still here," Emil chuckles.

Now, what about this "best course" idea? What about that 621-yard twelfth hole, and that first green with a gentle hump down the middle, the whole sur-

Continued on page 196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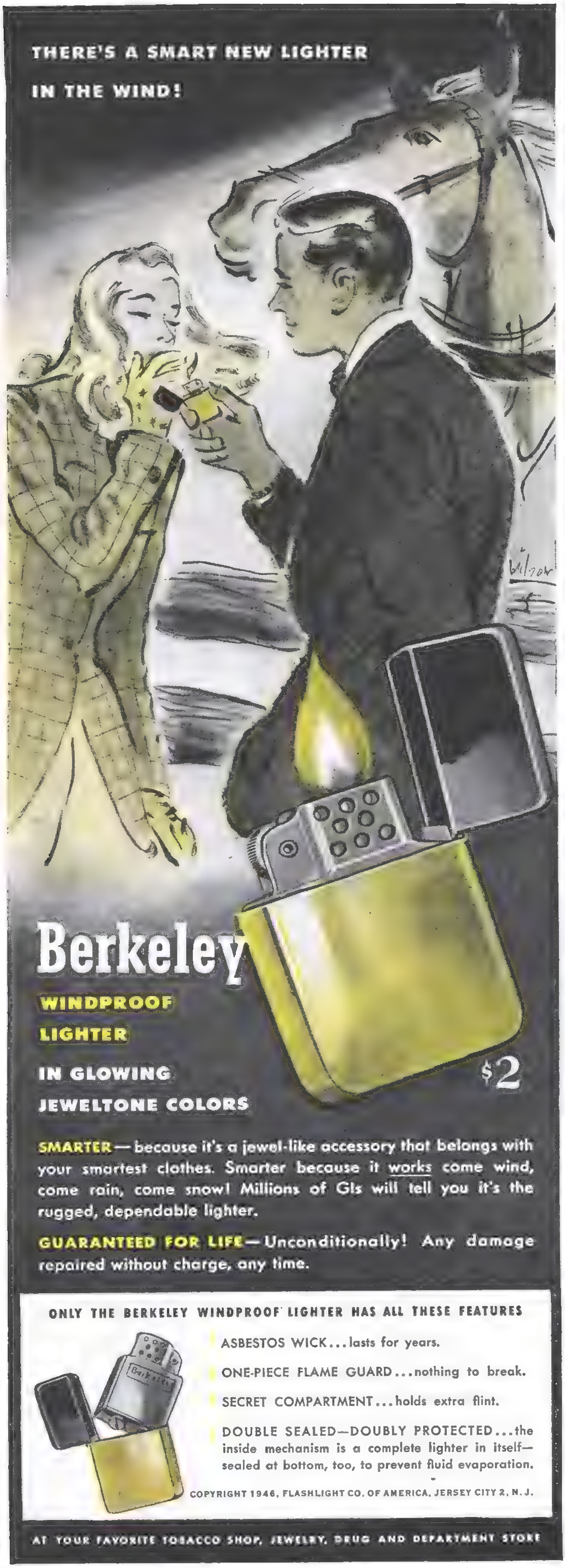
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General Par's Last Stand

Continued from page 195

face sloping away from a very long second shot? What about the furrowed sand in the bunkers, usually called traps by the *hoi polloi*? The sand is raked after every occupation so there's only one way you can get out of an Oakmont trap, and that is by honest and lusty blasting.

It seems Bill Fownes had words about that in 1927, at the time of the U. S. Open, at which tournament this correspondent also had words with the celebrated Ted Ray, the huge, former Open champion of Great Britain and the United States.

Fownes' words were with Long Jim Barnes. Long Jim was doing a practice round and his drive from the ninth tee was thirty yards off line, in one of those ridged bunkers—and a couple of hundred yards from the green.

Long Jim went all out for range with a big iron, and a vast spurt of sand emerged from the bunker, but no ball.

Barnes, usually on the calm and philosophical side, became sulphurous, starting with the sand grooves and spreading out over the Oakmont course.

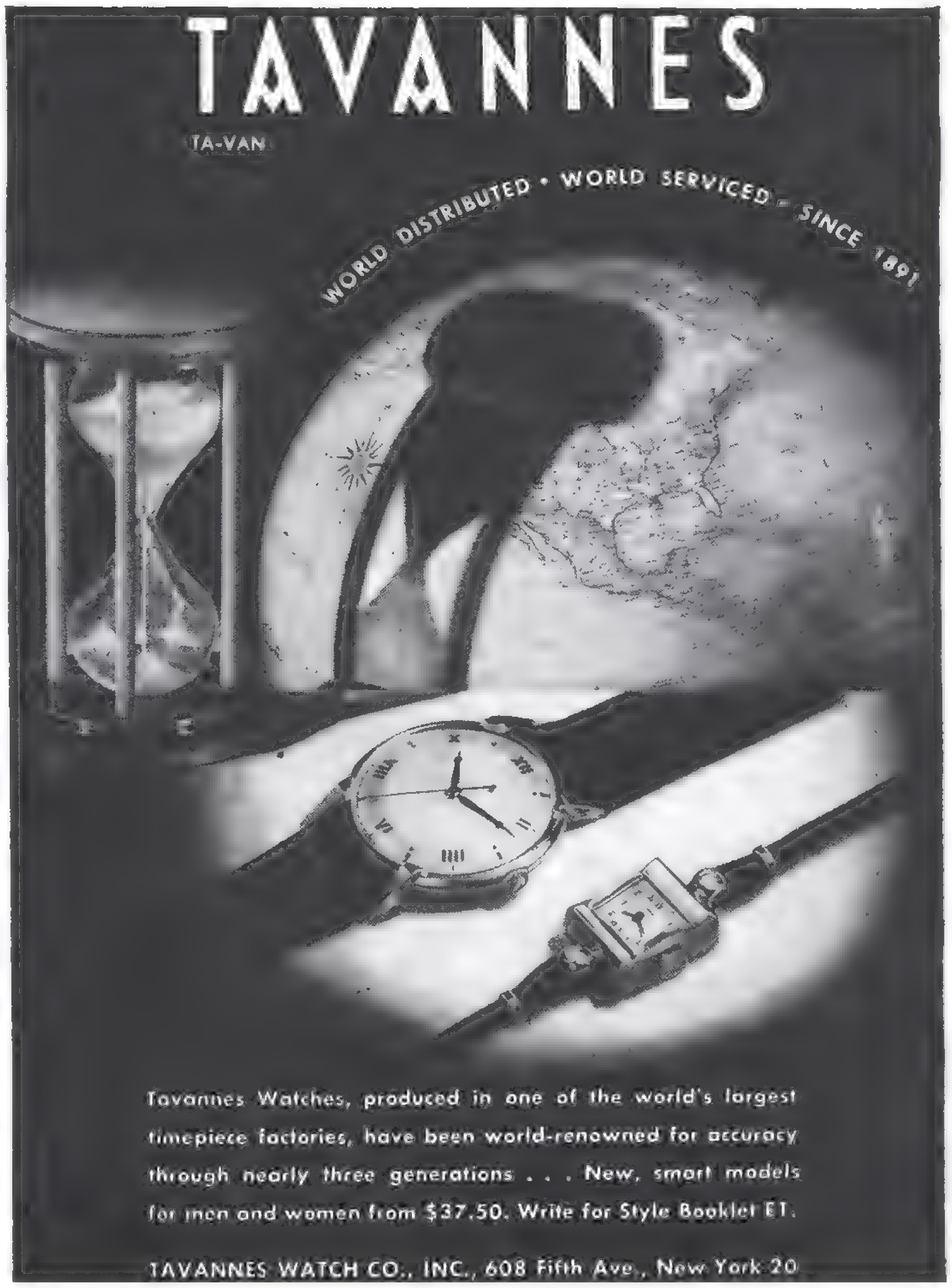
Fownes waited until Long Jim's vocabulary ran out and then he said:

"Now, Jim, you were way off line with the shot that put you in that bunker. Why should you expect to have the same kind of lie as your fellow competitor who is straight down the fairway? We are liberal with our fairways here; they're not cramped or narrow. And when you're badly off line, you're penalized. That's the whole idea!"

Ted Ray had still other ideas about the furrowed sand in the bunkers. In dear old England, also Scotland, they don't do anything to the sand. If you get in there and leave hoofprints, and the next golfer's ball gets into one, why, that's that. "Wind-blown sand," they call it. And they don't care for the modern American custom of smoothing after every occupation—one of our cunning little tricks for improving the score.

"There's no finer or more demanding shot in golf," Ted Ray told me, "than the recovery shot for distance from wind-blown sand. It requires nerve and absolute precision, and if you miss it, ever so little, it's just too bad. Now, at Oakmont, the furrowed sand equalizes all competitors. The par-shooter, the champion, is reduced to the same grade as the duffer. You take a niblick and blast the ball out."

Yes, yes—and I remember it was while Bob Jones was playing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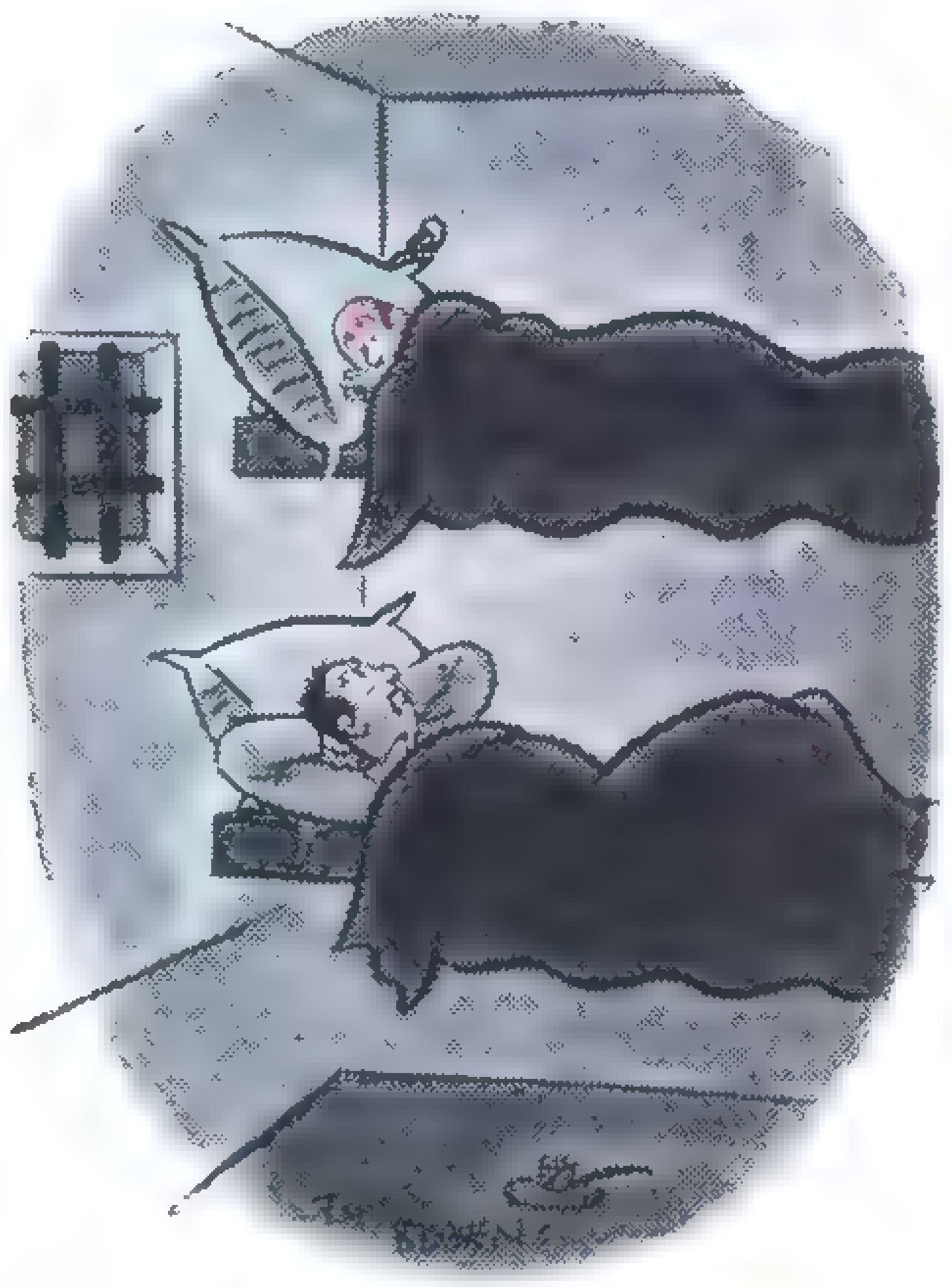
practice rounds before one of his Oakmont tournaments, and getting off line and into trouble, and trying to steer the ball—which is something nobody has been able to do yet—that his friend and mentor, Stewart Maiden, reading about his dismal scores in the Atlanta, Georgia, papers, sent him a classic admonition by wire:

"Knock hell out of them," advised Stewart, "they'll land somewhere!"

It worked. For at Oakmont, if you're far enough off line from the tee, you're outside furrows, and maybe in another nice, smooth fairway.



"I was convicted on circumstantial evidence—I was holding a smoking pistol in my hand"

Answering the critical whooping in connection with the 1935 U. S. Open at Oakmont, Mr. Fownes recalled a story of famous Andrew Kirkaldy, so many years professional at Auld St. Andrews.

"In front of the first green at St. Andrews," said Mr. Fownes, "is the Swilcan Burn, which meanders on across the fairway of the finishing hole also. One day old Andy was off to a fine start, his pitched second shot neatly clearing the burn and nestling up by the flag.

"'What a grrrand, wee burrrn—and how beautiful!' said Andy, appreciatively. 'And what a fine hazard!'

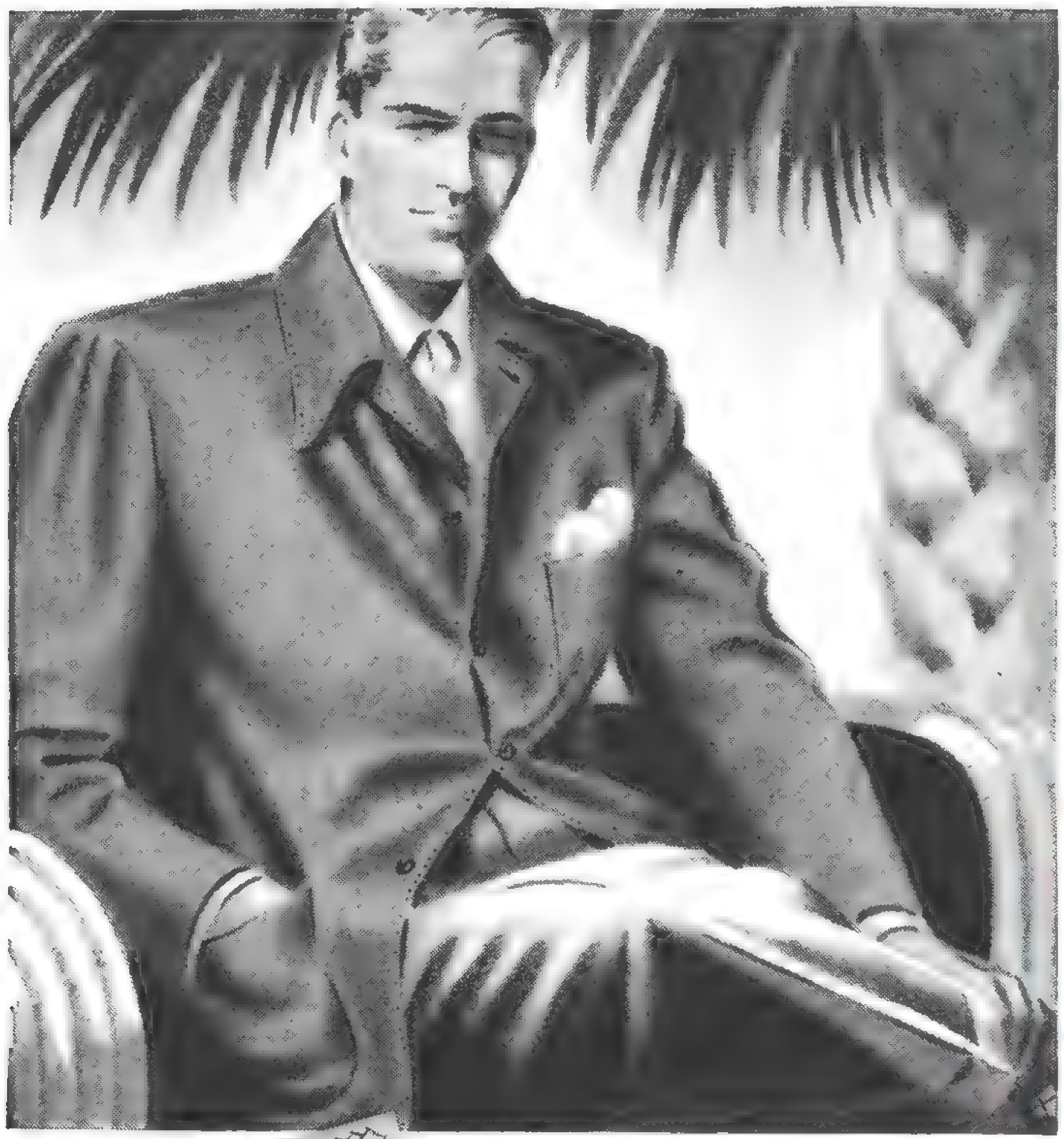
"Then a topped drive from the last tee a couple of hours later altered his viewpoint. 'Boy,' he bellowed at his caddie, 'pick me ball oot of that dirrrty ditch!'"

He goes on explicitly:

"Oakmont was not designed, nor will it ever be changed, merely for the sake of producing low scores. A great many people nowadays think nothing is happening unless someone is shooting a sixty-six. Personally, I've always considered seventy-five a good score. If the tournaments on other courses—particularly during the winter—tend to give many golfers a false estimate of their skill, I'm afraid there's nothing we can do here to help them maintain those values.

"We believe Oakmont provides

Continued on page 198



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General Par's Last Stand

Continued from page 197

a workshop for the use of every club and every shot—at least we have always labored toward that end. Our players range from juniors to men of fourscore, and they keep coming back here to enjoy themselves."

Mr. Fownes touched on the implements and the ball—he's been on that U.S.G.A. Committee a long, long time.

"The low scoring of these days," he said, "has come about mainly as the result of improved clubs and balls. At Oakmont we have tried to maintain the balance between offense and defense by stiffening and tightening our course, to exact additional precision from the golfer.

"After all, what's the fun of having the club and the ball do all the work? Is it the modern spirit of golf to tickle one's vanity by playing the round in fewer than the prescribed number of strokes?"

Offhand, and not being asked about it personally, I'd say yes in large quantities. It ain't right—and they don't do it—at Oakmont!

I remember so well that famous expedition to Britain in 1926 with the Walker Cup Team—a year our side rather cleaned up. Bill Fownes was president of the U.S.G.A., and he had to make a lot of speeches and after-dinner talks, which he did in a singularly charming mode—and always in some way suggesting not too obtrusively that the golf ball of that era was getting too small, and the clubs too numerous.

The ball at that time was standardized at 1.62 inches in diameter and 1.62 ounces in weight. It was too small and had too great a range, in Fownes' opinion. He recommended the same weight and an increase in size to 1.68 inches. Emil Loeffler says:

"Mr. Fownes felt the players were getting too much range out of the smaller balls. He wanted to keep the game a game of golf, and not marbles. He wanted Oakmont to be a real course, always long and difficult so the game would be more science than luck. He's done more to keep the game on a high level than any other man in America."

Well, in the U.S.A. we're using that 1.68 ball now, and have been using it for nearly two decades, even when it was made out of something rather sadly synthetic. And we're not using more than fourteen clubs in competition. One of the things I've got left to live for is another U. S. Open at Oakmont, after which I may set out to wangle my way in through one of the Gates of Valhalla.

And up there I'll bet the golfing boys will be having another round of wassail, or whatever it is, in honor of Old Man Par, still smiling up at them from one golf course—without his ears batted down! ⧺

Continued from page 74

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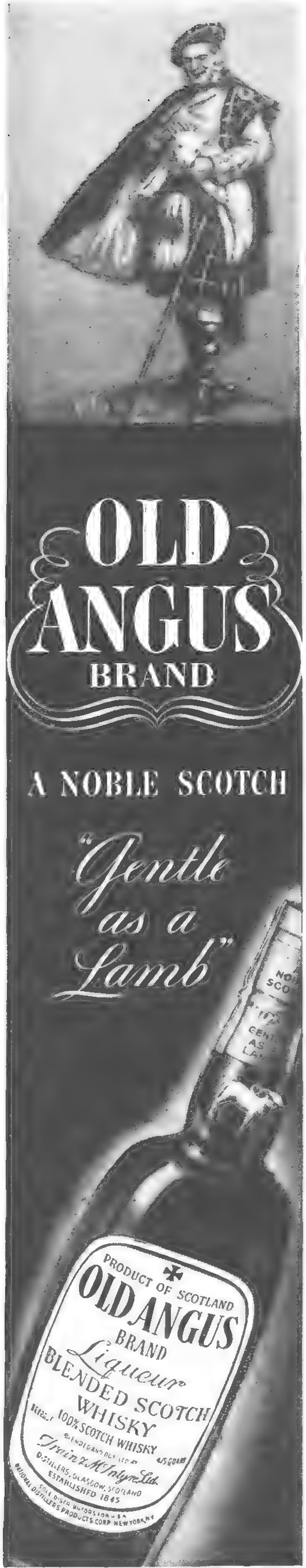


Old Angus Brand Blended Scotch Whisky, 86 Proof
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York

A Night at County

Continued from page 85

an intern. "Jumped in front of an el train and hit the rail lengthwise."

"Yeah, I heard about him . . ."

"What the hell is this, a tea?" Blackwell's voice was shrill and contemptuous. Nobody had seen him enter and he stood just inside the door, glaring.

The room was silent again and attention fell on the table where Karns was closing the incision with smooth, deliberate stitches. It was going to be a neat, almost invisible scar.

There was a motion at the door and Blackwell stepped aside swiftly as they wheeled in a seventy-two-year-old woman, dozing slightly from her pre-operative morphine. Blackwell had been talking to her in the hall as she was waiting. It was always risky to operate on a person so old, and he had been trying to encourage her. At that age, her psychological confidence was her greatest weapon against death. Blackwell had told her everything was going to turn out fine. Nobody really thought so, but Blackwell must have convinced her because she had shown him her gums in a toothless, fearless smile. Under the anesthetic mask now one could see only her forehead, which became redder and redder as she passed out. Her thin grey hair lay loosely on the hard white pad of the operating table.

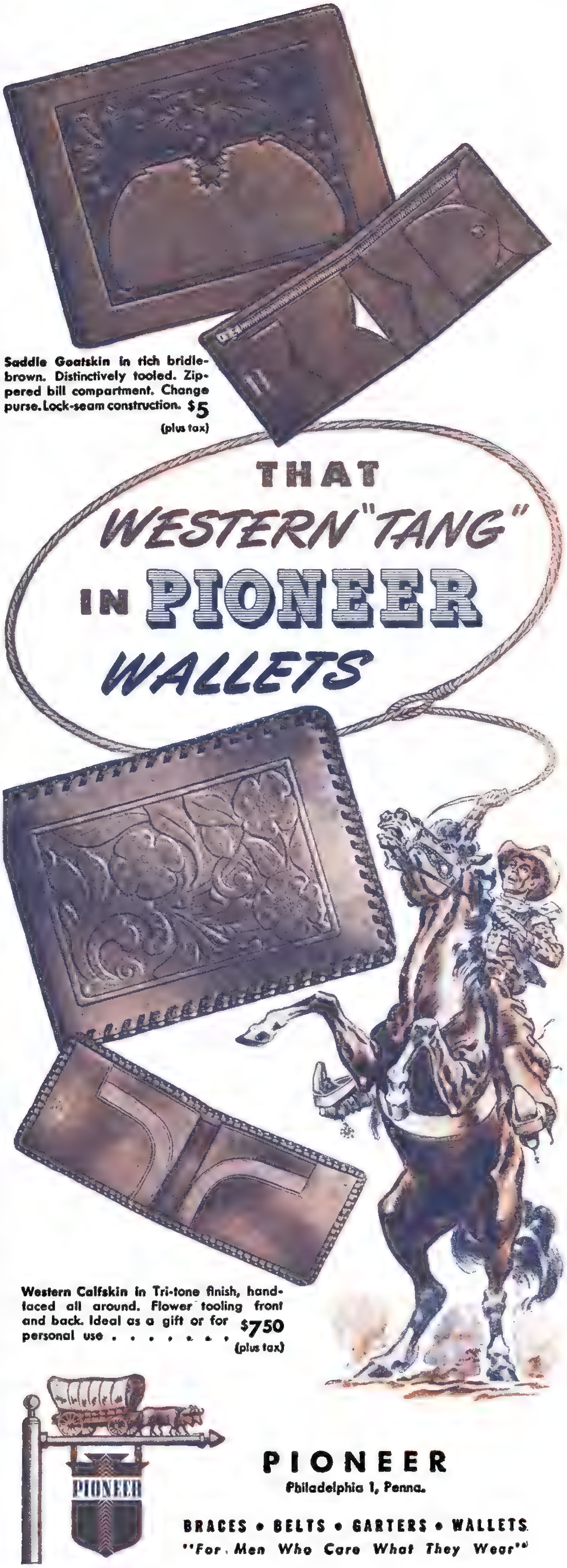
Blackwell took charge of this one, and for once everybody was grateful. Karns was glad the direct responsibility for the old girl was not his. As he took his place opposite the table from Blackwell, Karns' long face was chalky and his dark brown eyes were weirdly bright. Suddenly his mouth twisted and he bit his lip.

"Will my celebrated assistant stop making funny faces and clamp these blood vessels?" Blackwell's words came crisply even through the gauze mask. His thick curly eyebrows almost met in a frown of concentration as he turned his attention back to the field.

This one was white and bloody hell. The old woman had been diagnosed as having a bowel obstruction. At the end of forty minutes Blackwell had still not found anything amiss and was forced to lengthen the incision. The opening was now a foot long. Blackwell stuck his hands in above his wrists, running alert, expectant fingers along the complicated convolutions of the abdominal cavity. No one talked. The woman's breath came short and shallow. Even the ratcheting sound of the clamps and the metallic switch of the scissors had stopped.

When an hour and a half had gone by, everyone was feeling taut and apprehensive. Dawn was greying the sky outside, but the night was still oppressive. Karns was sweating a great deal and a nurse had to daub his forehead frequently. Presently Blackwell, who for some time had been

Continued on page 200



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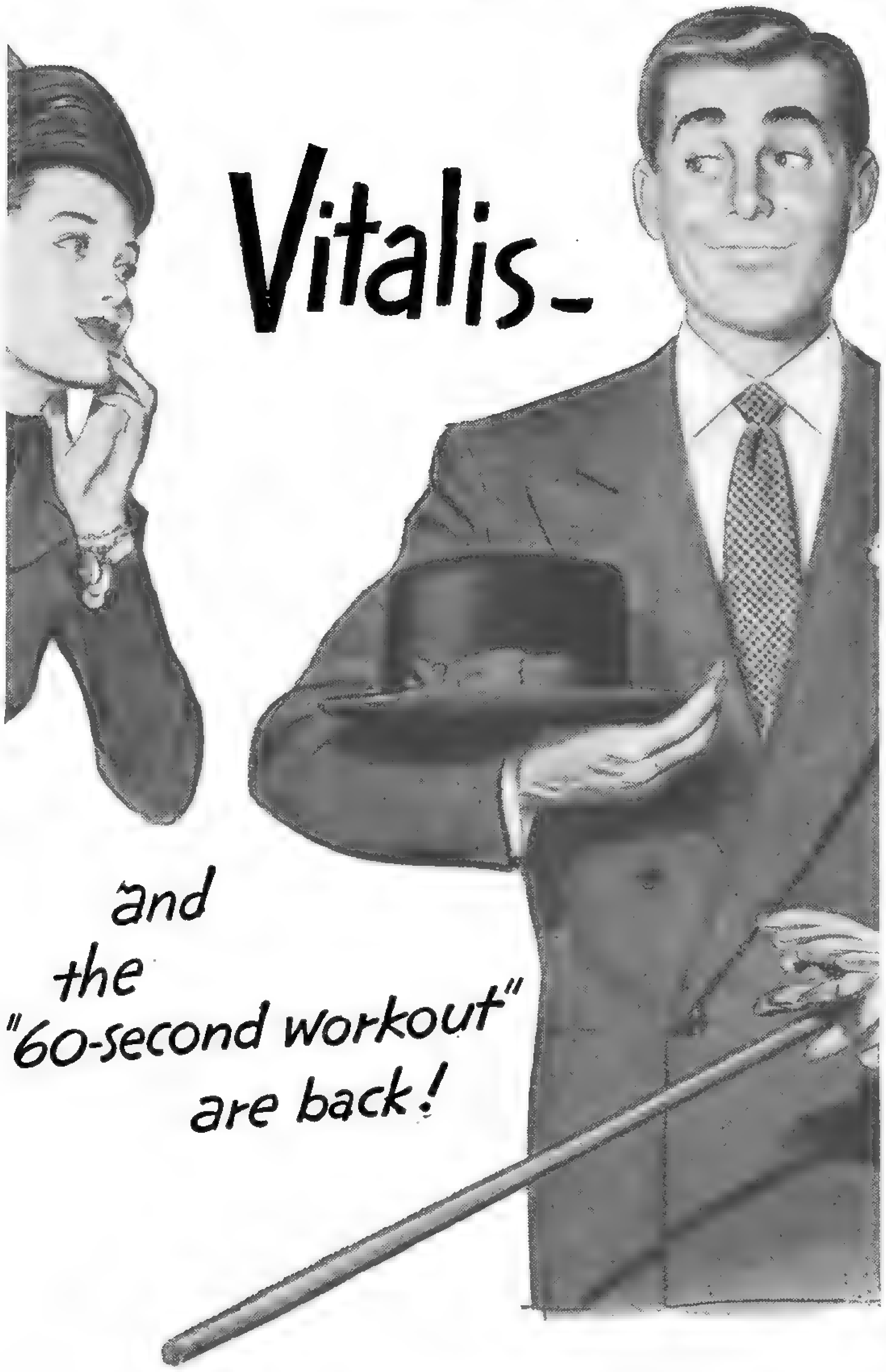

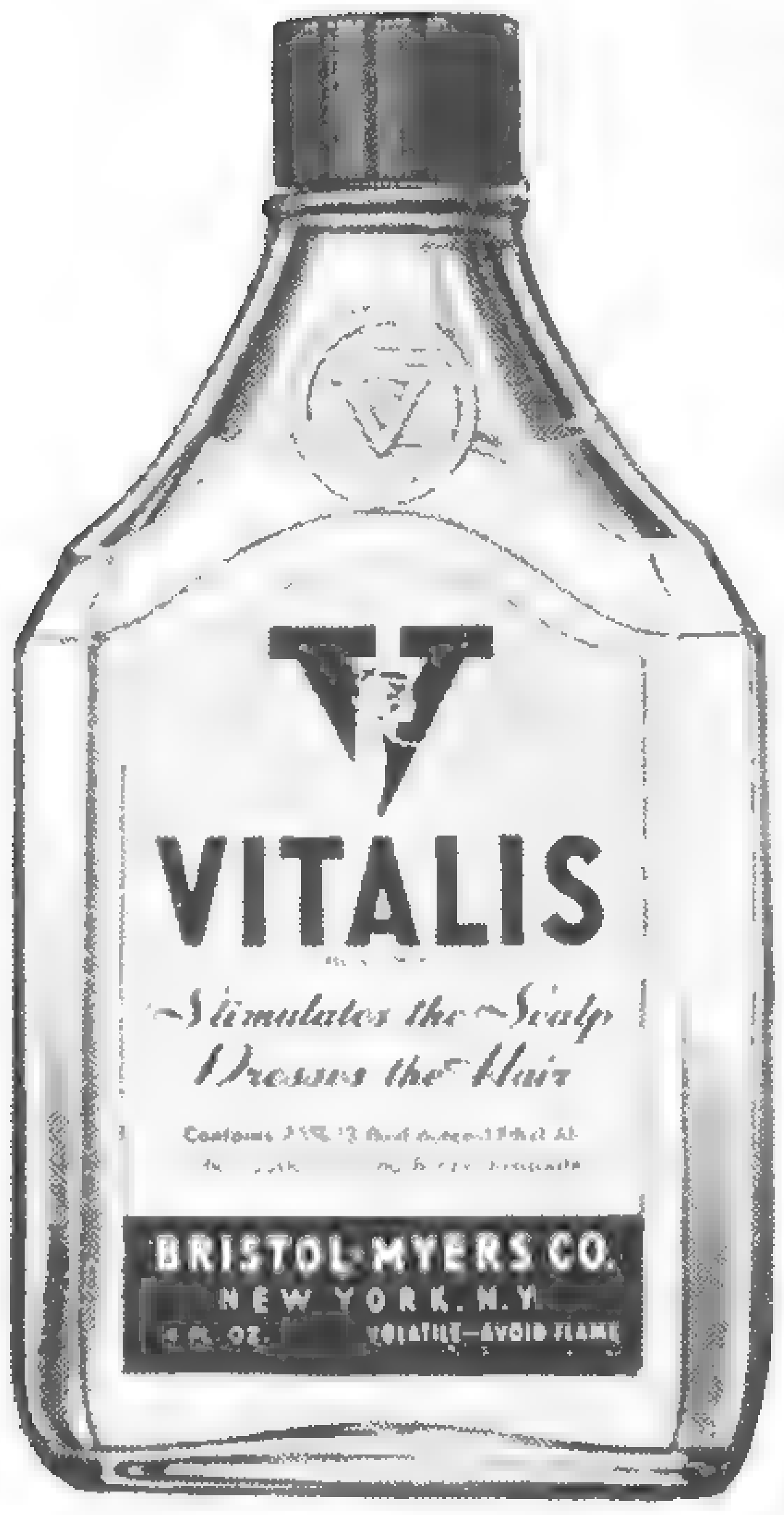

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A Night at County

Continued from page 199

silently, deliberately, endlessly seeking, made a sudden movement and stopped.

"Here it is! Feel that Karns."

Karns stuck his hand deep into the right side and nodded. A tiny carcinoma had grown in the large bowel. Blackwell began removing the warm, wet pads that had been protecting the labyrinthine feet of exposed intestine, then he called for sutures.

"Hurry up, Goddamit. Start sewing, Karns. We can't risk infecting this long incision. When it's closed we'll make a small one directly over the carcinoma."

Karns held the little curved needle in a clamp and began stitching rapidly. It pleased him to know that Blackwell had confidence in his speed. First the peritoneum, then the muscle, then skin. Karns rushed, trying to keep his flying fingers steady. As he was taking a long stitch in the muscle, he dropped the needle and made a spasmodic grab at his back. He checked his movement halfway, looked at Blackwell with anguished eyes, and returned to the sewing.

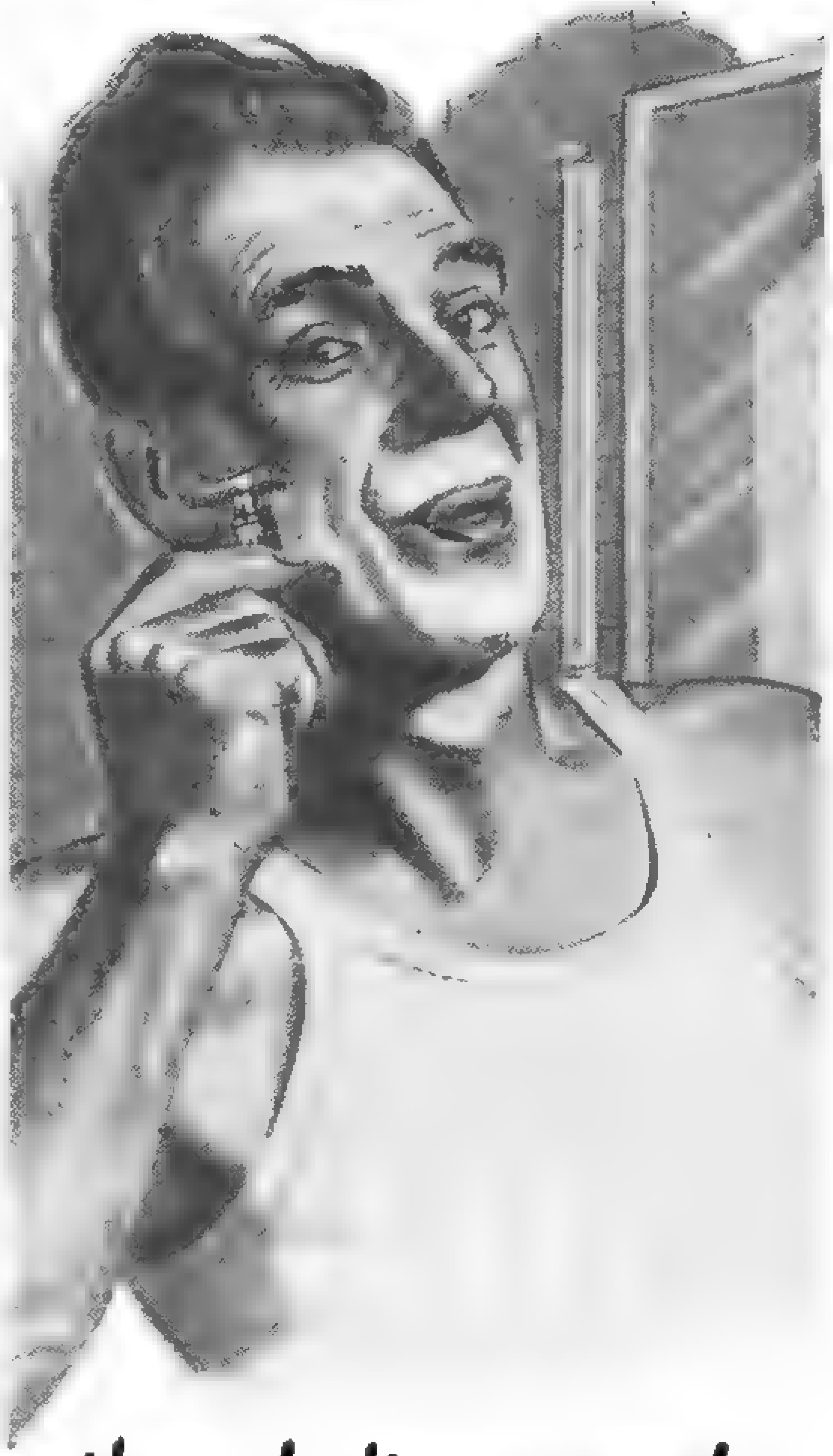
Blackwell watched Karns closely. His green eyes grew keen and narrow between his white mask and his cap. For a moment he seemed to hesitate, then turned to the instrument nurse and extended his hand. The scalpel handle made a soft sound as it smacked against his rubber glove.

This time the incision was over on the right side and very short. Blackwell's big thick fingers went through dexterously and brought out the ailing tissue. Between Blackwell's fingers, the carcinoma was about the size and shape of a cigarette butt, growing on the inside of the intestine as a cluster of rust might form on the inside of a pipe. Getting hold of it with clamps, Blackwell drew it just above the skin. Karns held it there, while Blackwell tied it off with a special gauze that would cause the healthy intestine underneath the carcinoma to abrade, adhere and eventually grow together. Isolated, the trouble looked like the blister of an inner tube bulging from a tire.

"Take her off the anesthetic," Blackwell snapped. He had already begun to sew up the incision as far as the protruding carcinoma. A few minutes later he put on a thick pad of gauze and taped it to the skin. It had been a difficult, wonderful three-hour job. "She's got a fair chance," said Blackwell. "When that tissue has grown together—couple of days—you cut off the cancer, Karns. That intestine will slide back inside okay. You'll only have to take a couple of stitches to close the incision completely. No more anesthetic. She's had enough." He peeled off his gloves and left the room with a satisfied expression.

It was after five now and quite light outside. A morning coolness had crept into the hall outside the

"I thought all razor blades were the same . . .



then I discovered PAL HOLLOW GROUND"

Lots of men have said just that—until Pal came along. Now, they say "They're all the same—*except Pal!*"

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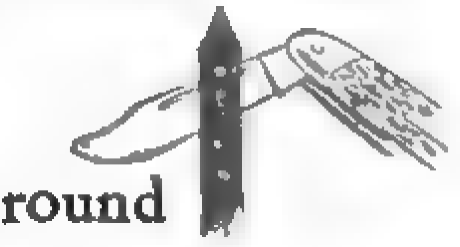
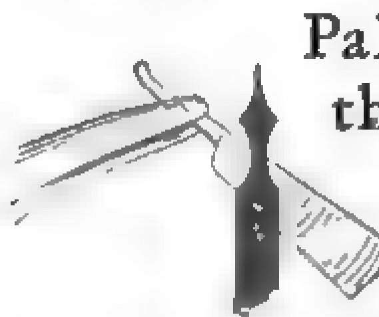


Pal Blades are different—they're Hollow Ground just like a barber's razor.



Result: Pal Blades are flexible in your razor—follow facial contours effortlessly. Your shave is cool, quick, no "bearing down". And delicate edges last longer, too. That's why millions call it the Pal

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operating rooms and it felt soothing to Karns as he walked woodenly toward the elevator. It was good to be out of there and away from Blackwell, though after the surgery he had just seen, Karns was almost willing to allow Blackwell all the meanness he wanted. Well, only a couple of more hours and he'd be off duty. He went down to the admitting desk to check for emergency surgery, hoping that none had come in. There was a single slip stamped "Male Surgery." An old man with a mashed leg had been picked up on a railroad track. The examining intern's diagnosis said gangrene, and Karns hurried to the ward where the long line of ugly, old-fashioned iron beds extended for fifty yards like a gamut of suffering. The grey-white walls, in need of cleaning and paint, brooded somberly behind the still sleeping forms of men with syphilis and paralysis and gall bladder infections and other fierce diseases. Karns took one look at the remains of the leg and called surgery to prepare for amputation. The bum on the bed had already received morphine.

"Must be a fine thing to go out on a toot and wake up without a leg," said the intern.

Karns didn't answer. He had hung up the phone and was standing slumped against the wall by the nurse's desk, his eyes closed and his mouth hanging open. Suddenly, there was a gentle pressure on his shoulder.

"What's the matter, son?" It was Blackwell's voice, but unbelievably soft and kind now. Karns opened his eyes and saw a different Blackwell from the one he had always seen before. This Blackwell was a big, fine-featured man with sympathy in his eyes and concern in the lines of his face.

"I think it's a kidney stone, sir."

"Kidney stone, eh. That's not too bad. Just sit down here and take it easy." The words fell upon Karns' parched and quaking mind like a gentle rain. All the ache and resistance left him for a moment.

Suddenly the voice was hard and rasping again. "Hey, intern. Call X-Ray and tell 'em Dr. Karns will be up right away for a picture of his kidneys. Go on, hurry." Blackwell turned back to Karns and once more the soft generosity was in his manner. "Now don't worry about a thing. I'll handle this gangrene case. You just relax. We'll take care of everything. I thought you were having trouble up in surgery. You should have said something. You've got a real career ahead of you, son. If the X-Ray shows no trouble, you'll be fit in a few days—as soon as you pass the stone."

Blackwell prowled out into the hall looking for a nurse. He came back in quietly. Karns was sitting limply at the desk. He smiled.

"I'll see that you get some breakfast in bed," said Blackwell. "Just take it easy and don't worry about a thing. Remember, you're a patient now." ###

Continued from page 85

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La Fiesta Brava

Continued from page 92

most difficult passes of them all.

Manolete is the highest paid in the profession because he maximizes the danger by moving his cape in slow motion and lets the horn go by him merely centimeters away from his leg. He is of the school that says: Plant your feet, either together or apart, but once the bull is in motion toward you don't move anything, excepting the cape that takes the bull by you as close as possible. If you've misjudged the angle of the bull's charge, too bad!

Manolete fights so easily and so calmly and has such complete control of the bull that his technique is deceptive, and you may say to yourself, "Hell, even I could do that!" or "That's an easy bull to work with!" But it's an easy bull only because of his control.

Persons seeing their first bullfight are given to saying: "I don't see the danger in this, since the bull always charges at anything red and the capes are red." Actually, bulls are color-blind and they charge at the red capes because the bullfighter makes the animals charge at them. Franklin gave a demonstration at the World's Fair using a red, a green, a blue, a black and a white cape. If they showed any preference it was for white.

"*Caray*!" says Sidney, "my favorite uniform is a bright hemorrhage red. I'd be rather foolish to wear it if the *toritos* went for it."

Just as boxing fans are wont to smack their lips over what Dempsey would do to Joe Louis, the *aficionados* discuss the fabulous Joselito lovingly, bemoaning the decadence of modern bullfighting and the lack of taste and interest of the public. Manolete has done wonders in reviving interest, but the meteoric rise of a young Mexican has done much more.

After 1936 there existed a *pleito* between the Mexican fighters and the Spanish during which no Spaniards went to Mexico and no Mexicans came to Spain. Three years ago the *pleito* was broken and Carlos Arruza, a clean-cut, American-looking, twenty-four-year-old got over for the last part of the season to fight a staggering number of fights, virtually every day for two months, creating a sensation until he was hospitalized by a bull in Sevilla.

The *aficionados* took to him quicker than to any other bullfighter in history because of his enormous suicidal courage, legendary generosity, good looks and *simpatia*, and because his gay style in the ring was a relief from Manolete's cold and somber purity. Arruza is just about a perfect opposite to Manolete in and out of the plaza. The difference can be seen readily by visiting them in their hotel rooms before a fight.

People move about Manolete's room slowly and talk in whispers as the *Córdoba Caliph* solemnly

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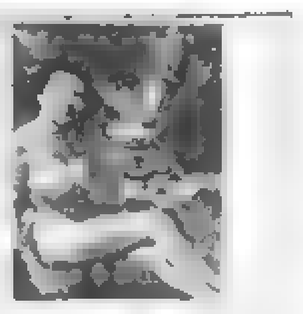

EVINRUDE

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dons his uniform in a ceremonial and cancerous atmosphere. He is very superstitious, so his manager installs himself at the door to collect your hat (hats on beds bring bad luck). He begs the Virgin of Pilar for *súerte,* and at 4:15 the party moves on to the plaza at dirge tempo.

On the other hand, you find Arruza's room by just going to the noisiest. There Carlos perches contentedly on the bed in his pajamas and sings *Peestol Pahkin Mamá,* accompanying himself on his famous guitar (after every fight he records his opinion of his performance by carving on it "*muy bien,*" or "two ears and tail," or sometimes—very rarely—"*gran bronca*"—meaning he was a bit redolent that afternoon).

During the hour and a half it takes to get dressed, Arruza is continually joking with friends and his *cuadrilla* that drift in and out. Somebody kids him about his pigtail, made from a lock of his girl's hair, and a flung pillow is the retaliation. Or he may complain of being hungry (toreros don't eat the day of the fight so that if necessary they can be operated upon immediately).

"*Paciencia, Matador,*" a banderillero will say wryly. "You'll get your fill with the two tenderloins in the ring; I've seen them already and they are as big as cathedrals."

After the wound in Sevilla, Arruza went to México to recover, coming back two years ago with his mother for the Valencia fights. She, incidentally, is hardly the Blasco-Ibáñez type of bullfighter's mother, being very chic, attractive and modern. She has only seen Carlos fight in his movie, *My Kingdom for a Torero,* getting up and leaving just about the time he started doing little things like resting his elbow on a giant bull's forehead. She says the happiest day of her life will be when her Carlitos retires. Meanwhile, most of her days are spent in a hotel room praying and waiting for the telephone call that will tell her whether her son was carried out of the plaza on the shoulders of the crowd in triumph, or was just carried out, period.

In last year's season, end of March to the middle of September, Arruza fought 112 *corridas,* killing 230 bulls, to establish a record in the history of bullfighting for the number of fights in one season, beating Belmonte's classic 108 of twenty years ago. These fights took place all over Spain, in Barcelona one day, and maybe Madrid or Bilbao the next, necessitating his changing into his uniform in a plane or his car, fighting without sleep, sometimes with a fever, sometimes two fights in the same day. And yet off those 230 bulls he cut 240 ears, forty tails and fourteen hoofs, an amazing feat. (After the bull is killed, the *matador* gets whistles and catcalls if he has put up a bad performance. If he is good, he gets one ear; very good, two ears; terrific, ears and tail; super-

Continued on page 204

Your Pilot to Good Looks

Dan River's Prince Oxford [illegible] oxford that pilots Wings Shirts to plenty of [illegible] tones to scoff at sun and [illegible]

SANFORIZED
Prince Oxford
IT'S A DAN RIVER FABRIC

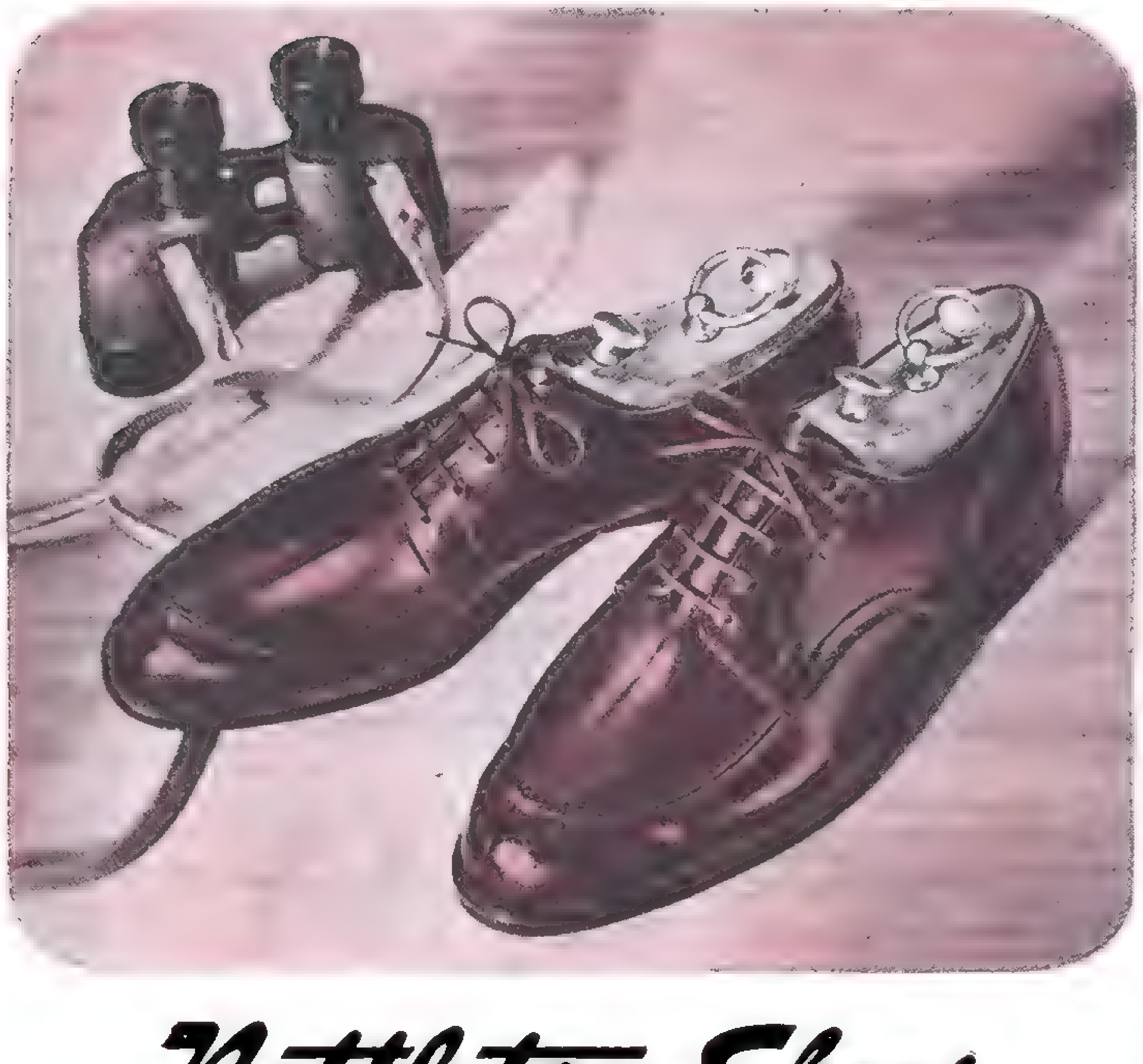
WINGS

FASHION'S HALL OF FAME
NO. 8 IN A SERIES

This one ties for First Place!

When at Ascot for the races . . . wear an Ascot scarf! Simple as the maxim . . . it's a hide-bound tradition with the fashionable world; one that's been some *seventy-six* years in the making.

Over here, the hide-bound tradition with men who set the fashions is Nettletons! Their original styling provides the authentic groundwork for a man's wardrobe. Under their handsome exterior, they're comfortable as a carpet slipper. And their mileage pays the handsomest dividend on such a capital investment! *A. E. Nettleton Company, Syracuse 2, N. Y.*



Nettleton Shoes

$9^{95} to $20

THE FAMOUS NAME IN SHOES . . . *AT BETTER STORES, COAST TO COAST*

La Fiesta Brava

Continued from page 203

terrific, ears, tail and hoof. Arruza is the only man to have cut ears, tail and *two* hoofs. I saw that fight and it was incredible; girls were fainting all over the place and strong men left the plaza shaking.)

Arruza was contracted at the start of the season for 142 *corridas*, but he lost twenty-two when Pablo Romero hooked to the left and got him in the groin. He lost the other eight less gloriously. He had a bad afternoon in Mazanares, and the good folk of the village were irked because they had knifed a lot of *pesetas* out of Baby's piggy to see the celebrated Mexican *fenómeno*. When they realized that he was passing the bull feet instead of inches away from his body, they decided to take their *parné's* worth out in rock throwing.

"If that weren't enough," said Arruza contemplating his broken wrist unhappily, "after the fight those *asesinos* went to the theatre where my movie was playing to throw rocks at the screen."

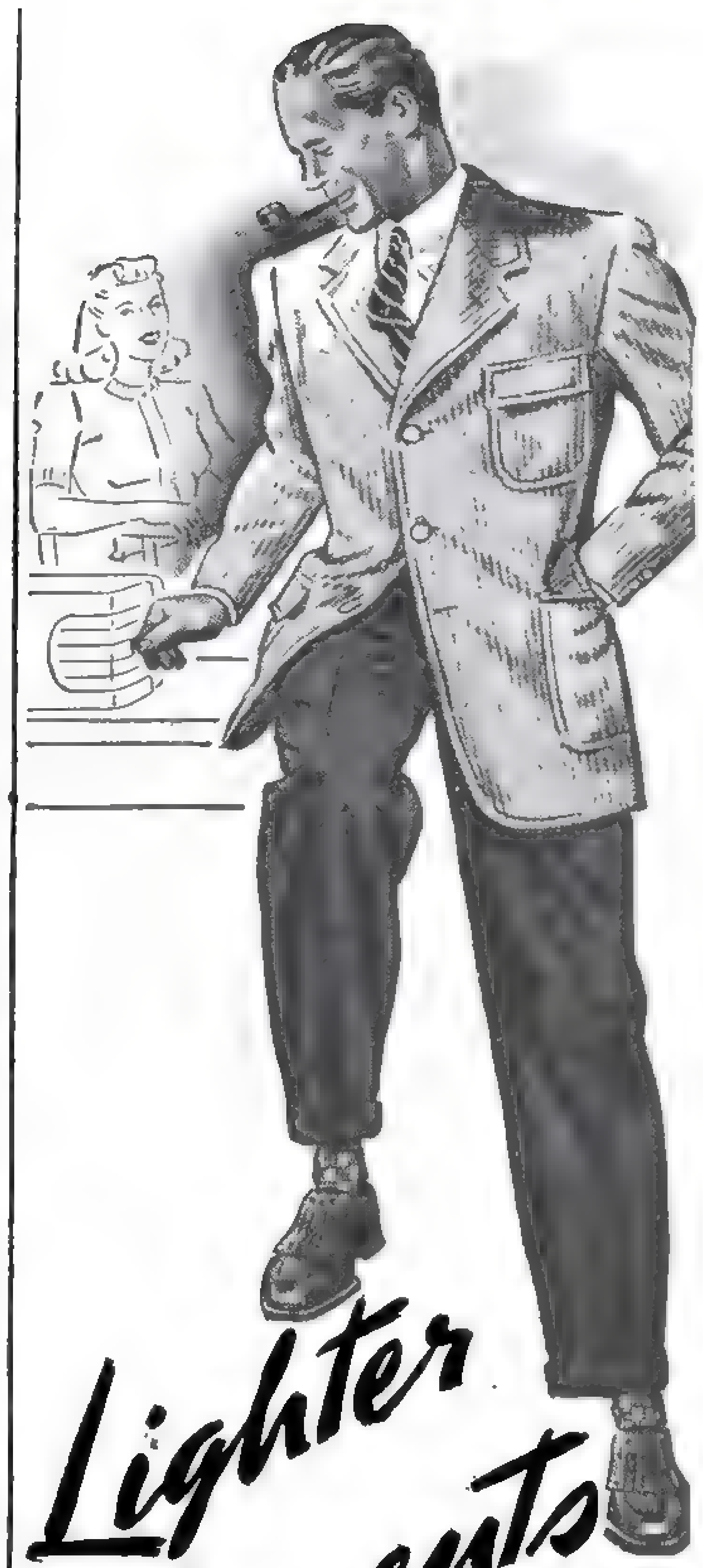
"You couldn't have been too good," I said.

"*Chiquillo*, I was terrible!" he said with a laugh.

Arruza is universally preferred by foreigners and anti-Manoletistas because you don't have to know anything about bullfighting to realize that he's risking his life every second he's in the ring. He gives a tremendous sense of danger and daring as compared with the mastery and quiet security of Manolete. Arruza is in there fighting the whole time, hugging the bull, massaging its horns before it charges, whacking it in the caboose with the flat of the sword as it goes by, and as a climax, dropping to his knees and leaning calmly on the bull's forehead.

He's the only one with the nerve and co-ordination to get away with such brashness, and it pays dividends. They say he cleared 800,000 dollars in his six months' fighting last year and topped Manolete's daily-take record by charging the Cadiz Plaza 17,500 dollars for killing four bulls one June afternoon.

To understand why he receives these fantastic prices one must realize that bullfighters are platinum gods to the *aficionados*. There is an incredible storybook aura and romantic reverence about the greatest *matadors* that can't be found about the Great of any other profession. To the Spanish public they are Dempsey, Ruth, Grange and Valentino rolled into one. Despite Spain's class system they are welcome any place and a swanky party usually boasts at least one *torero*. Nearly always born of humble origin, they seem to accumulate good manners and *savoir faire* along the way and rarely seem out of place in any company no matter how elevated. Arruza is like any normal American sophomore, even to liking swing music. Belmonte is ex-



Lighter Moments ARE MORE FUN WHEN YOU'RE WELL-DRESSED IN A NEW

JEFFERSON
COMFORT-WEIGHT
CASUAL JACKET

You'll wear your JEFFERSON sports coat everywhere! With smooth, contrasting slacks in town . . . with rough tweed trousers in the country—on vacation, at work—why it's even dress-up enough for cocktails or dancing at all but the most formal occasions! Precision-tailored with trim, clean lines, it has that indefinable air of carefree leisure. And it's made of

CORDUROYAL
ARISTOCRAT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
OF CORDUROYS

CORDUROYAL is one of the longest wearing fabrics made. Supple, rich, colorful. In your choice of Sand, Saddle Brown, Lovat Green.

about $14^{95}

AT BETTER STORES

ARROW IMPORTING CO.
CLEVELAND 14, OHIO

No Other Pipe Offers This

SMOKING COMFORT
PUR-O-MATIC BIT
Exclusive with Royal Duke
SCIENTIFICALLY DESIGNED TO TRAP IMPURITIES

Over 2 Million Men Rely on its Protection

Royal Duke

The shape pictured above can be had at
$1.50 $2.50 $3.50
CONTINENTAL BRIAR PIPE CO., Inc.
608 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, New York

tremely well read and has always traveled in the company of Spain's men of letters. El Albaicín, godchild of the great painter Zuloaga, would be a good concert pianist if he weren't a mediocre *matador*. José Ignacio Sánchez-Mejías was a great poet before a bull killed him.

All that most people in America know about bullfighting and bullfighters is Ferdinand the Bull, Bizet's *Carmen*, and Sidney Franklin, and they're pretty vague about the latter. They know he does something to bulls, but they're not quite sure just what it is and whether or not he happens to be on horseback when he does it.

Actually, Franklin is a fine *matador* and had a great success in Spain in the early thirties. His detractors are generally people who never have seen him or who saw him in Mexico where he never seemed to get going. Last year he hit the comeback trail after years of inactivity and operations due to the tremendous wound he received when he turned his back on a "dead" bull in the Madrid ring.

Still another personality in the bull world is the much-publicized girl fighter, Conchita Cintrón. She is a petite, lovely, twenty-three-year-old who has sent over 450 bulls to the Happy Grazing Grounds with a perfect technique and a delightful *sangfroid*. Born of a good Puerto Rican family, (her father is an economic analyst in the American Embassy at Lima) she was brought up in Perú and did her early fighting in Mexico. She starts fighting on horseback, Portuguese style, and then gets off to kill, making the bull do everything but sit up and moo before hurling herself on top of it for the sword thrust. Outside the ring you find her gentle, cultivated, charming and feminine, but with about as much sex appeal as a hitching post and with only two interests—*los toros* and circuses.

Juan Belmonte now fights the way Conchita does, starting Portuguese style and then dismounting. His is the greatest name in bullfighting, for it was he who changed it to the graceful, scientific thing it is today. From him Joselito learned and perfected, and together they drew the emphasis away from the brute act of simply killing the bull to the fine and dangerous skill of making the bull pass by as one stands fixed in one place. It is no less cruel than the old method, except that the *picador's* horse is protected by a mattress, but its artistry helps to atone for the cruelty.

Today Belmonte is a *gran caballero*, wealthy and revered, and though he has retired many times, he keeps coming back to the ring where he fights superbly despite his fifty years. Bullfighters hit their peak about the same age as boxers but stay in the game much longer.

Last year, however, I saw Bel-

Continued on page 206

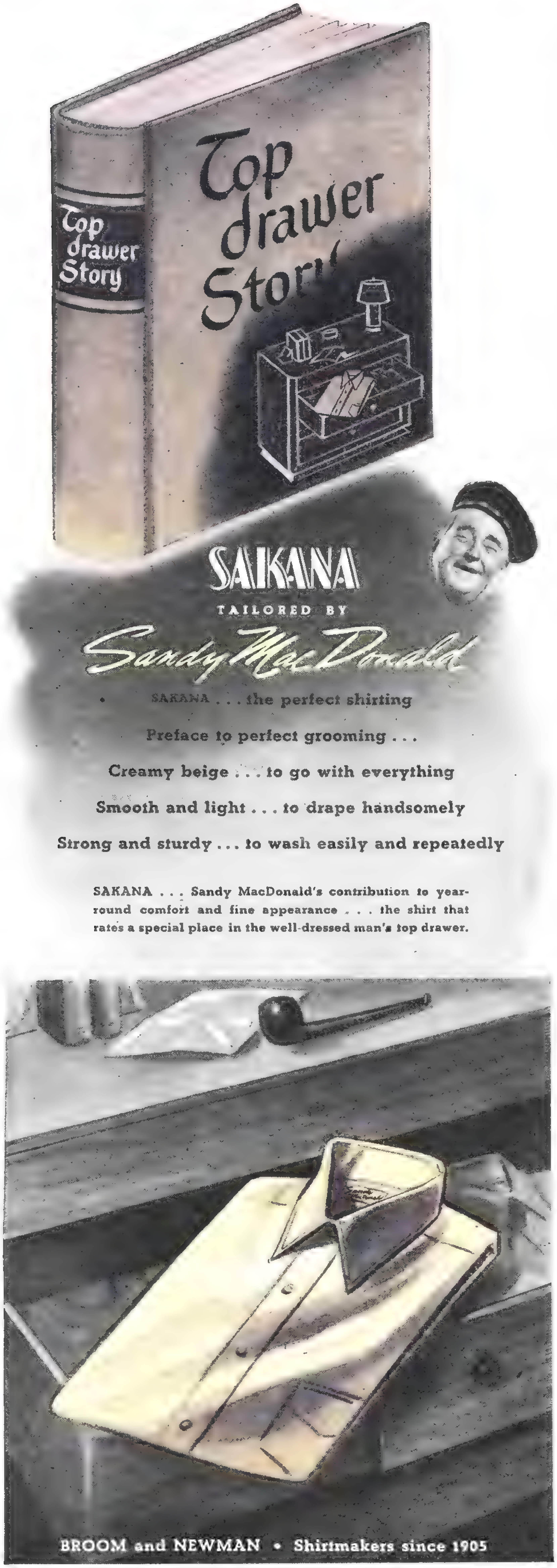
COGNAC, FRANCE
The Home of Martell Cognac Brandy
COGNAC AREA
ROCHEFORT
MATHA
RUFFEC
ROYAN
COZES
COGNAC
PONS
MONTMOREAU
MONTLIEU
CHALAIS
MARTELL
J.&F. MARTELL
COGNAC

From here—for over 230 years has come
MARTELL
—the world's finer Cognac

According to French law, only brandy distilled from grapes grown in the delimited area around Cognac can be called COGNAC Brandy. Since 1715 the House of Martell has sent its famous Cognac to all parts of the world. To connoisseurs everywhere, Martell represents the standard of excellence. For a perfect after-dinner liqueur, or "Brandy and Soda," specify *Martell*.

MARTELL
COGNAC *Brandy*
World Famous Since 1715

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N. Y. • 84 Proof



SAKANA
TAILORED BY
Sandy MacDonald

SAKANA . . . the perfect shirting

Preface to perfect grooming . . .

Creamy beige . . . to go with everything

Smooth and light . . . to drape handsomely

Strong and sturdy . . . to wash easily and repeatedly

SAKANA . . . Sandy MacDonald's contribution to year-round comfort and fine appearance . . . the shirt that rates a special place in the well-dressed man's top drawer.

BROOM and NEWMAN • Shirtmakers since 1905

La Fiesta Brava

Continued from page 205

monte meet disaster. In Barcelona, he was fighting a dangerous bull magnificently, giving it every pass in the book (which he wrote), when his skilled eye saw that the bull was catching on to the deception of the scarlet cloth. He immediately decided to kill, but as he sighted down the blade at the place between the bull's shoulders, a great howl went up from the crowd who wanted to see some more of the Master's fancy stuff.

Acceding to their wishes, he looked over at me, smiled, shrugged, and lowered the sword. When he tried to give it another pass, the bull caught him, carried him to the middle of the ring, and tossed him five feet in the air.

Belmonte went out of the ring unconscious, and it is quite likely that he will never be able to fight again.

The tragedy of Belmonte provides a bloody answer to bullfighting's most frequently asked question:

Is it really dangerous?

The answer is an emphatic yes. After a certain point, it's as dangerous as the *toreros* themselves want to make it, but to be a successful bullfighter you have to make it dangerous day after day. The good bullfighters who have been killed in recent years can be counted on your fingers—Sánchez-Mejías, Granero, Gitanillo de Triana, Litri, Baldera, Marquez, Guzman—but you cannot find a fighter who hasn't had an *almost* fatal wound. Armillita, the great Mexican, avoided a serious *cornada* for twenty years in the ring (he started when he was fifteen) but finally he got it. Carnicerito de Mexico has had fifty-five wounds that the doctors pronounced fatal. Arruza, on the other hand, has only had three, despite his suicidal tactics. Ripley stated that El Gallo, Joselito's brother, never had a serious wound in thirty years of fighting. However, he's wrong about that, because El Gallo has had two *gravisimas*. My source, Robert: El Gallo.

Now that bullfighting has made its comeback, the public is turning with renewed interest to the five-century-old spectacle (it can't be called a sport). And if the ranks of the Spanish *aficionados* should ever flag again, the gaps may well be filled by the increasing number of enthusiastic Americans who go to the *corrida* armed with a copy of *Death in the Afternoon* and a tendency to cheer for the bull. Every American in Spain goes to at least one fight and an amazing percentage never misses one. Generally they go swearing that it is barbarous, but when they learn more about its fine points, they are the first in line at the box office for tickets to the Arruza-Manolete duels.

"Indefensible but irresistible," is what they say about *la fiesta brava*.

Continued from page 92

Jot it down
Do it
Tear it out
Live notes only!

CAN'T BE LOST OR STOLEN

FOR MEN - - - -

FOR STYLE & SAFETY

The Guard-it

The smart chain guards your Billfold Secret pocket with removable pass case. Finest leathers. Better Dealers. . . . $10.

FOR WOMEN - - - -

SMART & SAFE

The Guardette

It's smart, too, for women to protect their Billfolds. The Guardette attaches to handbag with reel pull out chain that automatically rewinds. Has Robinson Reminder . . . each note separate . . . tear out when attended to . . . keep live notes only. Outside tray purse for easy coin selection. Finest 2-tone leathers. Your dealers. $10.

FOR EVERYONE - - - -

Don't Carry a Load on Your Head

Robinson Reminders KEEP YOU FROM FORGETTING

Everybody needs this memory system, proven by a half-century of use. Perforated coupon pages. Just jot it down . . DO IT . . . tear it out . . . only live notes remain. Genuine leather case. Dealers everywhere, from . . $1.

SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET

Robinson Reminders RR
WESTFIELD MASS.

★SOOTHE THOSE ACHING MUSCLES!

★help nature carry off "fatigue acids"!

Don't fret with muscular aches and pains! Absorbine Jr. can help give wonderful relief—QUICK! Too much exercise causes waste products called "fatigue acids" to settle in the muscles. Often the muscles swell and hurt. Just rub those aching muscles with quick-acting Absorbine Jr. It stimulates local circulation so fresh blood flows through them and helps nature carry "fatigue acids" away! As swelling reduces, pain subsides—you feel like shouting for joy! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy! $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

Absorbine Jr.

W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

★ABSORBINE Jr.

2514-C

Gatto: Little Primitive

Continued from page 98

expressed interest and asked if Gatto had ever had an exhibition. In October, 1943, the Barzanskys gave Gatto his first one-man show, an instantaneous success. Among the purchasers were Mrs. Somerset Maugham, Alfred Bloomingdale, Huntington Hartford, Mrs. John McLean and the late Herman Shulman. Later on, Rosalind Russell, Ferdinand Eberstadt, Mrs. Jeremiah Milbank (who owns the *Madison Square Garden* painting, reproduced), Mrs. James Warburg and Gregory Tarnopol joined the throng of Gatto fans.

With the success of his debut established, the artist threw up his job, indulged himself at the art goods shop, staked other artists to painting materials and had the pleasure of picking up the check at restaurants. More importantly he devoted himself exclusively to painting. With him, that is not a mere phrase.

"I worked twenty-six hours that day," Gatto has been known to say of a not extraordinary occasion.

The woods are full of primitives, but Gatto has shown staying power. In the Fall of 1945 he had his third one-man exhibition and is continuing to attract a widening circle of admirers and customers. The most promising indication of his success is the vogue which his paintings are building up among non-primitive artists.

It is to his great advantage that he does not know enough to realize his limitations and bites off jobs upon which he would not have embarked had he known more. A few of his paintings are atrocious and others are commonplace, but these, too, are part of the picture. Even the unconscious humor which he puts into such compositions as *Columbus Discovering America* and the *Sinking of the Titanic* are part of the quality of a typical Gatto. He has a great flair for reproducing from memory complicated place structures and interiors—such as the *Columbus Circle* and the *Café Society* canvases. Incidentally, both of which are in private hands.

Even if he had to go back to taking a beating for life, he could suffer it through in good grace and bide his time, for his needs and desires are simple. A suit of clothes will do him for years. His food tastes are ordinary. He smokes an occasional cigarette. He listens to the radio and looks at the pictures in the papers, especially the comics and sports pages. He likes to read about the fantastic and the wonderful and enjoys Westerns. He has an elementary sense of justice. In short, Joseph Victor Gatto is a little man who is living the lives of a lot of little men in his experiences and his imagination. ⧺

"You're asking for a Good Sock"
Westminster
FAMOUS AMERICAN SOCKS

ASK THE PILOT
who flies Silvaire
and he'll tell you . .

1. *Silvaire* the *original* all-metal personal plane is *tried, tested* and *proved.* Made to meet the most exacting standards of craftsmanship, the Silvaire is backed by more than 12 years of personal aircraft production experience.
2. *Silvaire* is easy to fly. It responds instantly to fingertip control. Smooth, effortless performance combined with roomy, deeply upholstered seats, makes cross-country flying a restful pleasure.
3. *Silvaire* is *safe.* Just as the turret top of today's automobile adds to its safety, the rugged, extra strength of the exclusive *safety-zone* cabin in the Silvaire is your assurance of maximum protection at all times.
4. *Silvaire* gives higher airspeed per horsepower. Slow, safe landing speed lets you 3-point it into the smallest airfields. Ample capacity fuel tank gives longer range.
5. *Silvaire* in gleaming metal, with its attractively designed and finished interior and instrument panel, gives you luxury liner appointments in your personal plane.
6. *Silvaire* with its smooth, streamlined low-drag contour and high efficiency wing, operates at a cost per ground mile comparable to a medium priced automobile.

For business, for sport, for pleasure, for family flying—the Silvaire is the plane of the day. And remember—if you can drive a car, you can fly a Silvaire. See your dealer today.

THE *Silvaire*
BY LUSCOMBE
first in ALL-METAL personal planes
LUSCOMBE AIRPLANE CORPORATION • *Dallas, Texas*

Einstein, Kip, and Stoop

Continued from page 89

stein hadn't been prominent. When he arrived, he was "established" by the fact that he spoke with a German accent. As he was supposed to be talking in his native tongue, to people who understood him perfectly, this was a bit disturbing; but it followed the radio tradition that all foreigners speak their own language badly. What the actor impersonating Einstein said was pure Einstein, but it wasn't very clear.

To the professionals of radio, one question was important: the handling of the commercial. For the unique part of this experiment was that it was sponsored. Any old educational, sustaining program could deal with intellectual concepts, but a sponsor alone was under the obligation to be popular. And sure enough, the moment came. Fadiman had been discussing the idea of space time and the announcer stepped up to say, "Speaking of time, there is no better time for an important announcement . . ." But it had nothing to do with Revere Copper and Brass. The announcement was that you could get a reprint of the program. With simplicity and dignity—and maybe some bewilderment—Revere kept itself out of the proceedings. The commercial was terrific.

And there it ended, leaving a few questions unanswered.

One of them was, what is the Einstein theory?

The history of education on the air is a grim one. In the early days, schools and colleges were broadcasters in their own right; hardly any of them remain in the field. They were, they say, pushed out by commerce. And commerce notes that college professors, reading lectures into a microphone, obstinately refused to use radio properly and lost their audiences without any help from comedians and serials. At the same time, networks and independent stations keep up cultural programs because, by the terms of their contract with the government and people of the United States, they must operate in the public interest. A constant temptation to the broadcaster is to keep on serving the public—with a sponsor on the side. This has worked well with symphony orchestras which were prestige programs for years and are now money-makers on a gratifying scale; it has worked with news and discussion programs; it has not worked with education.

The dilemma of the broadcaster is as pointed as that of the educator. It is not a question of withholding half an hour a night from sale. For every station operator knows that if he throws in a program which the audience tunes out, he loses the value of the next half hour as well. If the other stations have attractive programs, he may not get his audience back for several hours. He does not

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE
ESTABLISHED 1894

UNI-COMPAX STOP WATCH
A new Chronograph watch, 17 jewels, anti-magnetic, radium dial, stainless steel case, registering up to 45 minutes in 1/5 seconds, $95 (Federal Tax included).

UNIVERSAL
GENÈVE

Models for men and women—in steel from $60, in 14K or 18K gold from $75, Federal Tax included, at selected jewelers.

THE HENRI STERN WATCH AGENCY, INC.
587 FIFTH AVENUE, AT 48TH ST.
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
1405 Peel St., Montreal, Canada
Geneva, Switzerland

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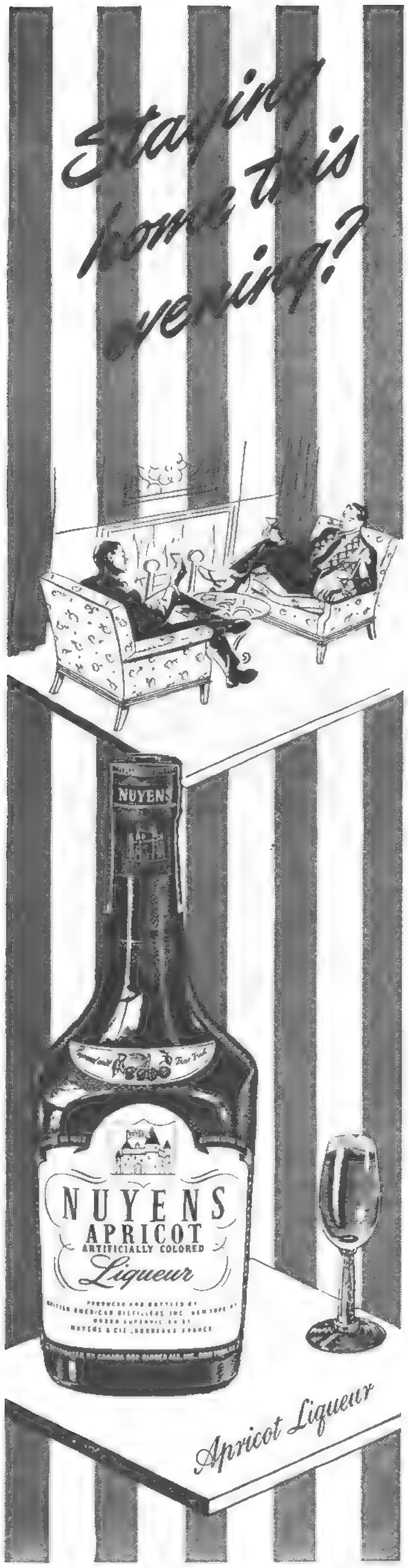


Nuyens liqueurs are at home by every fireside. Blended in America for 10 years, just as in France for 140 years, these savory cordials are rich in flavor, aroma, body . . . fit your budget, too.

Apricot Cocktail
1½ oz. Nuyens Apricot Liqueur, 1 oz. Gin, 2 Dashes Lime Juice, 2 Dashes Orange Juice. (Shake in ice.)

NUYENS
Liqueurs

KEEP ALL FOUR ON HAND:

Creme de Menthe 60 proof	**Triple Sec** 80 proof
Creme de Cacao 60 proof	**Apricot** 60 proof

British American Distillers, Inc.
New York, N. Y.
Distributed exclusively by
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc.
100 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

think he can afford this "to please a minority." The educator confesses that he can reach only a minority—which is ten thousand times larger than he can reach in the schoolroom. He wants to reach more people still, but he has to keep his program on a forbidding intellectual level. Sometimes he is pedantic. Working on a science program once, I was baffled by a physicist who refused to appear because for thirty seconds, in a quarter-hour script, a young man told a young woman how pretty she was. Another one objected to the sound effect of a swarm of insects. For the most part, the professors get over their shyness when they read their first fan mail. But they do not lower their basic standards—and the audience will not rise to them.

The Einstein broadcast was, clearly, an attempt to break through both circles at once. It would be good education and good radio; the audience would like it, and the educators would approve. It began by being the dreariest kind of bad radio, without tidiness of production, with amateurish use of music and sound effects, employing a dialogue technique totally incapable of conveying ideas or holding interest. With this start, it became anti-educational to an alarming degree; it did not develop or relate ideas, it stated them. Everyone concerned must have known that the job couldn't be done, and that feeling came over in the tired script. In the end you wondered who was being kidded, because it all began to sound like a gag.

Two developments in broadcasting are going to have considerable effect on educational programs. One is Frequency Modulation, which will be sold to the public for its remarkable fidelity. Far more important is the fact that FM permits simultaneous broadcasting, with equal clarity and power, of a multitude of stations. Labor unions, public school systems and universities are applying for licenses. When FM comes, the era of minority programs, of relatively narrow casting, will begin. And the old trouble will come along, too, for if the special stations will not acquire the skills of the commercial broadcaster, they will lose out.

The second development is a means of transmitting a large number of radio programs over a single radio channel. It is called Pulse Time Modulation and when fully developed it will carry a dozen or more programs at the same time. (You would, however, receive only one at a time at any given receiver.) This would provide a commercial station or network with means for competing with itself, sending out a comedian and an aesthete simultaneously, a majority and a minority service. Whether the networks will care for such a split personality is doubtful, but it will at least relieve them of the necessity for combining Einstein and Stoopnagle and Kip. ⧺

They actually look even better after laundering!
Kohinoor

Ordinarily you'd never dream of washing sports shirts and slacks made of a fabric as luxurious as Kohinoor. But Kohinoor is America's first rayon-wool blend that is vat dyed and Sanforized for fool-proof washability at home or laundry. Now you can wear fine, high-style Kohinoor sportswear as often as you like . . . and forget dry cleaning "upkeep". At all good stores . . . or write to us.

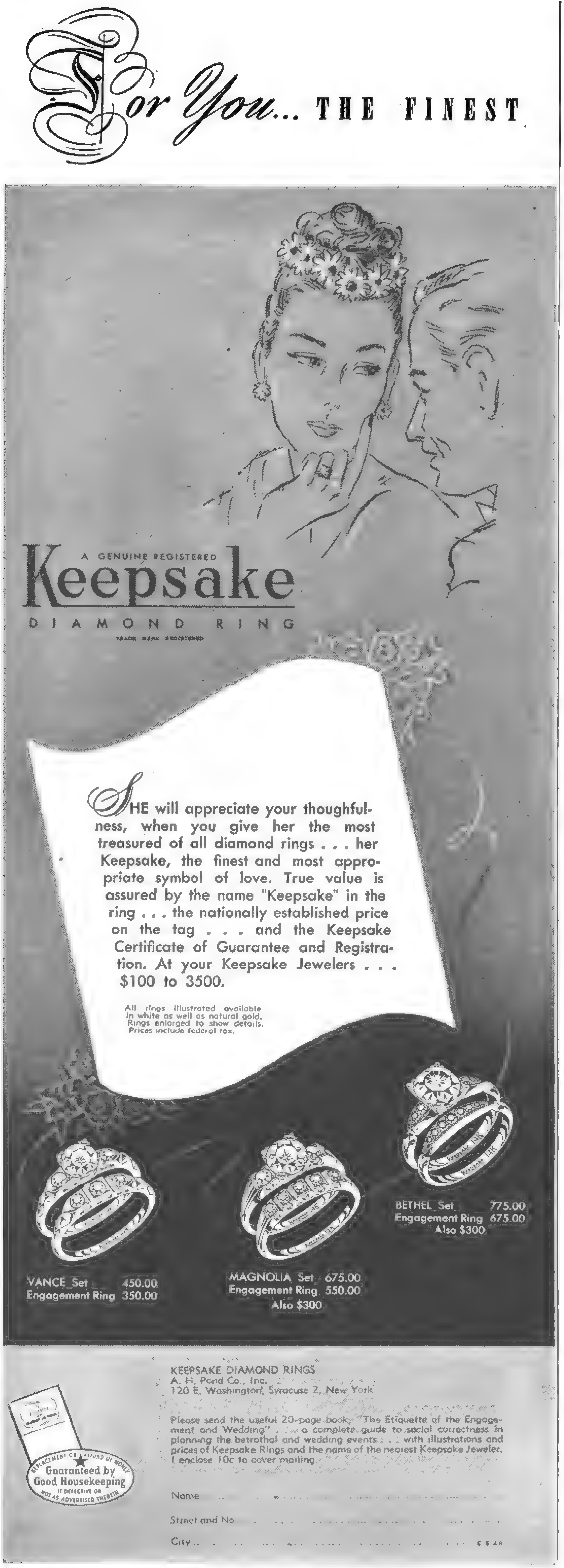
YOU'RE REALLY DRESSED-UP IN SHIRTSLEEVES
WITH SHIRTS AND SLACKS OF

KOHINOOR

AMERICA'S FIRST VAT DYED, SANFORIZED*, WASHABLE RAYON-WOOL BLEND**

LESEM BACH & CO., INC., 257 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N. Y.

*Shrinkage not more than 1% **80% spun rayon, 20% virgin wool



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A GENUINE REGISTERED Keepsake DIAMOND RING
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SHE will appreciate your thoughtfulness, when you give her the most treasured of all diamond rings . . . her Keepsake, the finest and most appropriate symbol of love. True value is assured by the name "Keepsake" in the ring . . . the nationally established price on the tag . . . and the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration. At your Keepsake Jewelers . . . $100 to 3500.

All rings illustrated available in white as well as natural gold. Rings enlarged to show details. Prices include federal tax.

VANCE Set 450.00
Engagement Ring 350.00

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Engagement Ring 550.00
Also $300

BETHEL Set 775.00
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KEEPSAKE DIAMOND RINGS
A. H. Pond Co., Inc.
120 E. Washington, Syracuse 2, New York

Please send the useful 20-page book, "The Etiquette of the Engagement and Wedding" . . . a complete guide to social correctness in planning the betrothal and wedding events . . . with illustrations and prices of Keepsake Rings and the name of the nearest Keepsake Jeweler. I enclose 10c to cover mailing.

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Name
Street and No
City E 5 46

Inside Baseball

Continued from page 79

some play. Presently they discovered that with the aid of perhaps a first baseman, or some other player, they could pull certain plays. I discovered that Ryan and Lange, outfielders, had their private signals, that Dahlen signaled sometimes to his left and center fielders and second basemen, and that Dahlen demanded that the infielders be permitted to know what was being pitched.

Dahlen told me one night in Boston that it was no wonder the Boston team beat Chicago so often. Frank Selee had a perfect system of signaling which enabled every man on the team to know every ball being pitched and every player had a chance to shift to meet the attack.

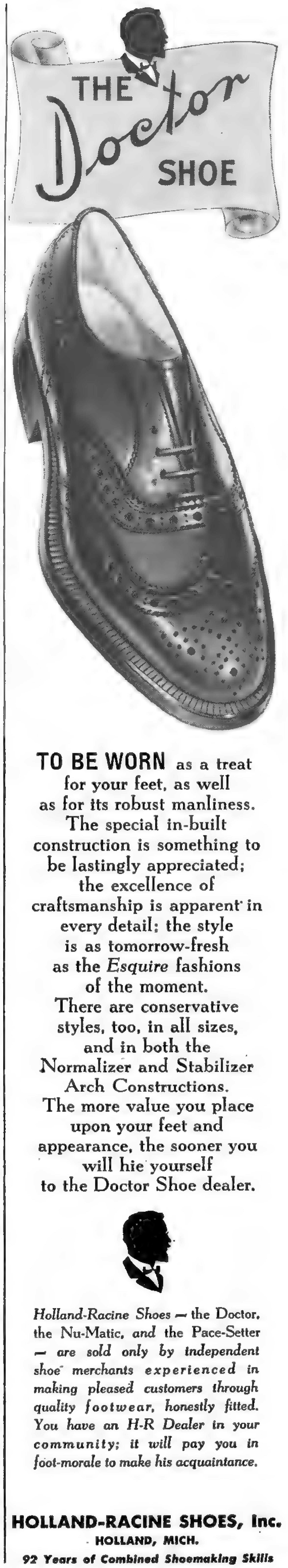
It happened that many of my friends among the National League players planned to spend the winter in California. They organized what they called an All National League team to play exhibition games. I arranged to be promoter, press agent, ticket taker and general utility man. Herman Long and I decided for reasons of economy to room together on the edge of the Barbary Coast. All we had to do was dig up money enough for a couple of quarts of dago red and a few hot tamales once in a while.

That first Sunday the newspapers had treated us well. The team looked good—on paper. I had played up Bid McPhee, Cincinnati's second baseman, as a star, and was getting ready to take tickets at the gate when a hurry call came. Bid had failed to reach San Francisco, and I had to hustle into uniform and be McPhee for the day. Quite an order for a ham amateur in a strange land. Playing alongside Long didn't help much. He hit me on the forehead in one rapid double play—and caught the ball when it bounded off my head in time for a force-out. He never called me anything but "McPhee" after that.

One suspicious reporter remarked that McPhee looked strange with his mustache off—and two weeks later commented on the rapidity with which he had regrown it. But by that time the real McPhee was there and I was Charlie Irwin, playing third base—the art of which is to lift a leg quickly enough to avert amputation.

That winter I enjoyed a refresher course in *inside baseball.* Long was a dynamo, one of the great players of all time. He explained to me every move and every signal used by Selee's famous Boston club which many old-timers believe was the greatest team ever assembled. Figure that for yourself: one of the best hitting teams of history, four great pitchers, an outfield that stole almost three hundred bases a season, the most perfectly-drilled scientific team in its day.

It was a joy to sit cross-legged



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on a bed with some sandwiches and a pitcher of wine between us and argue about baseball. He showed me how and why he refused to permit any ball to be pitched to a batter until every player knew what was being pitched and had stationed himself accordingly. He took the signal from the catcher, flashed it from behind his back to the outfield, saw that every man shifted properly and then allowed the pitch.

Here was what I had been seeking—the perfect code of inside ball rather than piecemeal signaling between a few players. It was a pleasure thereafter to watch that Boston team play—to study the shifts of players and to know in advance exactly what the team was trying to do.

In the next dozen years the knowledge of *inside baseball* spread rapidly until practically every team played more scientifically. There was one comparison which showed the difference between the scientific playing of baseball and the sheer power method. It was possible to compare the Boston team under Selee and the Philadelphia team when the great slugger Ed Delahanty, who was perhaps the greatest slugger of all time—not barring Ruth—was manager.

Ed Delahanty scorned the scientific sport. It was said he had but one signal, "Hit it!" With Douglass catching and Eddie McFarland playing first and Al Orth pitching, Del could put nine .300 hitters on the field at once and keep the ball bouncing around the park from wall to wall. Yet he had a hard time keeping out of eighth place at the end of each season.

The development of the inside game proceeded steadily. The American League rather inclined toward the powerhouse attack and the strong pitching defense. The one exception was Fielder Jones, leader of Comiskey's White Sox, one of the leading exponents of the art of making "one run at a time." His "hitless wonders" became famous. The National concentrated on scientific attack and defense.

During that era I lived and traveled most of the time with Frank Chance's Chicago Cubs and was lucky enough to be almost admitted to the inner circles. I even attended skull practice—although those sessions were no place for a lad just out of Mrs. Stevenson's Sunday school class, if the subject was a play which lost a ball game. These sessions with the Cubs were postgrad courses in *inside baseball* and sometimes ended in fights. I laughed aloud once while watching a fight between Overall (weight 230) and Evers, who was small, and landed out in the hallway.

Chance's team reduced *inside baseball* to fractions of inches and tenths of seconds—and required not only knowledge of plays but execution of them. Errors were

Continued on page 212

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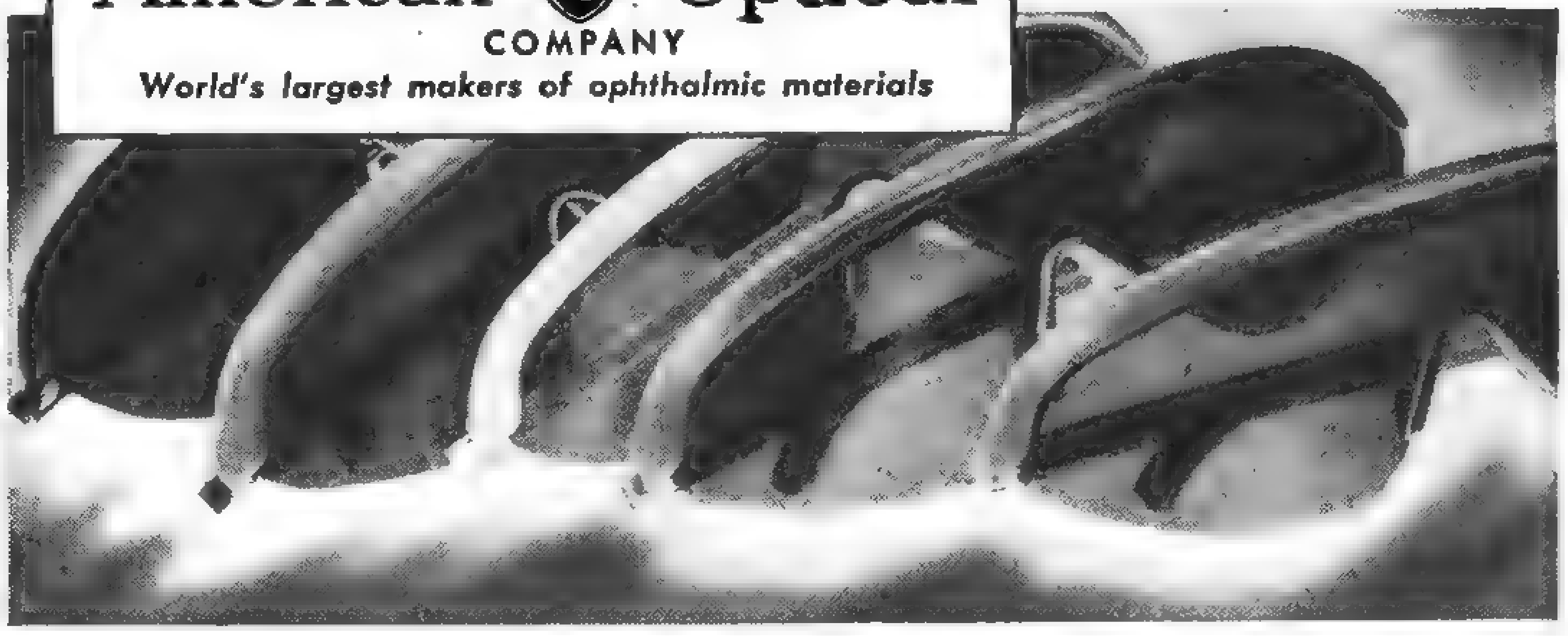

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*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Inside Baseball

Continued from page 211

never criticized—but a player who pulled a boner found himself out of luck.

The team approached perfection in *inside baseball.* I think perhaps the most perfect play ever made was one that came in a World Series game between the Tigers and the Cubs.

The Chicago and Detroit teams met that fall each at the peak of its form. The Cubs were leading two to nothing in the middle of the game when Charlie O'Leary and Donie Bush reached base with Cobb coming to bat. Cobb was the best of bunters. When he bunted a ball down the third base line and it was handled perfectly, the play at first was so close it was tough on umpires. Mordecai Brown, Chicago's pitcher, studied the situation and walked over toward third. He said to Harry Steinfeldt: "Anchor that big leg of yours on third base and don't move it."

He knew that Cobb wanted to bunt down the third base line. He pitched on the outside corner of the plate, waist high, a fast ball, exactly the kind Cobb hoped for and bunted best. Cobb pushed a perfect bunt toward third just inside the base line. But as Brown pitched he had leaped toward the base line at top speed, grabbed the ball and, whirling, hurled it with terrific force back to third. Steinfeldt, despite orders, had instinctively started forward to field the bunt, remembered orders and after a flash of hesitation had backed up. He grabbed Brown's throw, turned and threw down to second. O'Leary, one of the fastest men in the game, was forced at third and but for Steinfeldt's momentary hesitation, the Cubs would have made a double play against two of the fastest runners in the game of baseball.

One could multiply such stories a hundred times, but there was one bit of complicated playing that shows most clearly how the science of inside ball had been perfected. It was a play which the Cubs made one or more times against each National League club during the season and which they used to defeat Detroit in the series. It was a masterpiece of strategy and acting.

This is how it was worked against Detroit, with Sam Crawford the victim. The game was close with Crawford on second and a batter waiting to sacrifice him to third. Tinker and Evers were jockeying behind Crawford, first one, then the other, making a quick dash toward the base as if to draw a throw from catcher or pitcher. The object seemed to be to keep Crawford from getting a big lead toward third base.

Finally, by a quick dash, Tinker reached the bag far ahead of the runner, yelling all the time for Kling to throw the ball. Crawford alarmed, scrambled wildly back to safety, and Tinker, seemingly

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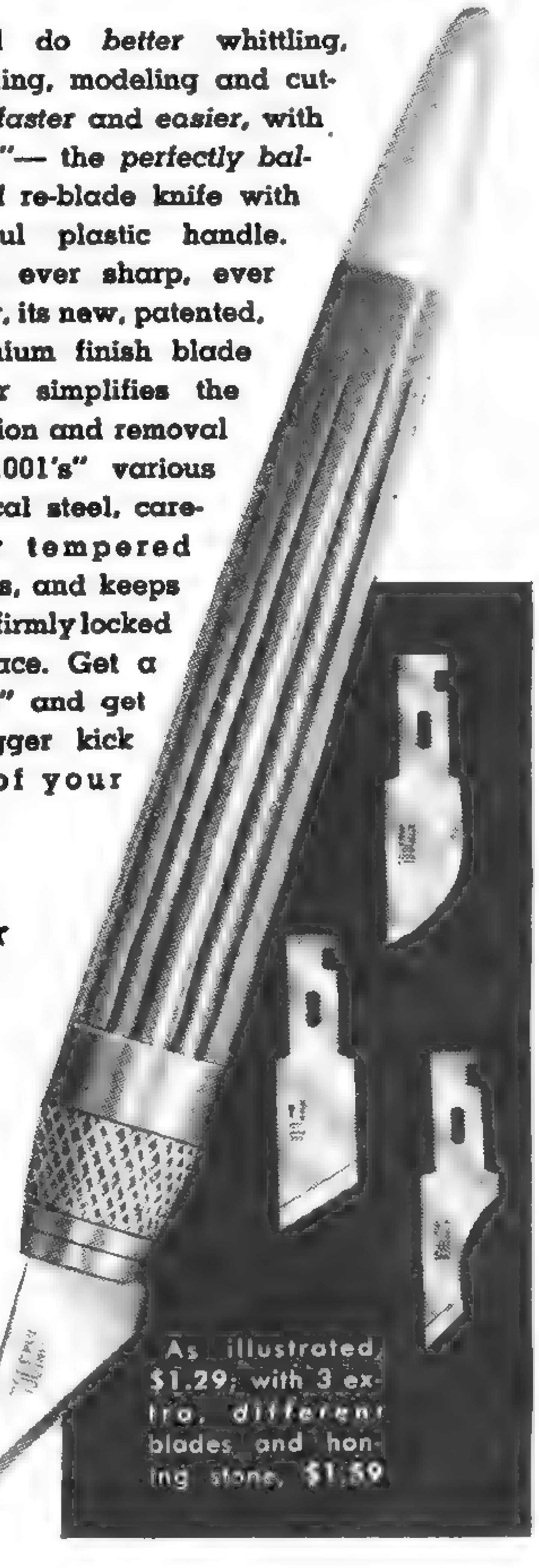
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disappointed, walked behind him talking and cussing. As he moved back to short, Crawford moved along with him in order to take as good a lead as possible and Tinker said:

"Old boy, if he had thrown that time we would have nailed you."

Crawford looked back over his right shoulder to retort to the taunt—and the moment his head turned to the right Kling threw the ball with all his speed and Evers, covering the base at a dead run, caught the ball and rushed on to tag Sam Crawford before he could recover from his panic.

The entire strategy of the play, every move, every word had been planned to get Crawford to look over his right shoulder. The moment Crawford turned his head, he was doomed.

In this manner *inside baseball* approached perfection. Knowledge and appreciation of the inside science of the sport became general. Then along came George Herman Ruth with his amazing home run hitting. The Babe became the national hero and his home runs thrilled thousands who previously had not been acquainted with the game.

The club owners blundered. They thought that because the fans went wild over Ruth's home runs it was really what the fans wanted. So they shortened fences, made the ball livelier, and produced synthetic home-run hitters by fixing it so a knock-kneed, wry-necked, cross-eyed, left-handed, water-bucket spiking pitcher could shut his eyes and bunt a rabbit ball over a short fence.

The development of the science of the sport for more than fifty years and its reduction to near perfection was forgotten. The art of base running, the knowledge of inside defense, were dropped because there was more chance to score runs by one long drive than by carefully-figured strategy. Some of the old fans objected, but the majority whooped for Ruth to hit one.

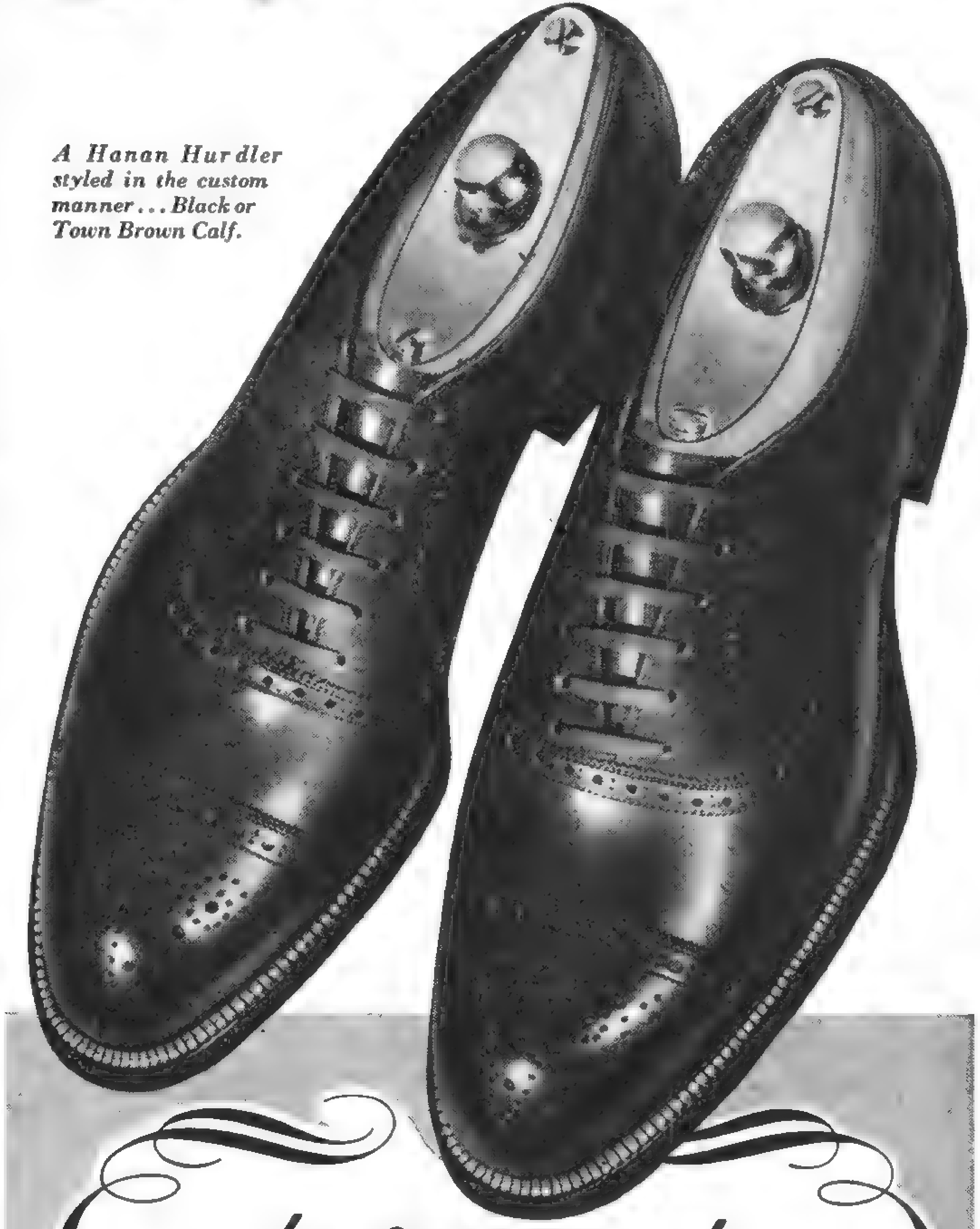
On top of that came the Black Sox scandal of 1919. Tens of thousands of old-time fans quit baseball in disgust and the majority never came back. The character of crowds changed. Ruth not only restored interest in baseball, he brought a fresh crop of fans who knew nothing of the science or traditions of the sport, knew little of the inside game but who were devotees of the home run.

It may seem remarkable that from a yarn ball and a home-whittled bat American kids evolved the most perfect scientific game ever played. Yet it is not less remarkable that after fifty years of study and continuous progress the greater part of the science of the sport could be abandoned and the change scarcely noted. It happened.

For more than twenty years the new type of baseball has prevailed in the major and minor leagues,

Continued on page 214

Hanan



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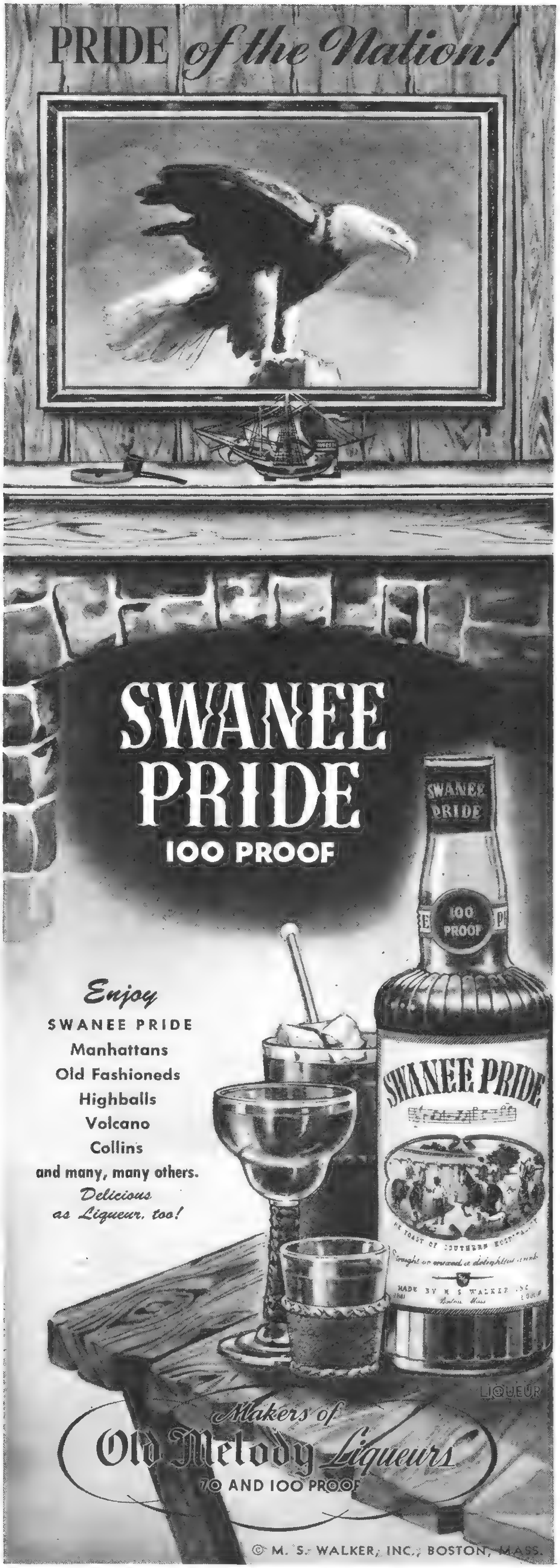

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Inside Baseball

Continued from page 213

with occasional attempts by individual clubs to revert to the old system. It was amazing how quickly players and fans forgot the inside game. The system became one by which a player who reached first stood flatfooted until someone hit a ball over the fence and allowed him to trot home.

How quickly they abandoned the science of the sport is shown by records of base running, of double plays, of assists from the outfield and from plays at the plate.

Eight or ten years after Mordecai Brown was the great star of Chance's Cubs, Brownie and I sat together at a World's Series. We always had called Chance "Slew," and every few innings Brownie would look worried and remark to me: "Slew would have killed that guy." Well, last fall Slew or John McGraw would have wanted to kill thirty-seven ballplayers and probably would have been justified in maiming at least five who tried to take extra bases when nothing was to be gained by advancing.

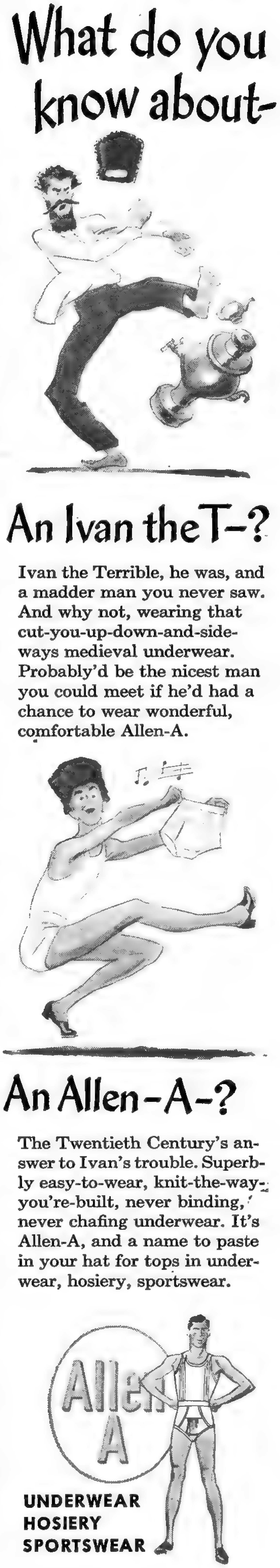
But, for the last four years there have been increasing symptoms that the era of *inside baseball* is returning. The truth is that the major leagues could accomplish the purpose by taking some of the speed out of the ball. Then the kids would learn the inside game quickly when forced to depend upon their own ingenuity to make runs.

Baseball is on the verge of a new era—an era in which the science of *inside baseball* will rise to greater heights because there are a dozen points in the brute-strength method of attack that can be utilized in it.

In spite of the infinite possibilities of baseball it really is a basic sport and a few simple rules make a good team:

> Get the first pitched ball over the plate with "something on it."
>
> Always strive to keep ahead of the batter.
>
> Never permit a ball to be pitched until every man on the defensive team knows what is being pitched.
>
> Figure in advance exactly what you will do with the ball if it is hit to you.
>
> Never throw a ball behind a base runner.
>
> Never throw a ball uselessly or carelessly. Remember that it is an axiom of the sport that "if you can make them throw often enough they'll throw away the game.'
>
> Above all see that each player knows what is being planned.

The last rule is comically illustrated by Billy Murray's story of the days when he was the unfortunate manager of the Phils. Billy had a young left-hander named Coveleskie, a brother of the famous Stanley Coveleskie of Cleveland. This kid won undying fame by pitching three games of a four-game series, turning back the New York Giants three times and



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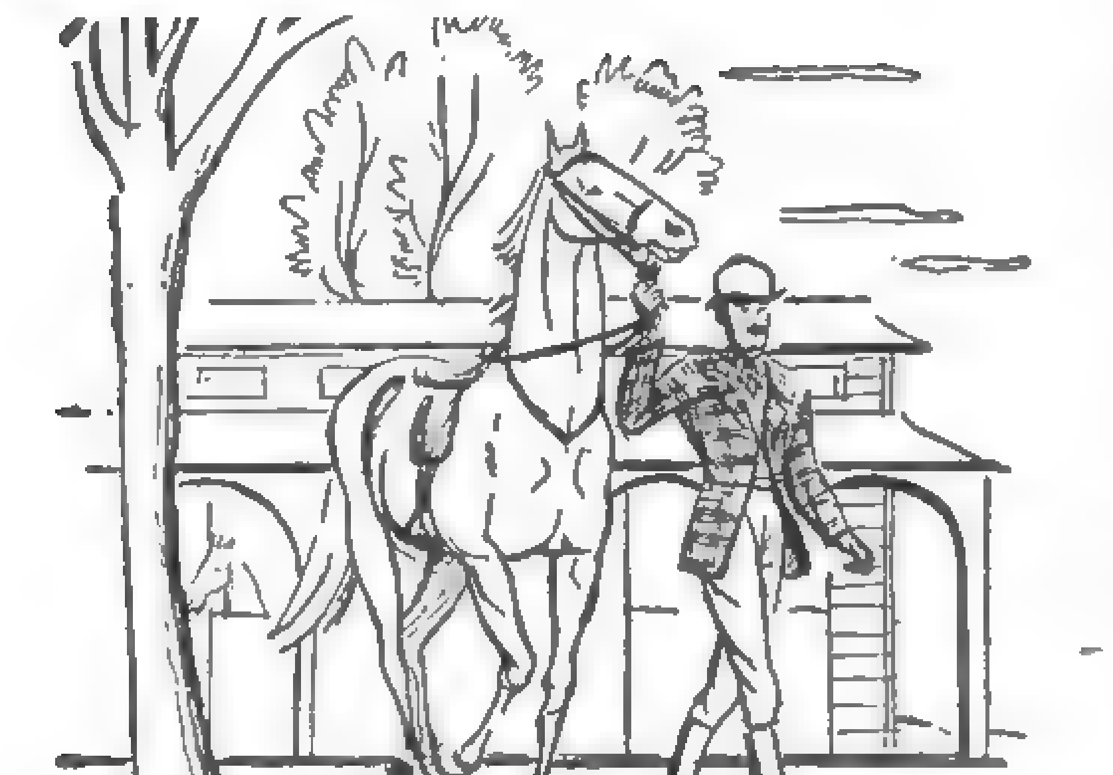

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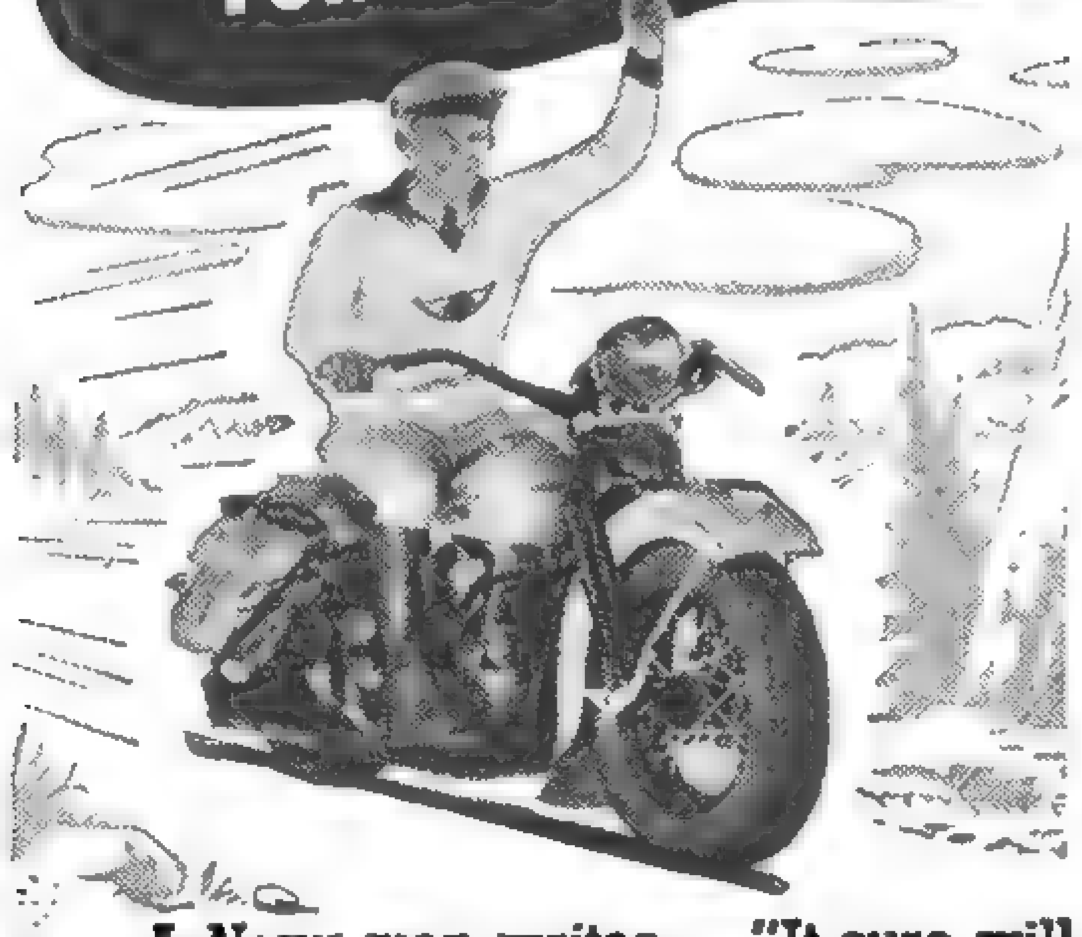

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beating them out of a pennant. He was pitching one day and his team had a one-run lead in the ninth when a runner reached first. He took a long wind-up and the surprised base runner gave one look and jogged to second. He wound up again, the runner trotted up to third, scored on a fly ball and Philadelphia lost in extra innings.

Billy Murray was grieved. "Covey," he said, "what were you thinking of when that runner was on first?"

"What runner on first?" asked Covey.

"Why the one who stole second and stole third and scored to tie the game up."

"Nobody told me anyone was on first," said Covey.

Manager Murray gulped that down, and when he recovered, he blinked and shouted:

"You, Knabe, and you too Doolan, you spalpeen—come here. I want you two fellows to understand one thing: hereafter whenever there is a runner on first or second or third base, you tell Covey. We don't want any more secrets in this ball club."

Probably some of the younger generation of players and fans will gape at an old-timer trying to tell them how the game should be played, but don't mind them. Study the inside game; you'll get more and more thrills out of seeing players executing carefully thought out plays and in figuring out all possible strategies in teamwork.

I don't claim to know all the answers. Sometimes I feel the way Frank Chance did one day in the old Highlander Park in New York. After Chance, the "Peerless Leader" of the Chicago Cubs, retired he was tempted back to manage one of the worst clubs in major league history and one cursed by political ownership. Naturally he flopped after he threw the Tammany boss who owned the club out of the dressing rooms.

I sat with him on the bench one day when the team was at low ebb. He had a player named Birdie Cree who in this game pulled a terrible boner and gave the opposing team two runs. When the team came from the field Chance, who lisped when he was wrought up, said:

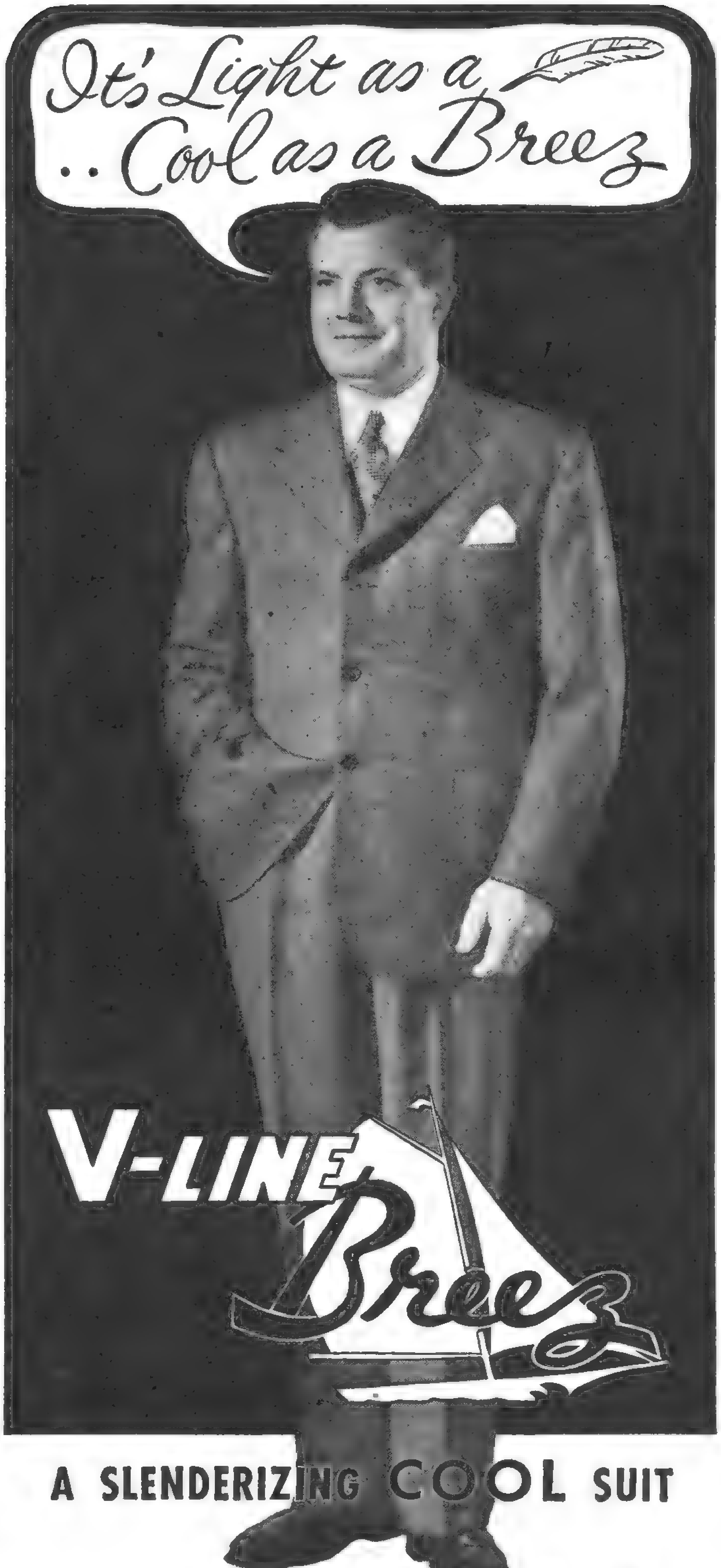
"When I came to thith ball club they told me you wuth a thmart ballplayer."

"Cheer up, Frank," said Birdie. "There are several of us here who have reputations we didn't make this season."

Everyone looked the other way, expecting an explosion, but Chance never opened his mouth until after the team had taken the field again. Then he turned to me and said: "I'd give a monthth thalery to know what to thay to that guy."

Anyhow we haven't forgotten the game whose evolution we have watched ever since Captain Carson pitched down on the circus lot at Hillsboro. ###

Continued from page 79



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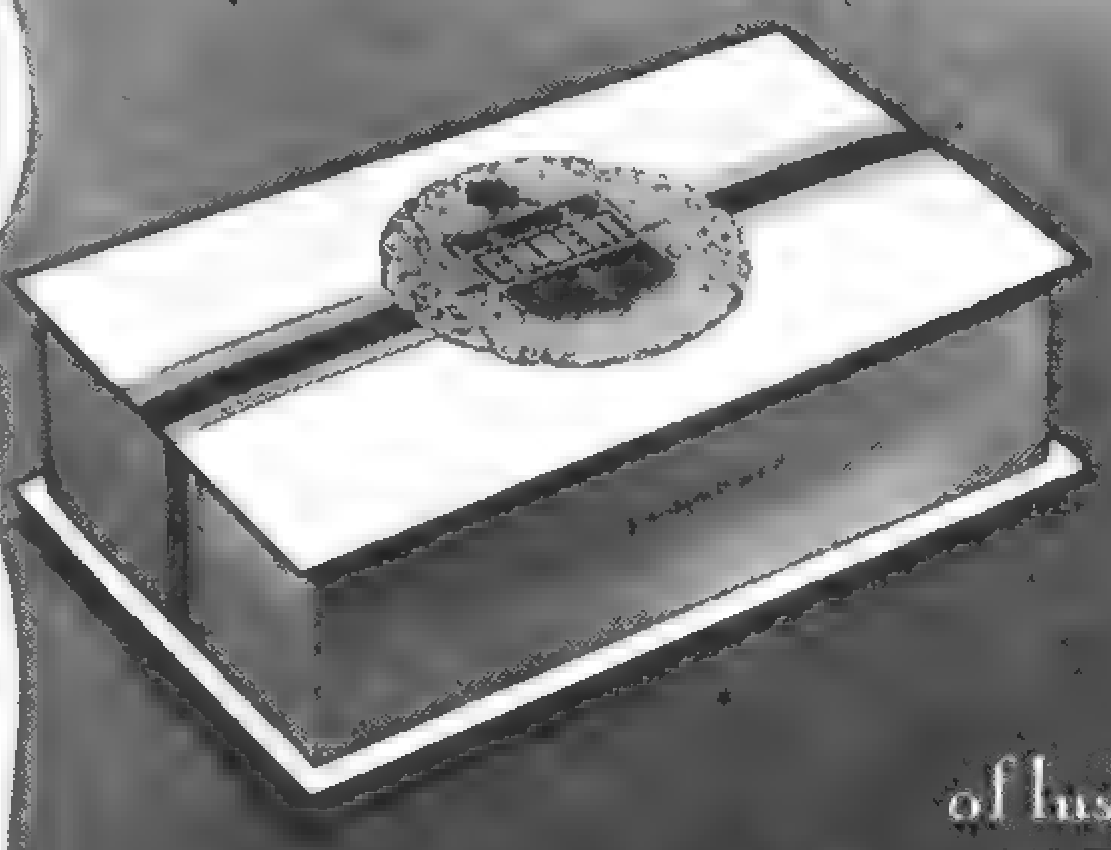

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Chocolates

Leon the Winchman

Continued from page 77

mate with antique Jamaican politeness. His carefully selected English was incongruous to his enormous size and clothing, to his color and to this Central American port. It amused Mac and he had to smile back at the tremendous, white-toothed grin Leon presented.

When Leon left the office, the tiny, ludicrous train arrived, with ridiculous squealing of its whistle and much unnecessary bell clanging.

Leon always liked to see the train come in and watch the passengers. Most of them were drunk, in uninhibited, American style. They milled about, singing and waving bottles. A few old ladies kept apprehensively out of the way of the bumptious drinkers. Securely on the arms of men of all ages, were carefully-dressed, beautifully-groomed young women, sleek and aloof, like the pictures from fashion magazines. All of them were herded by the purser, who, nodding obsequiously, helped the females up the first step of the swaying gangway. A uniformed quartermaster assisted them over the last step onto deck with bored indifference. This performance usually amused Leon. He liked to stay until the last, when passengers would hang over the varnished rails and shout to the men on the pier with their newly-acquired "Spanish." The drunken ones threw money. And when lines were cast off the pilings and the boat slowly pulled out, there was always much shouting and singing and excitement.

But this night Leon did not linger. He went straight to the small, company-built, sheet iron town. Today was a great day. There were many things to tell people, especially the girl. Four ships a month he would meet and on all four he would be a winchman. He would be rich. He would be different. A fine thing had happened.

As he walked through the only street of the town, which seemed to perch with rusting impermanence on the edge of the jungle, he thought how for these two days and one night he had controlled the winch. His hands curled and he could feel the shiny, smooth knobs of the levers against his palms. How slick and small. How much power there was in them! But it was he, it was Leon, who released the power and sent the cable spinning on the drums and the full cargo nets swinging up from the hold. Sixty-five cents an hour! Four ships a month! It was too good. It was almost impossible. But all of it had happened and it was true. The knowledge was bursting inside him.

He went into the little bar where the dock workers gathered to spend their pay; and the girl was waiting. In Spanish, he poured out the news to her and showed her his money as proof. Already he felt different from the other

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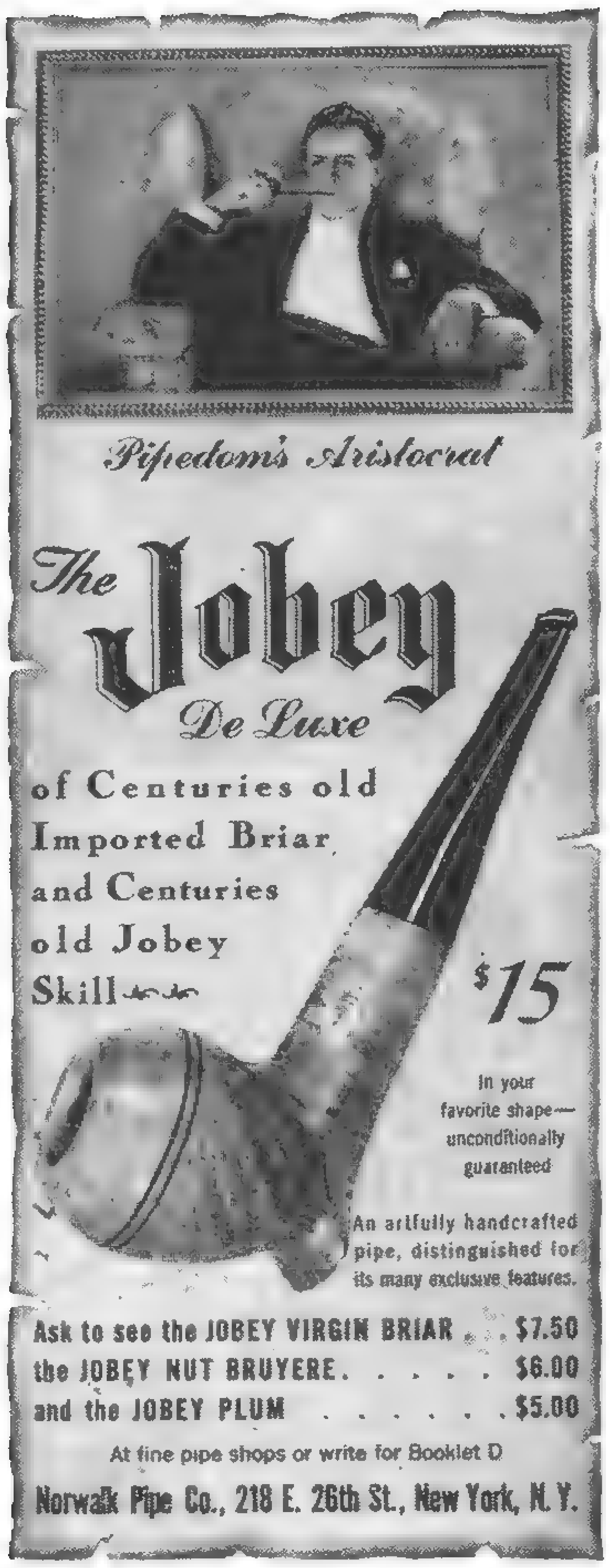

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men in this place. It was as if being a winchman showed on him. So he bought drinks around for all who were there and announced his good fortune.

That night Leon got drunk. When it was over, the girl had to drag and half carry the huge bulk to their metal and wood shack. Still he sang and said incoherent things about the winch and MacCumber and his new job. The next day everyone in the town and in the surrounding bush knew Leon was a winchman in the hire of the company, and that First Mate MacCumber was his friend.

There was no one to doubt or dispute what Leon said. He was too big and he was too drunk; besides, there were some who had been there when MacCumber spoke to Leon and many had seen him with his hands on the winch levers. He also had spent most of his pay to buy everyone drinks—and who is to argue with a man such as that?

When it was the day for a ship, Leon was invariably sober and clean and ready for work. He saw Mr. MacCumber once a month. He always greeted the mate politely with his elegantly-phrased Jamaican. Mac always had a smile or a nod. Sometimes he stopped to speak. One morning, before work started, Leon came on the boat deck and knocked at the mate's door. He carried a woven basket which held three jars of guava jelly, a present. Mac had to accept it and thanked Leon embarrassedly.

"If you have laundry, Mr. MacCumber, sir," Leon told him, "I could take it for you. There is a certain woman who will wash it clean and it will be ready for your next trip."

Mac weighed the basket in his hands. "This woman?"

"Yes," Leon answered and grinned hugely. "My woman." He had to stoop in order to see in the small cabin door. His shoulders filled the entrance. "She is a good woman and will be very gentle with your clothing as she makes it clean. She will also iron it."

So MacCumber gave him a pillowcase full of laundry and the next trip Leon delivered it as soon as the ship was tied up. The girl had done a fine job. Mac tried to pay. Leon merely smiled and refused. But Mac had anticipated this. He got out two oversized, bandanna handkerchiefs he had picked up in New York, gay, brightly-colored things. A present was different than payment for something. Leon took them delightedly. Later, MacCumber was to think of those bandannas with horror.

Mac saw Leon's woman every trip. He estimated she was pretty—in the way these men want their women. She was fat, but she had a nice face and a perpetual smile. She seemed devoted to her huge man. At noontime she came and stood on the pier with a big basket of food. Again in the evening,

Continued on page 218

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Leon the Winchman

Continued from page 217

just as it got dark, when the crew was putting out cluster lights over the holds and along the deck so operations could continue almost all night, she would be there with the basket. Leon would go with her to one of the charcoal braziers on the pier so she could heat his food.

Mac saw them many times, eating and laughing together.

Around her head the woman always wore one of Mac's first presents, a bright red bandanna. Leon carried the other. The gay end hung a good six inches out of his back pocket. While he worked at the winch under the terrific sun, he frequently mopped his face with it.

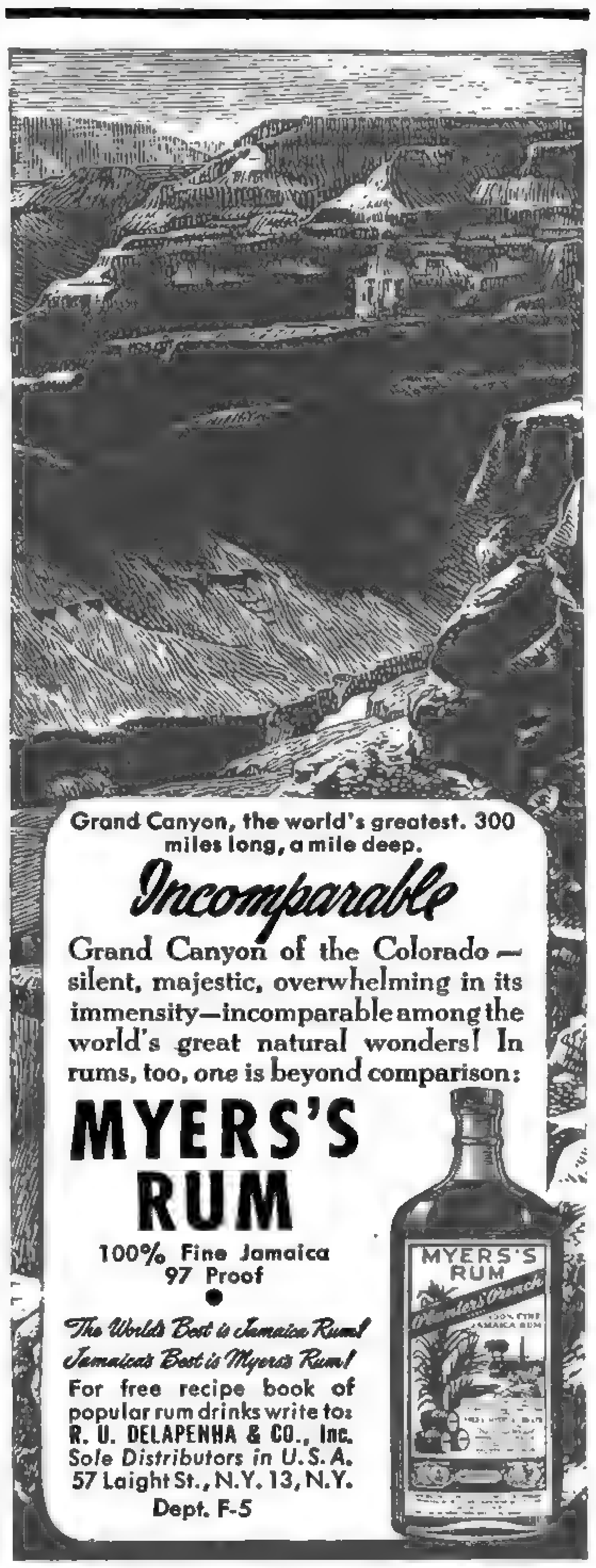
Leon loved his winch. He stood between the drums of steel strand wire with his feet slightly spread and in a graceful crouch so as to reach the levers better. He worked with a serious, intent expression, watchful of the swinging nets of cargo, careful not to bump them, catching the entire rhythm of the boom and the wire until the operation was fast and smooth and almost one motion from the hold to the pier below. He developed a kind of grace and precision, a sense of timing that varied and fitted perfectly with each new circumstance.

Leon was the best winchman MacCumber ever had.

The fluent power of the winch seemed to emanate from his great hands and huge body with its catlike crouch—back easy on the lever and see the wire tighten and strain in a straight line to the hold. Then pick up the loaded net—easy, easy; watch the sway of the wire, easy. Stop for a split second! Now catch the swinging weight, up, up, up slow. Now faster, faster, up, up! Snake the swaying load up and up and out of the hold. Ease off. Easy now. Stop it! Now hold for a second, wait, wait, wait until the swing will help the boom's travel across the deck. Move it. Move the boom! Bring it across the deck and now easy, easy and stop it gently over the heads of the waiting men on the pier. Catch the swing, feel the rhythm and time it, time it. Lower away, fast, fast, fast! Easy, easy now, slow it. Now stop it! Hold it a few feet off the dock. Wait for a yell and then slack away until the wire goes limp. An empty is hooked on and take it away quick. Swoop it up and don't bother with the swing! Hold the boom and the dangling net over the yawning hold. Flip the lever and shoot the net down while the drum makes a fast, sticky hum as it spins out wire. Wait for a load and do it again.

Leon loved his winch and became a part of it.

It seemed to him the thing was alive with power. It spoke a language of sounds and feelings for him to understand. He did understand. The boom shivered



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with the weight of cargo and sent a vibrant quiver down the wire for him to feel through the levers. The turning drums sang a tight whining music, and he knew and understood. His great black hands engulfed the winch handles and his palms rubbed over them lovingly.

The winch was a part of him. The boom was like an arm and the slim wire like a finger to balance and lift and lower and swing cargo with. It was all a part of him as soon as he set his hands on the levers. He used the whole thing with graceful, delicate, swaying rhythm, with timed accuracy, and he never made a mistake or was careless.

His reputation grew in the town, especially after the episode of the sugar press. In New York the thing was loaded into the small freight-passenger ship from a lighter, which set the massive, heavy machinery exactly into the center of the hold, on an especially-prepared cradle. The press was compact enough, but terribly heavy, and the ship had to be ballasted aft to compensate for the load. Even then she rode slightly forward and below her water line. The captain didn't like it. He didn't want this piece of cargo the company had forced him to accept and deliver. Mr. MacCumber liked it less, for to him fell the task of unloading when they reached port. The job had to be handled from deck as there was no other equipment in the small harbor.

The first mate planned his unloading down to the last detail. He had the forward winch rerigged with thick wire and the boom was replaced with a heavier one.

After everything had been done to facilitate the operation, the captain suggested his bosun run the winch. He wanted the chief petty officer to do this job. MacCumber quietly insisted on Leon—and won.

This was Leon's greatest triumph. After a thorough briefing from Mac, he took his place between the winch drums. With self-assurance he set himself in his crouch and put his two hands on the levers. Mac and the captain stood behind him.

On the pier, almost all work had halted and men waited next to the special flatcar which was to receive the load.

Leon brought the sugar press up and up and finally into the daylight. It swayed with stupendous hugeness on the thread-thin cable while Leon waited for the proper motion—for the exact second when the bulk was on a backswing before he brought it across the deck. Then he eased the boom out, faster and faster to keep the timing right. The ship listed under the great weight. The deck canted badly toward the pier. It was a precarious angle. Leon held his eyes on the delicate swing of the heavy machinery.

Suddenly from their mooring lines forward came the warning

Continued on page 220

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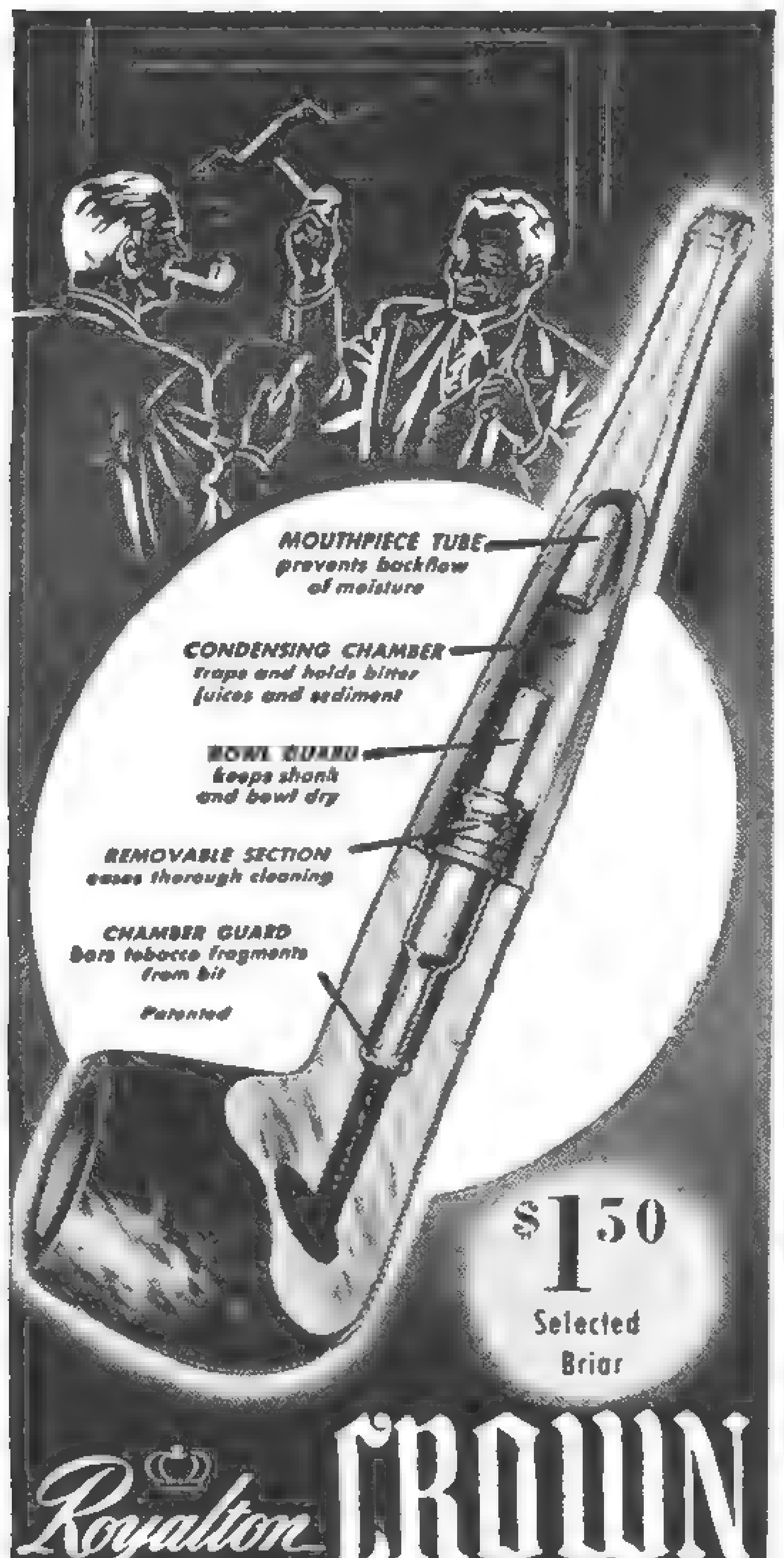
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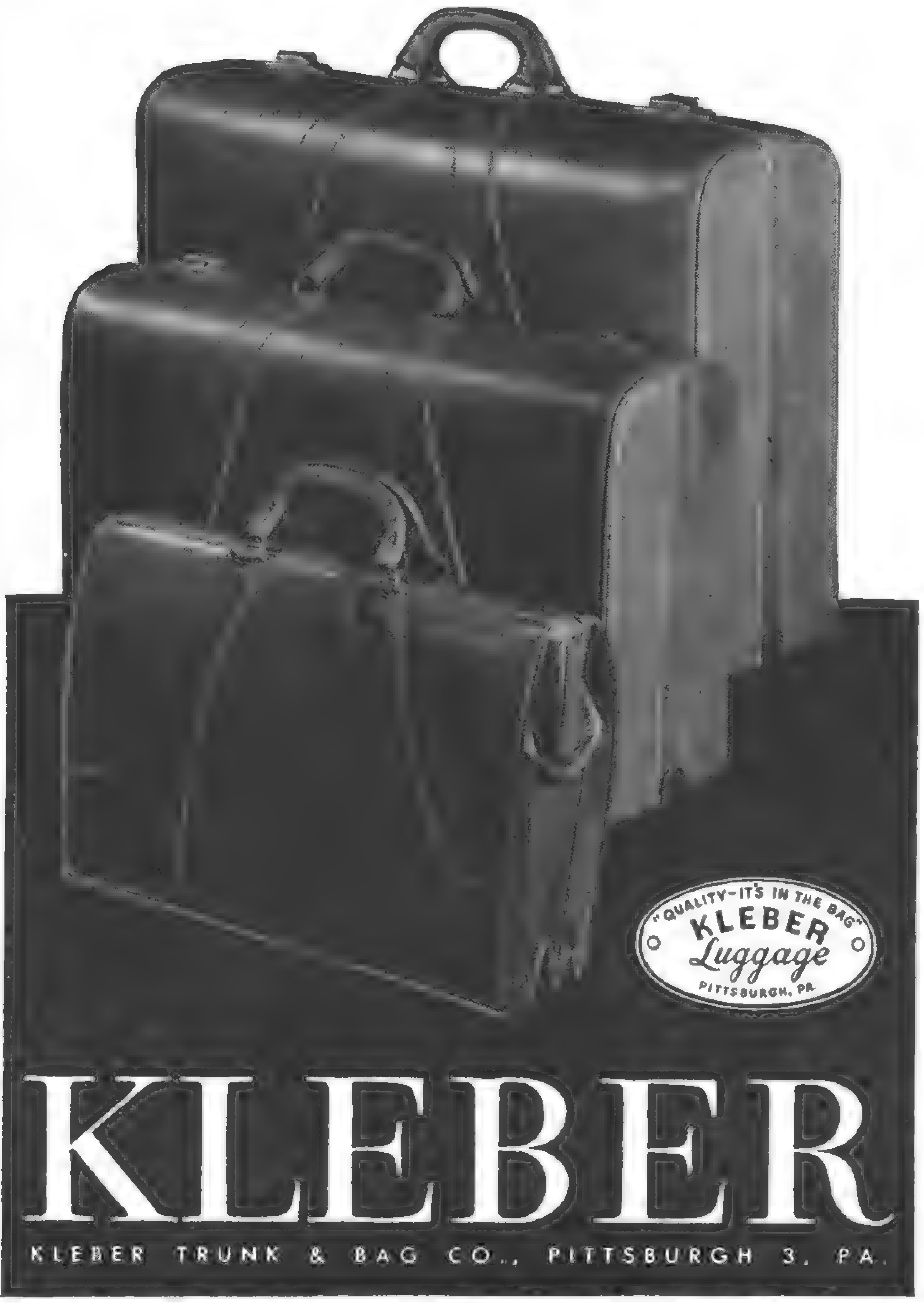

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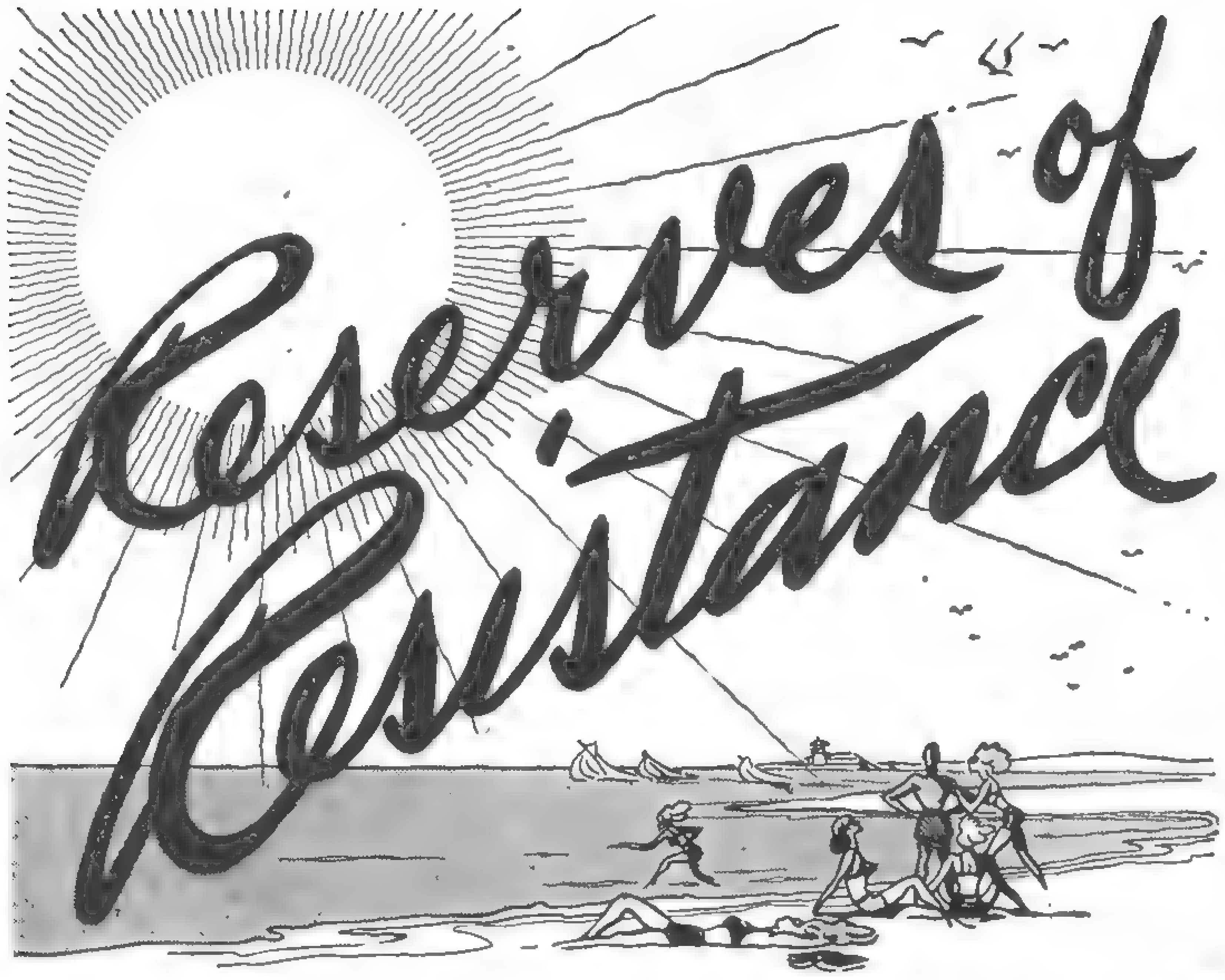

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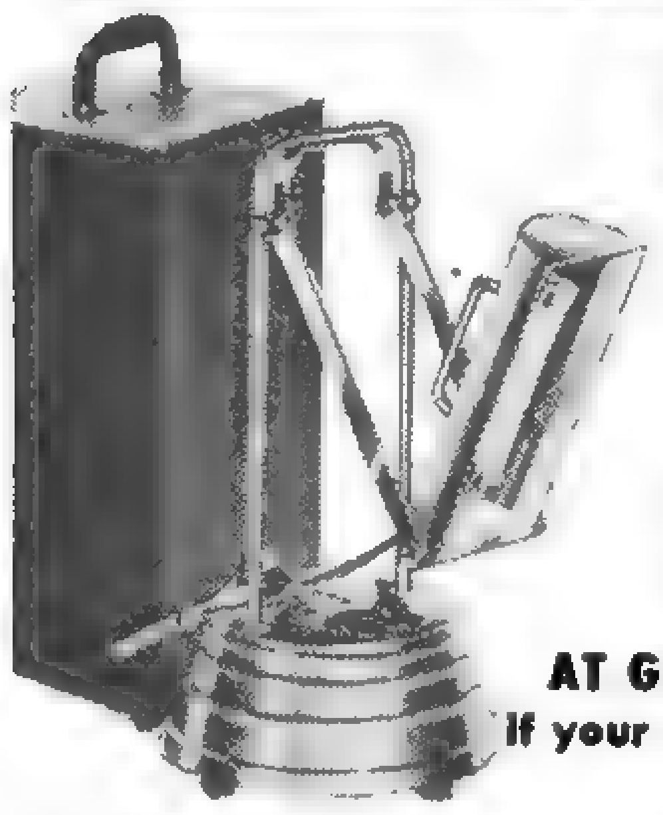

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Leon the Winchman

Continued from page 219

hum of a too tight wire. And it snapped like a rifle shot! Part of the forward rail was swiped away with the vicious backlash. The captain and Mac were yelling for the bosun to get more lines ashore. Then the remaining line, a thick manila hawser, parted with a dull thump! Men ran quickly along the deck. And the ship edged steadily away from the pier.

Leon glanced hastily over his shoulder at the sound of the breaking wire and saw what was happening. Then the hawser went, and he heard it. So he swung the boom faster and lowered away at the same instant. He was using both levers, swinging the sugar press out and lowering, all the while watching carefully the pendulum motion of the load. Only once did he stop the winch. He held the thing for a second—and then set the press squarely on the flatcar. The ship had been moving away all of the time, so he paid off a lot of slack; then shut off the winch and straightened up.

At first there was silence. It had seemed so simple and yet it was remarkable. Spontaneously the men on the pier began to clap and whistle. Leon wore an immense grin while Mac banged his thick shoulder and said, "Good, good!" over and over. The crowning moment came when the captain himself smiled and shook hands. He said Leon's name, took a cigar from his pocket and gave it to him.

Leon never smoked that cigar. After it had been exhibited, he put it away to keep, a tangible reminder of that day and what he had done. In the little bar he got drunk and showed his hands to people, his winch hands; and while he was about it, he bragged just a little about himself and his winch.

From then on, Leon was a figure, an important character in the small town. Men from the sugar mill knew him on account of the machinery. The dock gangs worked with him and claimed friendship. Everyone else treated him with respect, because, after all, he was a winchman who earned much money and he was a generous man with his money. His friends always shared whiskey with him on the days when the ships left with their cargo of bananas.

* * *

Mac was there the afternoon it happened. He could never forget it. Leon was bringing up a damaged cargo net from the hold. Mac was standing behind him, near the mast. It was exceptionally hot, and the mate remembered shaking perspiration out of his eyebrows and watching the droplets instantly dry on the broiling deck. Leon reached his left hand to his back pocket for the bandanna. His face and neck were streaming sweat. He shook the brightly colored thing to one side in order to

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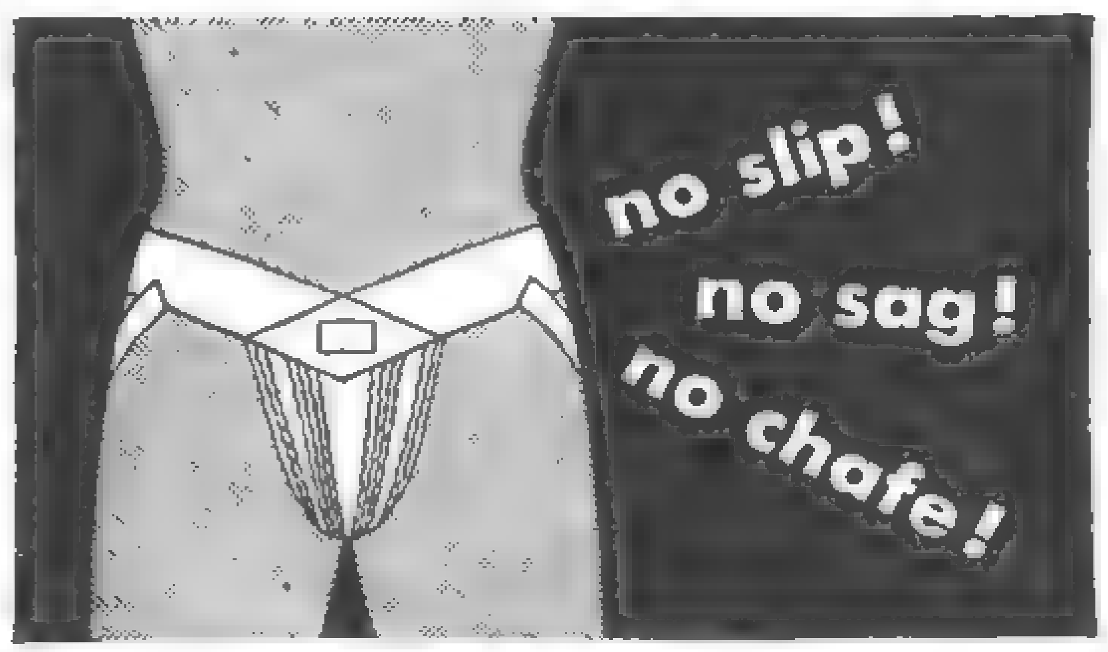

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clear the wet folds. And an end caught under the winding wire on the drum. Leon took his right hand from the lever to jerk the cloth free. Suddenly he was caught! A freak loop of slack wire came slapping across the drum and imprisoned his wrist. The drum kept turning. Leon was surprised into inaction. Mac started toward him. Wire kept coming. It tightened and turned. Mac heard the crunch of bone. Leon made no move to stop the fast turning drum. Mac saw him go to his knees and then skid flat under the drum. He followed almost a complete turn before Mac reached him and centered the lever to stop the thing. Leon was jammed awkwardly under the winch, his arm and shoulder hidden by the greasy spool. All this time he had made no sound. Now he did. He began to cry out, an animal-like, pleading noise. He called MacCumber's name piteously.

There was only one thing to do. Mac told him to get up while he reversed the winch. Slowly, very slowly, Mac unwound the wire. Leon hunched with the movement and made his sound. Gradually he moved to a crouch. He was making a primitive, indescribable moan.

Little by little he got up. Mac watched pieces of flesh travel up the wire. Leon held his eyes away from what had happened, and he made his sound.

When he was free, he didn't attempt to move his mashed arm off the drum. It lay there crushed almost to the elbow. His hand, which was unhurt, hung stupidly below the flattened, torn forearm. Blood began to pulse bright and red over the greasy wire. Leon moaned in monotonous rhythm. Mac pressed where he thought there should be an artery and called for someone to help him. The bandanna was shaped into the coils of cable, smeared with grease and Leon's blood.

They took the huge man to the office of the ship's doctor. He was there, and he was sober. When he was sober he was good. At one time, Doctor Leitch had been an efficient and popular surgeon. For unrevealed reasons, he now made trip after trip on this ship and administered to seasickness and got drunk.

Leon was stretched on the white, sheet-covered table. Doctor Leitch stuck a glittering hypodermic needle into the mangled arm and applied a tourniquet. His instruments were placed in a steam-hissing sterilizer. Leitch began to scrub his hands and gave directions to Mac and the bosun. Mac was to hold Leon's head and shoulders and the bosun was assigned to the rest of the big body.

Leon didn't make his sound when Leitch began. For some reason he stopped, and lay there silently with his eyes closed, motionless.

After a few seconds Mac had to

Continued on page 222

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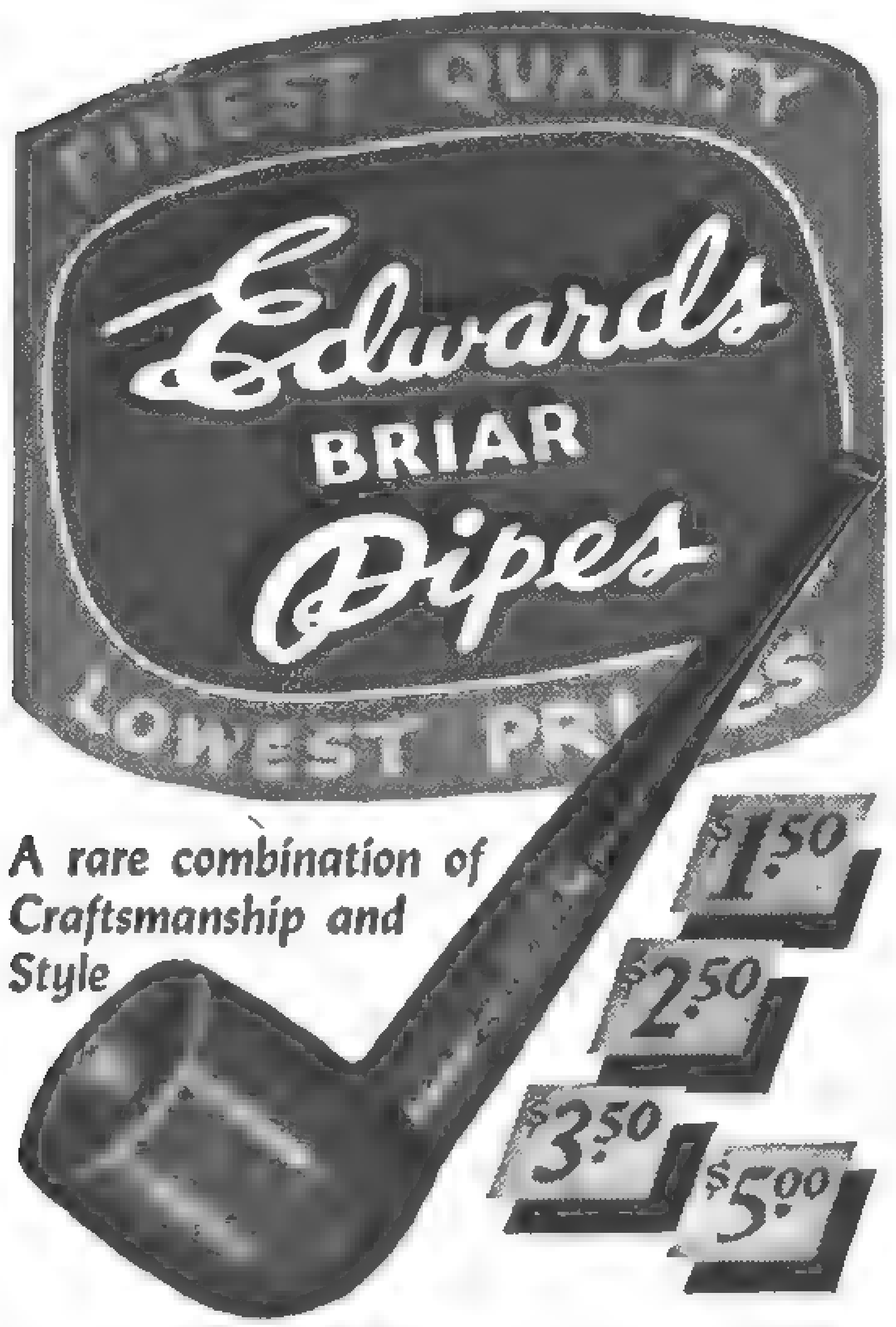

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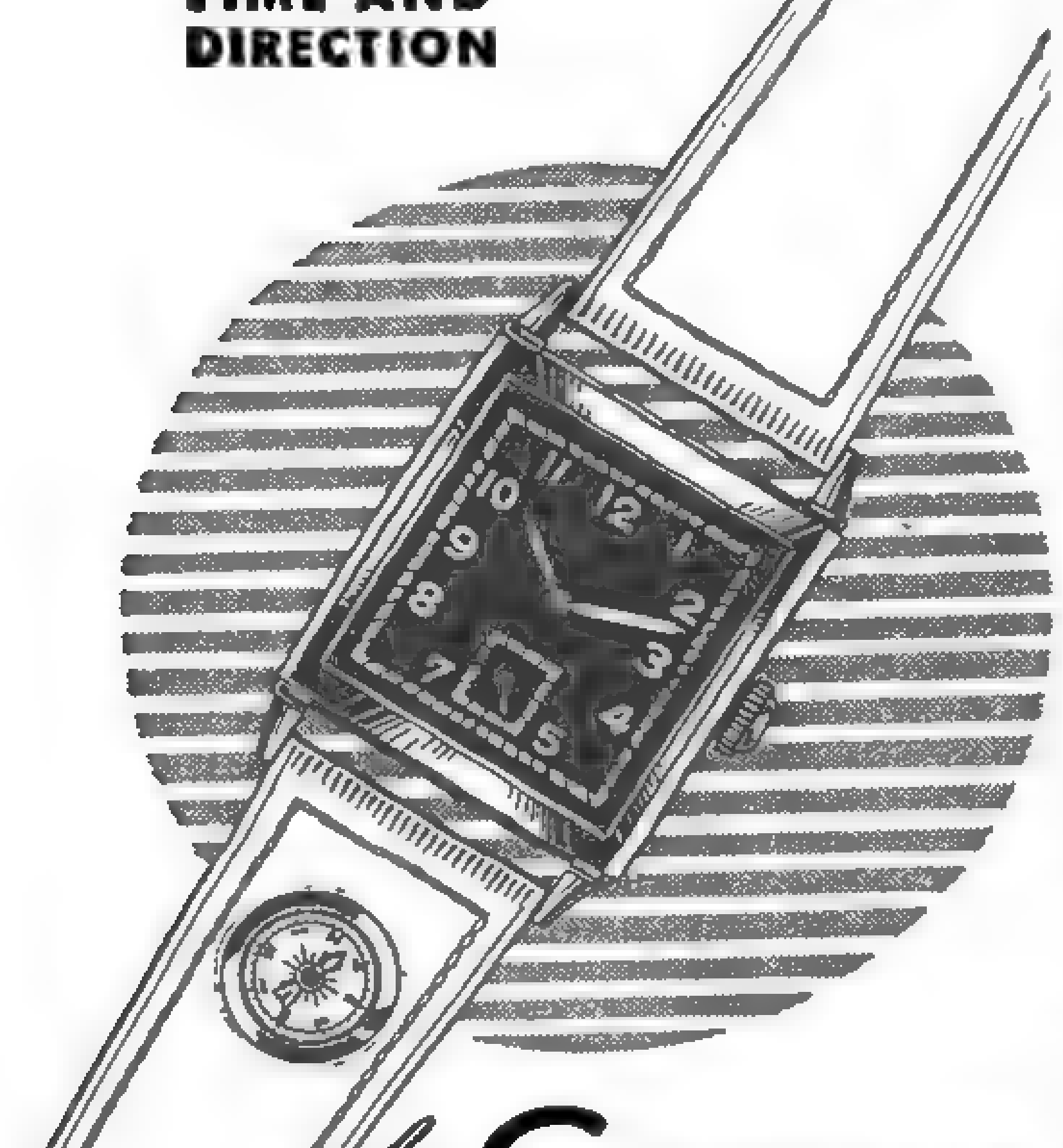

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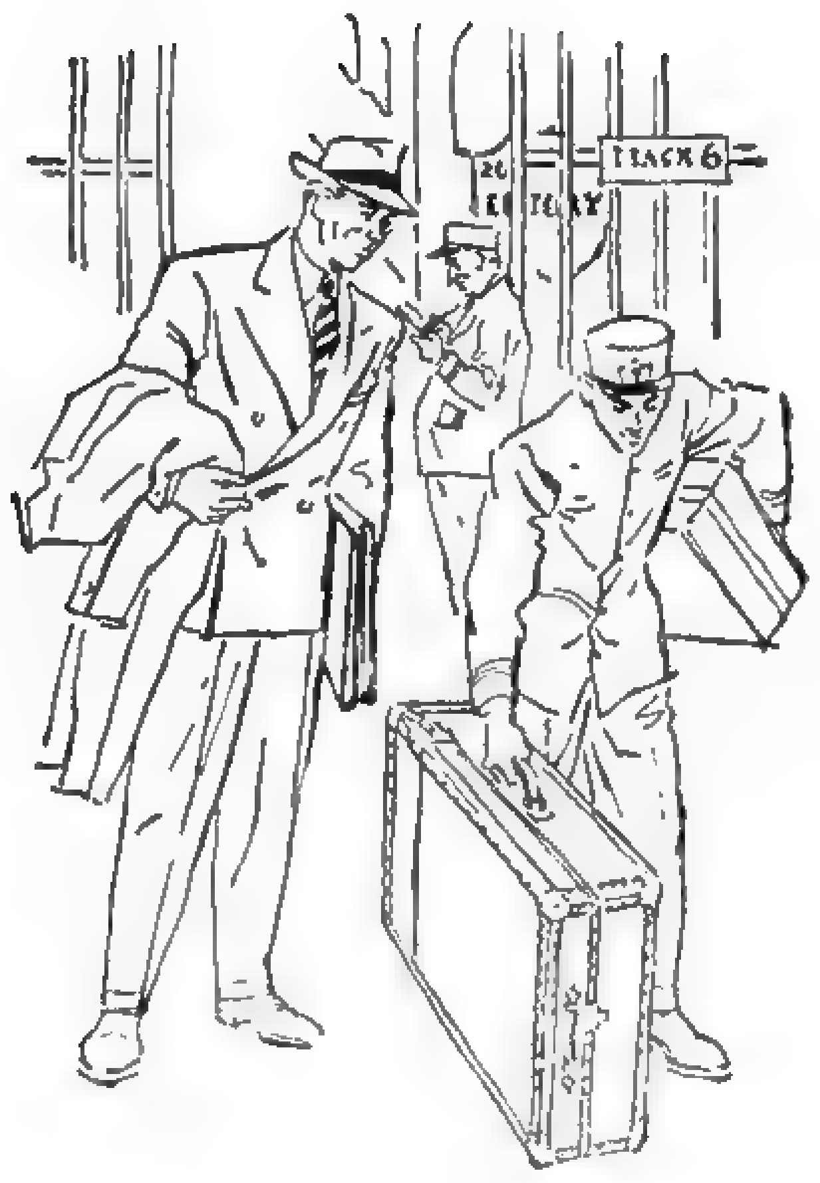

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Leon the Winchman

Continued from page 221

turn his head away and stare at the white walls. But he could still hear. There was the zizzt of a sharp edge on flesh and the rasp of bone—and the Doctor's phlegmatic breathing. Leon was quiet. When the amputation was over, Mac went to the ship's rail and was unashamedly sick. From the room he heard Leon begin his steady, savage sound of pain again.

The big winchman was taken ashore and held at the company offices for a train to the interior and a hospital. Later they told Mac that the woman came and stayed with him and went with him on the train to the capital. For two months the mate knew Leon was in the hospital, and after that he lost track of him and his woman. No one seemed to know anything about them. He discovered they had returned to the coast when he learned they had been seen buying meager supplies at the company store. So Mac left money for them, his own. It was refused. For a while Mac still tried to find the big Negro and help him. It was impossible. Then he philosophized, inadequately, that Leon would be all right and would make out somehow. There was nothing else for him to do.

He saw Leon only once after that and never again. This night loading had finished ahead of time. Mac stood on the high bridge of the ship waiting for the pompous midget of a train and its load of passengers. He was anxious to be under way and at sea where the breeze would be cool and he could breathe again. Below him, on deck and on the pier, everything was still and dark. The men had been paid off and were gone.

The harbor and the ship seemed deserted. From the promenade deck, Mac heard the quartermaster on gangway watch pacing back and forth.

The first mate gazed absently across the forward deck which was palely lighted by a thin sliver of a moon and by the glow from night lights on the promenade—and he thought he saw something move in the deep shadows directly beneath the bridge. He stared. It moved again. He heard rather than saw this time. Mac straightened from his indolent, leaning position on the rail. His eyes probed the black. Abruptly the figure of a man stepped out into the half-light. He was huge. He turned his head, looked behind him and then around in all directions. He had only one arm. The other was off just below the elbow. Mac recognized Leon and held back the impulse to call out to him. He watched.

Soundlessly the enormous Negro moved toward the foremast and the winch. Mac saw him hesitate a moment by the mast and then step in between the two drums. A patch of dim light fell

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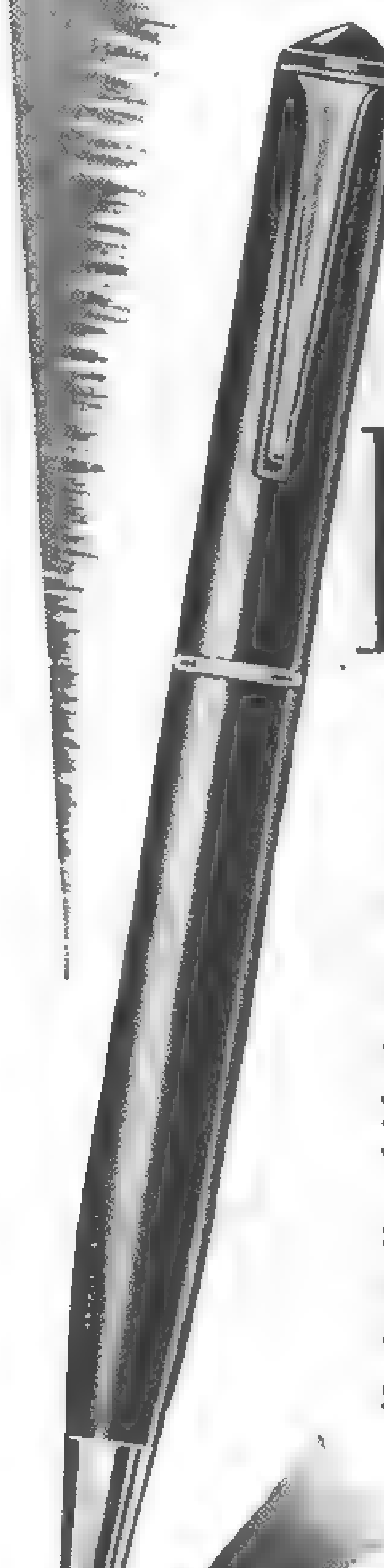

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squarely on him as he stood there in his old position. He had fallen into an easy crouch with arms extended toward the winch levers. Only his left hand covered a metal-knobbed handle. His right arm terminated futilely a few inches short of the other lever. But as Mac watched, Leon slowly began to go through motions, as if he were again operating the winch. His arms moved, his shoulders shifted and his head and eyes followed an imaginary sling of cargo. The stump moved too. Leon brought cargo out of the hold, took it across the deck, brought empty slings up from the pier, went through his pitiful pantomime as Mac watched and felt guilty, because he knew he was invading something secret and sincere, which was private and could only belong to Leon.

Then the quartermaster broke into song, and his footsteps sounded on the promenade as he walked forward. Leon's head jerked up at the noise. He straightened out of his crouch, jumped clear of the winch and bounded cat-like across the deck. Mac knew he had stopped in the protecting shadows of the jutting bridge. There was no sound or movement for a few seconds. Then Mac heard Leon. He was sobbing, a smothered sound full of lost sadness and a grief Mac could almost feel. The Mate stood silently on his bridge and understood. Leon's sounds were torment and hurt misery itself.

MacCumber knew this was something men keep locked out of view inside them, a something never communicated. He felt that within the last few minutes he had seen within a man. He was uncomfortable in the feeling.

The crying stopped. Mac heard Leon begin to move aft. So he hurried along the boat deck and halted when he commanded a view of the crew's gangway and the after well deck. Soon Leon stepped out of the shadows and ran lightly across the after hatch. His stump of an arm swung awkwardly. "Leon," Mac called out sharply.

The big Negro came to an alert stop and searched for the voice. "Leon," Mac said again.

For a long second the huge man looked up at Mr. MacCumber on the boat deck. Then he uttered a small cry, leaped to the rail and fled down the gangway. His running footsteps padded faintly on the pier.

Mac walked slowly forward. He reached the bridge, lit his pipe and leaned once more on the rail. The winch stood hazy in the faint light—Leon's winch. It *was* Leon's winch. More than a part of him was left, and lost, in that inanimate thing. MacCumber puffed smoke into the heavy, listless air and wondered how much of themselves men leave in the material objects they touch during a lifetime.

He wondered, for example, how much of himself a man could leave in a ship. ##

Continued from page 77

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS
MAY, 1946

Abels, Robert . . . 23
Absorbine Jr. (W. F. Young, Inc.) 207
Adler Company, The . . . 175
Adler Shoes for Men . . . 23
Air-Tite (Rogers Imports, Inc.) . . 177
Ajustomatic (VanRoy Co., Inc.) . 167
Allen A . . . 214
Allen Edmonds (The Mohawk) . . 225
Alligator Company, The . . . 194
American Optical Co. (Polaroid) . 211
Ampro Corporation . . . 153
Andover Clothes, Inc. . . . 216
Angostura-Wuppermann Corp. . . 219
Ansehl Co., The Benjamin (Royal Flush) . . . 217
Anson Products . . . 164
Archer Rubber Co. (Royal Archer) 170
Aristo-Tex (E.M. Bloomberg & Co.) 218
Arlington Mills (Tropi-tex) . . . 175
Arrow (Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.) 115
Arrow Importing Co. (Jefferson) . 204
Aywon (Reliance Mfg. Co.) . . . 179

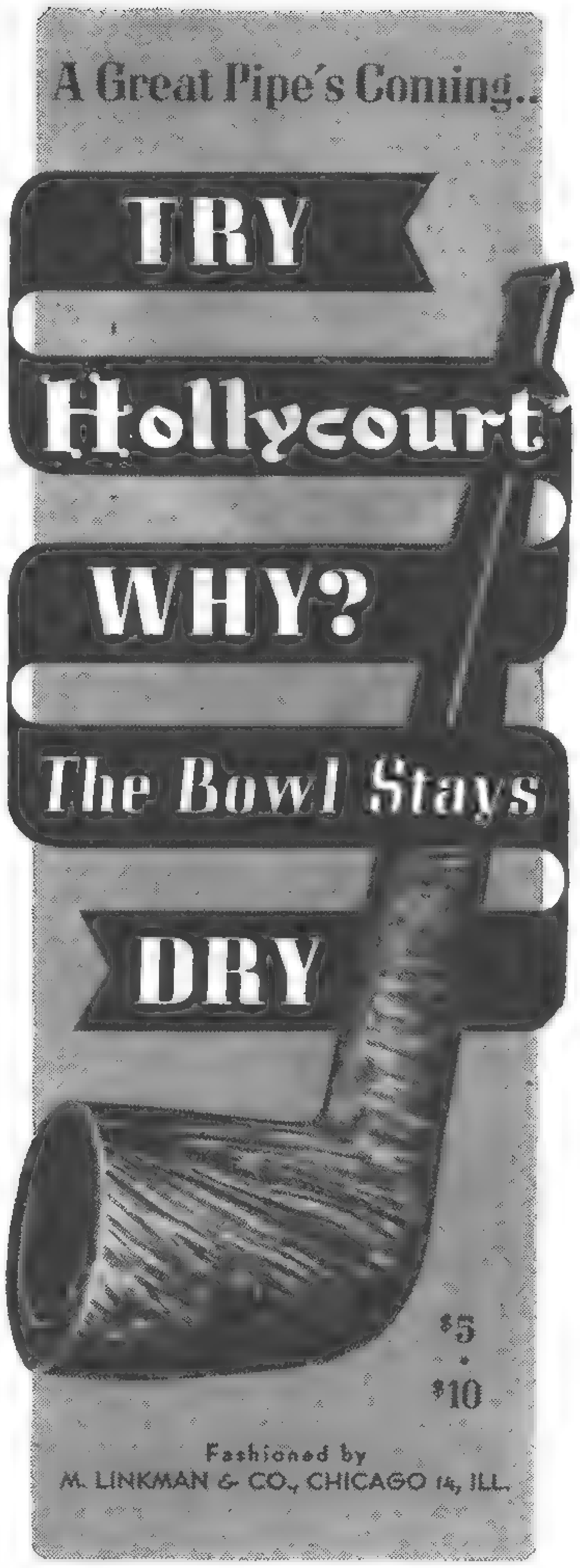
B.V.D. Corp., The (Ruggers) . . . 132
Bach & Co., Inc., Lesem (Kohinoor) 209
Bancroft Cap Company . . . 224
Barclay & Co., Ltd., Jas. (Corby's) 22
Bass & Co., G. H. (Sportocasins) . 190
Bell Watch Company . . . 23
Benedictine D.O.M. (Julius Wile Sons & Co., Inc.) . . . 166
Berkeley (Flashlight Co. of Am.) . 196
Blatz Brewing Co. . . . 183
Bloomberg & Co., E.M. (Aristo-Tex) 218
Blue Ribbon (Pabst Brewing Co.) . . . IV Cover
Bluebird Diamond Syndicate . . . 198
Book-of-the-Month Club . . . 9
Boston Braces (George Frost Co.) 202
Bostonians (Footsaver Shoes) . . . 136
Botany Worsted Mills:
  "500" . . . 116
  Ties . . . III Cover
Bradner Publishing Co. . . . 16
Briar House (Edwards) . . . 221
Bristol-Myers (Vitalis) . . . 200
British Walkers (J. P. Smith Shoe Co.) . . . 152
Broom & Newman . . . 206
Brown-Forman Distillers Corp. (King) . . . 139
Browning King . . . 18
Brugal Rum (Park & Tilford Imp.) . 188
Bruner-Ritter, Inc. (Bretton) . . . 182
Buchsbaum & Co., S. (Stratoline) 128
Bully Brogue (E. E. Taylor Corp.) 4
Bunte Brothers (Mi Choice) . . . 32
Burke Golf, Inc. . . . 225
Burlington Brewing Company (Van Merritt) . . . 174

Caliph (J. L. Priess) . . . 195
Calvert Dist. Corp. (Lord Calvert) . 118
Canada Dry Ginger Ale, Inc:
  Nuyens . . . 209
  Johnnie Walker . . . 169
Carnival . . . 29
Cartier . . . 155
Cash's Woven Names . . . 16
Catalina, Inc. . . . 165
Cavendish Knitwear Corp. . . . 171
Chase & Park Plaza, The . . . 225
Chateau Lejon (National Dist.) . . 223
Cherry Heering (Schenley Import) 221
Classics Club, The . . . 25
Clipper (Sherman Bows) . . . 162, 163
Club Cocktails (G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc.) . . . 193
Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. (Arrow) . . . 115
Consolidated Lobster Co., Inc. . . . 29
Continental Briar Pipe Co., Inc. (Royal Duke) . . . 205
Cooper (Kant-Rust) . . . 220
Coopers Inc. (Jockey) . . . 120
Copacabana . . . 29
Corby's (Jas. Barclay & Co., Ltd.) 22
Cosmopolitan Mfg. Co. (Great Dane) . . . 201
Curvex (The Gruen Watch Co.) . 8

Dan River Mills (Skytop) . . . 167
Danco Pipes . . . 202
Delapenha & Co., Inc., R. U. (Myers's) . . . 218
Denicotea (Alfred Dunhill) . . . 143
Dermetics . . . 26
Disney, Inc. . . . 121
Distinctive Creations, Inc. . . . 23
Dobbs Hats . . . 21
Doctor, The (Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc.) . . . 210
Douglas Shoe Co., W. L. . . . 172
Dunhill, Alfred (Denicotea) . . . 143
Dunlap Hats . . . 7
Duotone Company . . . 23
Dutch Masters . . . 157

Edwards (Briar House) . . . 221
Engelson, Larry R. (Hylo) . . . 168
Eterna Watch Co. of Am., Inc. . . 154
Eunice Novelties . . . 23
Evinrude Motors . . . 203
Expanso (Knothe Bros. Co., Inc.) 119

Fellman, Ltd. . . . 15
Fieldclub (Galey & Lord, Inc.) . . 180
"51" (The Parker Pen Co.) . . II Cover



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ADVERTISERS' INDEX

(Continued)

"500" (Botany Worsted Mills) . . 116
Flagg Bros. ("Slackers") 15
Flashlight Co. of Am. (Berkeley). 196
Fleischmann Distilling Corp., The 217
Flex-Let Expansion Products. . . . 176
Florsheim Shoe Co., The. 28
Footsaver Shoes (Bostonians) . . . 136
Ford Motor Company (Lincoln). 27
Frankfort Dist. (Four Roses). . . 11
Freeman Shoe Corporation. 130
Frost Co., George (Boston Braces) 202
G.G.G. (Wm. P. Goldman & Bros., Inc.) 187
Galey & Lord, Inc. (Fieldcloth). . 180
Gantner & Mattern Co. (Wikies) 23
Gar Wood Industries, Inc. 163
General Shoe Corp. (Jarman) 13
Gilbert Chocolate Co., John O. . . 216
Gilbey's (National Distillers) 150
Gillette Safety Razor Co. 135
Gimbels 15
Glanson Company 29
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Inc:
  Kentucky Tavern 19
  Old Thompson 186
Globe Aircraft Corp. (The Swift). 17
GlobeNoveltyHouse(RoyalLondon)18
Glover Co., H. B. (Norfolk) 154
GoldenWedding(Jos.S.Finch&Co.) 14
Goldman & Bros., Inc., Wm. P. (G.G.G.) 187
Gooderham & Worts Ltd. (Royal Banquet) 197
Goodman & Theise, Inc. (Stafford) 42
Grana Watch Company 221
Graves & Sons Co., C. H. 37
GreatDane(CosmopolitanMfg.Co.)201
Gregor Chocolates 29
Grelva, Inc. (Krashe) 18
Gruen Watch Co., The (Curvex). 8
GulfTone(MeritClothingCo.,Inc.) 39
Haggar Company 153
Hanan & Sons, Inc. (Hurdler) . . . 213
Harley-Davidson Motor Co. 215
Harris Mfg.Co.,B.W.(Zero King). 188
Hart Schaffner & Marx 161
Hartmann Company (Tourobe) . . 222
Harvey's (Park & Tilford Imp.) . . 178
Hat Research Foundation 34
Heublein & Bro., Inc., G. F:
  A-1 Sauce 32
  Club Cocktails 193
Hewes and Potter Inc. (Spur) . . . 189
Hialeah (O. Maire, Inc.) 222
Hickok (Initial Braces) 125
Holeproof Hosiery Co. 151
Holland-Racine Shoes, Inc. (The Doctor) 210
Hollis Co. (Klipette) 16
Hollycourt (M. Linkman & Co.). 224
Hollywood Polish Co. 18
House of Crosby Square, The . . . 149
House of Gourielli, The 225
House of Murphy 29
Hull Mfg. Co. 26
Hurdler (Hanan & Sons, Inc.) . . . 213
Hylo (Larry R. Engelson) 168
Incaflex (Wyler Watch Agency, Inc.) 3
Initial Braces (Hickok) 125
International Shoe Co:
  Peters Shoe Company 145
  Winthrop Shoe Co. 159
Iodent 16
Jarman (General Shoe Corp.) 13
Jefferson (Arrow Importing Co.). 204
Jensen Inc., Georg 158
Jobey (Norwalk Pipe Co.) 217
Jockey (Coopers Inc.) 120
Johnson & Johnson 220
Kant-Rust (Cooper) 220
Kaufman Bros. & Bondy, Inc. (Monterey) 144
Keepsake (A. H. Pond Co., Inc.) 210
Keith Co., Geo. E. (Walk-Over). 156
Kelly's, Jimmy 29
Kentucky Tavern (Glenmore Dist.) 19
King(Brown-Forman Dist. Corp.) 139
Kings Men (Windsor House, Ltd.) 126
Kingsbury Breweries Co. 29
Kinsey Distilling Corp. 131
Kirsten Pipe Company 193
Kleber Trunk & Bag Co. 219
Knopf Mfg. Co., S. H. 191
Knothe Bros. Co., Inc. (Expanso) 119
Kohinoor (Lesem Bach & Co.,Inc.) 209
Kover-Zip (Waldes Kohinoor, Inc.)178
Kreml (R. B. Semler, Inc.) 218
Lamb Knit Goods Company 166
Lanman&Kemp-Barclay&Co.,Inc. 23
Las Vegas Chamber of Commerce 26
Leaf Gum 192
Lee Company, The Frank H. 30
Lentheric Inc. (Tanbark) 31
Leon & Eddie's 29
Leonard & Thomas Inc., Henry (Royalton) 219
Leroux & Co., Inc. 226
Lincoln (Ford Motor Company). 27
Linguaphone Institute 15
Linkman & Co., M. (Hollycourt) 224
Lion (M. Nirenberg Sons Inc.) . . . 146
LordCalvert(CalvertDist.Corp.). 118
Lord Oxford (Oxford-Pyke, Inc.). 223
Loyal (U. S. Luggage and Leather Products Co.) 179
Lubin Weeker (Weldon) 164
LuscombeAirplaneCorp.(Silvaire) 208

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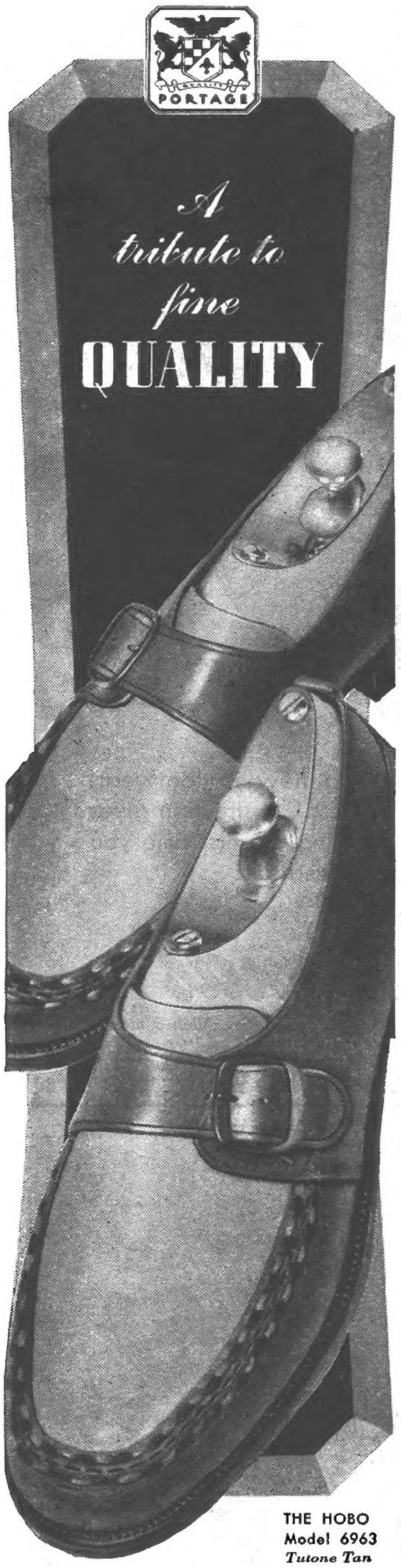

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INDEX OF ADVERTISERS

(Continued)

Maire, Inc., O. (Hialeah)....... 222
Manchester Knitted Fashions... 138
Martell (Park & Tilford Imp.)... 205
Marxman.................... 173
Mason-Williams (Porta-Poker).. 15
Mayfair Gifts................ 32
Mem Company, The........... 176
MeritClothingCo.,Inc.(GulfTone) 39
Merito (National Distillers)..... 181
Merz & Co., F. O............. 152
Mid City Uniform Cap Co...... 158
Middleton, John (Walnut)...... 215
Mohawk, The (Allen Edmonds).. 225
MontaMower Distributing Co... 26
Monterey (Kaufman Bros. & Bondy, Inc.)................ 144
Moore, Inc., John Hudson (Sportsman)................ 223
Morris & Co., Ltd., Inc., Philip (Country Doctor)...... 16
Mt.HopeFinishingCo.(Wat-a-tite)177
Moyer Mfg. Co. (Seven Seas)... 180
Myers's(R.U.Delapenha&Co.,Inc.)218
Mylish, Mann & Drucker (Nelson-Paige)............... 148

National Briar Pipe Co....... 26
National Distillers Products Corp:
  Chateau Lejon.............. 223
  Gilbey's................... 150
  Merito..................... 181
  Old Angus.................. 199
  Old Crow................... 155
  PM......................... 44
  Ron Merito................. 147
National Magic Company....... 23
National Premium Beer........ 37
Nelson-Paige (Mylish, Mann & Drucker)................. 148
Nettleton Company, A. E....... 204
Nirenberg Sons Inc., M. (Lion). 146
Norfolk (H. B. Glover Co.)..... 154
Northcool (A. Sagner's Son, Inc.) 185
Norwalk Pipe Co. (Jobey)...... 217
Nuyens (Canada Dry).......... 209

Ogilvie Method............... 26
Old Angus (National Distillers).. 199
Old Crow (National Distillers)... 155
Old Thompson (Glenmore Dist.). 186
Omega Automatic, The......... 24
Otis Underwear............... 192
Oxford-Pyke, Inc. (Lord Oxford). 223

PM (National Distillers)........ 44
Pabst (Blue Ribbon).......IV Cover
Pacific Mills (Surretwill)........ 12
Pal Hollow Ground Blades...... 200
Paris (A. Stein & Co.).......... 170
Park & Tilford Import Corp:
  Booth's House of Lords....... 32
  Brugal Rum................. 188
  Harvey's................... 178
  Martell.................... 205
  Private Stock............... 201
  Reserve.................... 127
  Vat 69..................... 191
Parker Pen Co., The ("51").II Cover
Peerless "P38"................ 15
Peper, Christian (London Dock). 37
Pepsi-Cola Company........... 129
Perma-lift (A. Stein & Co.)...... 190
Perry Knitting Co. (Akom)..... 16
Personna Precision Blades....... 213
Peters Shoe Co. (International Shoe Co.)................. 145
Phillips-Jones Corp. (Van Heusen) 141
Pioneer..................... 199
Plymouth Mfg. Co............ 211
Polaroid (American Optical Co.). 211
Pond Co., Inc., A. H. (Keepsake). 210
Portage(WeyenbergShoeMfg.Co.) 226
Portis Bros. Hat Co........... 216
Priess, J. L. (Caliph).......... 195
Professional Blade Co......... 169
Puritan Knitting Mills Co....... 198

Rabsons..................... 29
Rainfair..................... 122
Ranch House, The............ 26
Reliance Mfg. Co. (Aywon)..... 179
RepublicAviationCorp. (Rainbow) 43
Ritepoint Co................. 222
Robinson Reminders........... 206
Rock Flint Co. (Rumin)........ 15
Rogers Imports, Inc. (Air-Tite).. 177
Ron Merito (National Distillers). 147
Ronrico Corp................. 32
Roper Knitting Co., Inc. (Scotty Kote).................... 156
RoyalArcher(ArcherRubberCo.). 170
Royal Banquet (Gooderham & Worts Ltd.)................ 197
Royal Duke (Continental Briar Pipe).................... 205
Royal Flush (The Benjamin Ansehl Co.)................ 217
Royalton (Henry Leonard & Thomas, Inc.).............. 219
RuggedLuggage&TrunkCo.,Inc.. 26
Ruggers (The B. V. D. Corp.)... 132
Ry-Krisp.................... 182

A. Sagner's Son, Inc. (Northcool) 185
Sanford's Penit Ink........... 26
Schenley Distillers Corp. (Reserve) 33
Scotty Kote(Roper Knitting.)... 156
Seagram-Distillers Corp. (Seven Crown).................... 41
Semler, Inc., R. B. (Kreml)..... 218
Seven Seas (Moyer Mfg. Co.)... 180
ShaneCorp.,C.B.(SeasonSkipper) 165
Shedd-Bartush Foods Inc....... 37
Sherman Bows (Clipper).....162, 163
Silvaire(LuscombeAirplaneCorp.) 208
Singapore.................... 29
Skytop (Dan River Mills)....... 167
Slax Footwear, Inc. (Bostonian). 117
Smith Shoe Co., J. P. (British Walkers).................... 152
Somar Specialty Corp.......... 212
Speas Company............... 224
Sportocasins (G. H. Bass & Co.). 190
Sportsclothes Limited (Stroock).. 197
Sportsman (John Hudson Moore) 223
Springs Cotton Mills, The (The Springmaid)............ 181
Spruce (Wrisley).............. 151
Spur (Hewes and Potter Inc.)... 189
Stafford (Goodman & Theise, Inc.) 42
Stein & Co., A:
  Paris...................... 170
  Perma-lift.................. 190
Stern Watch Agency, Inc., The Henri (Universal Geneve)..... 208
Stern, Inc., L & H............. 187
Stetson Shoe Co., Inc., The..... 133
Stitzel-Weller Distillery, Inc. (Old Fitzgerald)............ 37
Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc.......... 18
Stratoline (S. Buchsbaum & Co.). 128
Stroock (Sportsclothes Limited).. 197
Sugar Manufacturers' Assn. (of Jamaica), Ltd., The.......... 37
Sun-Kraft Inc................ 220
Surretwill (Pacific Mills)........ 12
Swanee Pride (M. S. Walker, Inc.) 214
Swank....................... 20
Swift, The (Globe Aircraft Corp.) 17

Tanbark (Lentheric Inc.)....... 31
Tavannes Watch Co., Inc....... 196
Taylor Corp., E. E. (Bully Brogue) 4
Taylor & Co., W. A. (Valliant).. 36
Tebilized (Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co., Ltd.)............... 212
Terrace Novelties............. 16
TexTan (Texas Ranger)........ 168
Three Feathers Distributors, Inc. 134
Timely Clothes............... 35
Tobin Tob. Co., R. R. (Cookie Jar) 32
Todds....................... 18
Tootal Broadhurst Lee Co., Ltd. (Tebilized).................. 212
Tourobe (Hartmann Co.)....... 222
Traub Mfg. Co................ 32
Tropi-tex (Arlington Mills)...... 175

U. S. Luggage and Leather Products Co. (Loyal)......... 179
Universal Geneve (The Henri Stern Watch Agency, Inc.).... 208

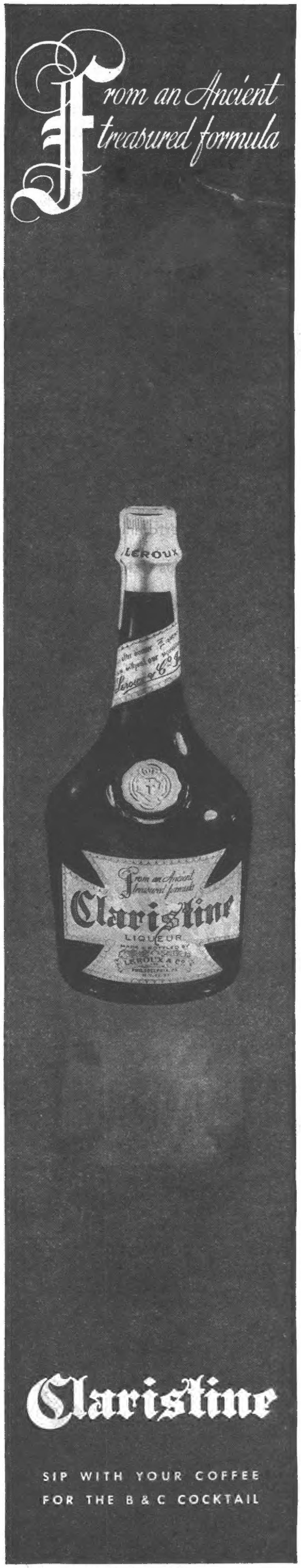
V-Line Clothes Co............. 215
Valliant (W. A. Taylor & Co.)... 36
VanHeusen(Phillips-JonesCorp.). 141
VanMerritt (Burlington Brewing) 174
VanRoy Co., Inc. (Ajustomatic).. 167
Vaseline Hair Tonic............ 157
Vat 69 (Park & Tilford Imp. Corp.)191
Versailles.................... 29
Vitalis (Bristol-Myers).......... 200
Vogue Knit of Phila. (Bancroft). 18

Wagner Co., Paul G........... 23
WaldesKohinoor,Inc.(Kover-Zip) 178
Walk-Over (Geo. E. Keith Co.).. 156
Walker & Sons Inc., Hiram (Dry Martini).............. 123
Walker, Johnnie (Canada Dry).. 169
Walker,Inc.,M.S.(SwaneePride). 214
Walnut (John Middleton)....... 215
Wat-a-tite(Mt.HopeFinishingCo.) 177
Weber & Co., C. B............ 16
Weldon (Lubin Weeker)......... 164
Westminster Socks............ 207
Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co. (Portage).................. 226
White Rock.................. 142
White Turkey Inn, The......... 29
Wiesenfeld Co................ 18
Wile Sons & Co., Inc., Julius (Benedictine D.O.M.)........ 166
Wilson Sporting Goods Co...... 137
Wimbledon Shirt Co........... 195
Windsor House, Ltd. (Kings Men) 126
Wings Shirt Co............... 203
Winthrop Shoe Co. (International Shoe Co.).................. 159
Wrisley (Spruce)............... 151
WylerWatchAgency,Inc.(Incaflex) 3

Yale, George................. 37
Young, Inc., W. F. (Absorbine Jr.) 207

Zanzibar..................... 29
Zero King(B.W.HarrisMfg.Co.). 188
Zippo Mfg. Co................ 189

While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index.



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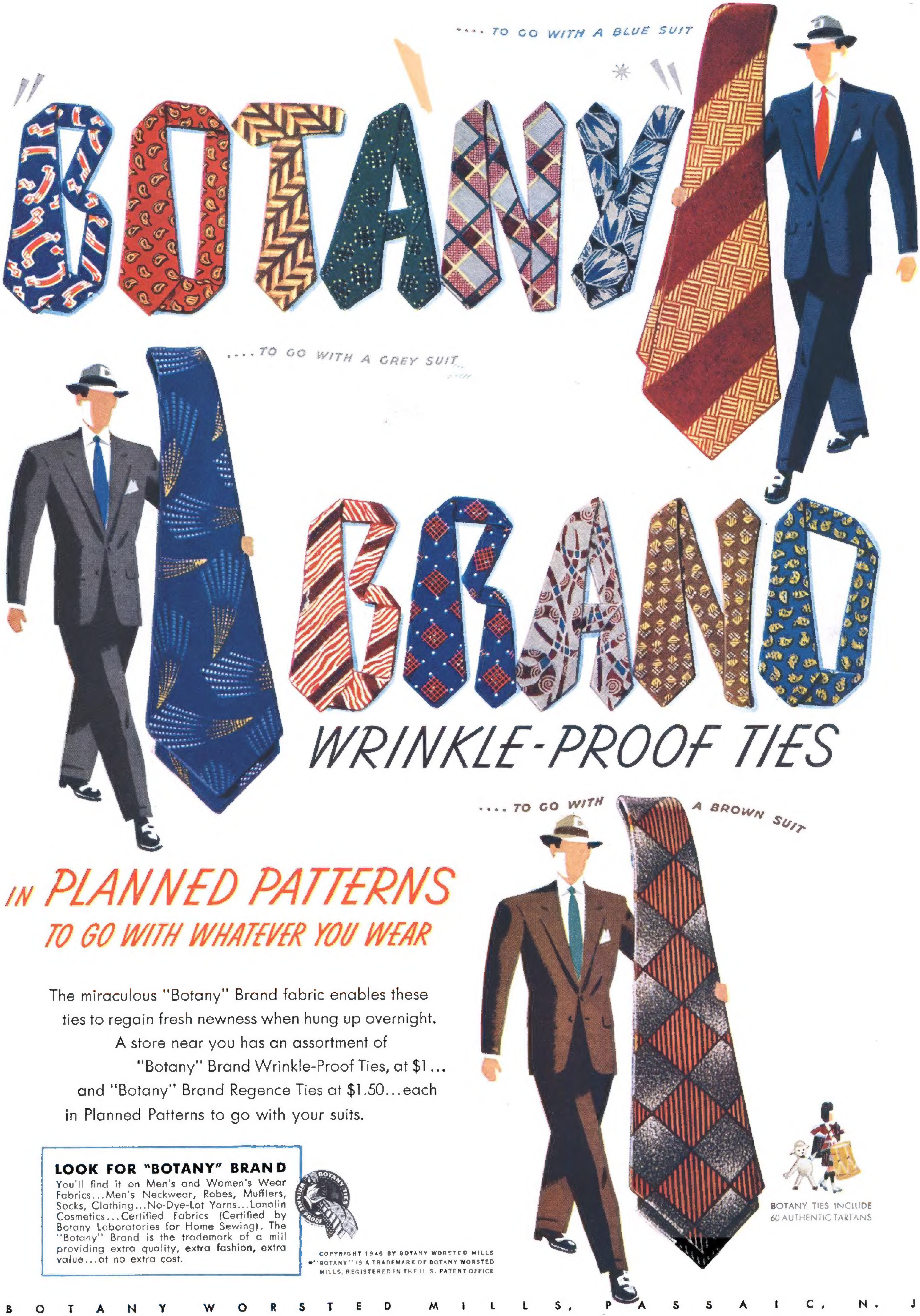
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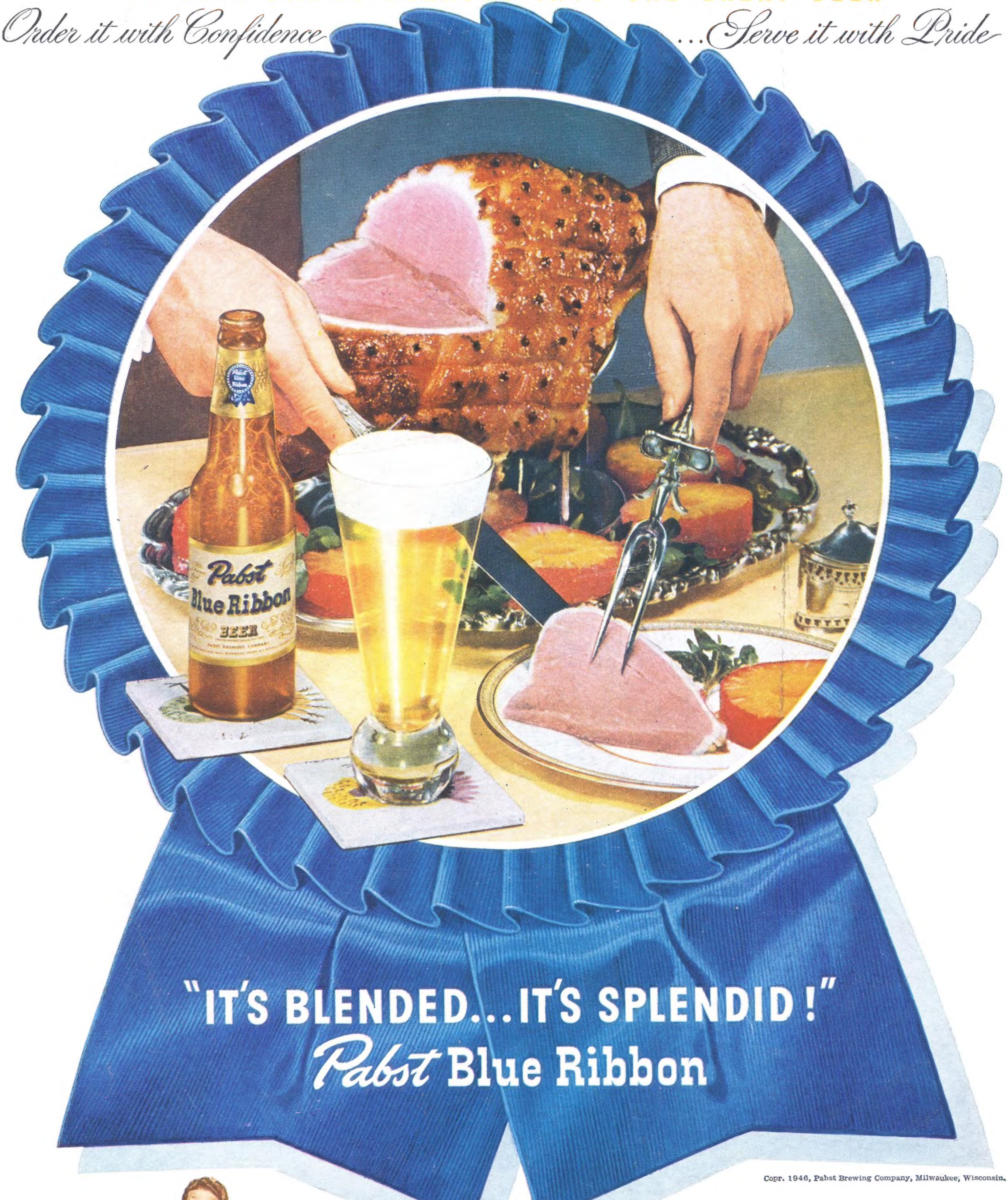
33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

Order it with Confidence ... Serve it with Pride


Pabst Blue Ribbon
Pabst Blue Ribbon BEER
"IT'S BLENDED... IT'S SPLENDID!"
Pabst Blue Ribbon

Copr. 1946, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

TUNE IN THE DANNY KAYE SHOW EVERY FRIDAY, 10:00 P. M., EST, CBS, COAST TO COAST